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THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

HENRY IRVING AND FRANK A. MARSHALL.

WITH

NOTES AND INTRODUCTIONS TO EACH PLAY BY F. A. MARSHALL AND OTHER SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLARS,

AND

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY GORDON BROWNE.

VOLUME VII.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

I regret to say that continued ill-health has not only caused unavoidable delay in the issue of this volume, but has enforced a further postponement of the play of Hamlet to vol. viii., and has compelled me to confine my share of the work to a few notes, which bear my initials.

I have to express my gratitude to all my colleagues who, under these circumstances, have kindly supplied my place; without whose loyal aid, indeed, the volume could not have made its appearance. Amongst them I may thank especially my two friends, Mr. A. Wilson Verity and Mr. Arthur Symons, the former of whom edited Titus Andronicus, while the latter collated and annotated The Tempest and edited The Winter's Tale. For the introduction to The Tempest I am indebted to the kindness and ability of Mr. Richard Garnett; and to Mr. H. A. Evans I owe thanks for his editorial work on Timon of Athens and Cymbeline. But most of all am I indebted to my old friend Mr. Joseph Knight for kindly undertaking, amidst many other engagements, the stage histories—a branch of the subject on which there is no higher authority than he.

The illustrations for The Tempest have been furnished by Mr. Gordon Browne; the other plays in the volume have been illustrated by Mr. W. H. Margetson, Mr. Frank Dadd, and Mr. Maynard Brown. All the illustrations for Volume viii. will be designed by Mr. Gordon Browne.

I may be forgiven if I refer for a moment to myself. I cannot pass this opportunity of thanking the countless friends who, from all quarters of the world, have, during the last three months, wished me God-speed towards recovery. Most of them are perfect strangers to me, but for their kindly expressed wishes for my renewed health I thank them from the bottom of my heart.

F. A. MARSHALL.

LONDON, *Dec. 1889.*

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To be your prisoner should import offending.

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'T is past enduring.

Act II. scene 2. lines 26–29, . . 334
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I am innocent as you."

Act II. scene 3. lines 125, 126, . . 337
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Act III. scene 2. lines 149, 150, . 341
Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down,
And see what death is doing.

Act III. scene 3. lines 69–71, . . 344
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Act IV. scene 3. lines 79, 80, . . 347
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Our Perdita is found.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY

H. A. EVANS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TIMON, of Athens.

LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } flattering lords.

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.

ALCIBIADES, an Athenian captain.

APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.

FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.

Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.

An old Athenian.

FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } servants to Timon.

CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
HORTENSIUS,
And others, } servants to Timon's creditors.

A Page. A Fool. Three Strangers.

PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } mistresses to Alcibiades.

Cupid and Amazons in the mask.

Other Lords. Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Banditti, and Attendants.

SCENE—Athens and the woods not far from it.

HISTORIC PERIOD: The fourth century B.C.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

Six days, with one considerable interval.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.
Day 2: Act II. Scenes 1 and 2; Act III. Scenes 1-3.
Day 3: Act III. Scenes 4 and 5; Act IV. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval.
Day 4: Act IV. Scene 3.
Day 5: Act V. Scenes 1 and 2.
Day 6: Act V. Scenes 3 and 4.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

Timon of Athens was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it is entitled "The Life of Tymon of Athens," and no scrap of evidence as to the existence of the play earlier than this is to be found. The text is frequently corrupt, and its history is remarkably obscure. No one now maintains that the whole play is the work of Shakespeare; that about half is his, and that the other half is the composition of an inferior writer, has been accepted as an established fact by all modern critics. Nor has there been any wide divergence of opinion as to what parts are Shakespeare's and what not; the question in dispute has been how the play came to assume the shape in which we find it in the Folio. Did Shakespeare revise an older play, or was his work left unfinished and filled out into a five-act play by someone else?

Before attempting to answer this question it will be well to glance at the sources from which the story is taken. These are three: a passage in Plutarch's Life of Marcus Antonius; Painter's Palace of Pleasure, novel 28; and Lucian's Dialogue, Timon. Timon is twice mentioned in Aristophanes;[1] but the earliest account of him as a historical character occurs in Plutarch's Antonius,[2] which Shakespeare was probably reading about 1606 for his Antony and Cleopatra. Here he would find a brief account of Timon's misanthropical ways, one or two of his smart sayings, and his epitaph. Plutarch—whom Painter merely reproduces—says nothing of Timon's life before he turned man-hater, and gives us but the merest hint of the causes which gave rise to his loathing for his fellow-creatures: "Antonius, he forsooke the citie and companie of his friends, and built him a house in the sea by the Ile of Pharos, vpon certain forced mounts which he caused to be cast into the sea, and dwelt there as a man that banished himself from all mens companie: saying that he would leade Timons life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was before offered vnto Timon: and that for the vnthankfulnesse of those he had done good vnto, and whom he tooke to be his friends, he was angrie with all men and would trust no man" (North's Plutarch, M. Antonius, c. 38). For further details we must go to Lucian's Dialogue, Timon or Misanthropos,[3] and here we find a picture of Timon which has evidently furnished the framework of the play. The outline of the Dialogue, so far as it concerns our present purpose, is as follows:—Timon is a wealthy open-handed citizen of Athens, who had kept up great state and had raised many of his friends to affluence through his liberality. His unstinted generosity at last reduces him to poverty, but it is in vain for him to appeal to their compassion; they one and all turn their backs upon him. Accordingly he takes up a spade and goes out into the country, where he endeavours to earn a few pence by hiring himself out as a labourer. One day when he is digging he comes upon a treasure of gold coins. So he resolves to purchase the estate on which he has made his discovery and build a tower for himself and his money, where he will live the life of a misanthrope, and be known for his moroseness, harshness, boorishness, ill-temper, and inhumanity. But the news of his good fortune is not long in reaching Athens, and his former acquaintances come flocking

[1] See note 1 at the end of the play.

[2] Plutarch has another mention of Timon in his life of Alcibiades (c. 4), where the anecdote told of him looks like a fuller version of the one told in the life of Antonius.

[3] A versified paraphrase of this Dialogue will be found in T. Heywood's Pleasant Dialogues and Dramma's, 1637 (Works, 1874, vol. vi. pp. 155–197).

forth to congratulate him, and get what they can to take home again. One of them, Thrasicles, the philosopher, is the prototype of Apemantus. He pretends that he has not come like the rest to see what he can get from Timon by smooth words; he is a man of simple tastes; his food is barley-bread, an onion, a few cresses, with a little salt besides on a feast-day, his drink pure water from the spring, his dress a simple cloak, while for money he cares no more than for the pebbles on the seashore. With an evident eye to his own interest he tries to persuade Timon to abandon his wealth; but Timon sends him about his business, as he has already sent the others, with a broken head.

Now here are at least three things not mentioned by Plutarch: first, Timon's lavish generosity, and subsequent desertion by his friends in his hour of need (this is at most hinted at in Plutarch); secondly, his discovery of a treasure and the reappearance of his friends in consequence; and thirdly, the character of Thrasicles. But these points have not been introduced into the non-Shakespearian parts of the play alone, they appear in the Shakespearian portion as well; and therefore Shakespeare must have been acquainted with Lucian's story in some shape or other. No translation of the Dialogue either in English or French existed in his day, but we need not suppose him to have ever read the Dialogue itself; an adaptation of the story would be all that would be necessary; and this he would find ready to hand, if there already existed a play on the subject of Timon founded upon Lucian and actually in possession of the stage. The existence of some such play was first assumed by Knight, whose theory has been accepted by Staunton, the Cambridge editors, and Delius, and offers a satisfactory explanation of the relationship of our play to Lucian.[1] It is just this which the theory advocated by Fleay and others leaves unexplained. These critics, while assigning parts of the story undeniably drawn from Lucian—such as Timon's munificence, his discovery of gold, and his treatment of his visitors in the woods—to Shakespeare, do not explain how he became acquainted with them. The other theory presents no difficulty on this point. We assume that during his reading of Plutarch Shakespeare's attention was arrested by the story of Timon; that it struck him that the character of Timon might be made effective for the stage, and that not having time or inclination to work up a complete plot into a regular five-act play he availed himself of a "Timon" which was in the hands of his theatre at the time. This play had perhaps been a failure in its existing shape, and the company were therefore glad to embrace Shakespeare's offer to remodel it. Accordingly he rewrote about half of it, and hastily revised the rest, leaving this for the most part untouched, but inserting or altering a few lines or phrases here and there. But before he had had time to give the whole a final revision it was called for by the manager, and hurried upon the boards. These assumptions will account both for the general unity of plan as well as for the signs of incomplete revision observable here and there.[2]

We must now briefly notice Mr. Fleay's theory, which, together with the discussion upon it, will be found in the New Shakspere Society's Transactions, 1874 (part I. pp. 130–194 and 242–252). He holds that the play

[1] A play called Timon, assigned by Steevens to the year 1600 or thereabouts, and evidently intended for representation before an academical audience, was printed by Dyce for the (old) Shakespeare Society in 1842, and is reprinted in Hazlitt's edition of Collier's Shakespeare Library. The writer of this play seems also to have been indebted to Lucian, for Timon takes to the woods and digs up treasure; but there are only two points which give us any reason to suppose it has any connection with our play—a banquet scene in which Timon sets before his guests stones painted like artichokes (see note 126, on act iii. 6. 111), and the story of the faithful steward, here called Laches, who follows his master to the woods and tries to comfort him. There is, however, no reason for thinking that it was ever acted in London, or that Shakespeare ever saw it. It is possible that it may have been known to the writer of the old Timon which Shakespeare rewrote, or that both these plays may have drawn upon a common original now lost. It may be noted in this connection that the expression "a Timonist" occurs in Dekker, Satiromastix (1602), Dramatic Works, vol. i. p. 258, ed. 1873:

> I did it to retyre me from the world;
> And turne my *Muse* into a *Timonist*,
> Loathing the general Leprozie of Sinne,
> Which like a plague runs through the soules of men.

[2] For instance, the approach of the poet and the painter (iv. 3. 356) nearly 200 lines before their entrance on the stage, and the double epitaph at the end of the play.

was left unfinished by Shakespeare and afterwards completed for publication by an inferior hand.[1] We shall not differ widely from Mr. Fleay in his selection of the non-Shakespearian portions of the play, but his theory requires him to assume that these are at best but patches on the original work, and do not contribute to the advancement of the plot. Here he fails to make out his case. Thus he says that the whole of act i. scene 2 "leaves the story unadvanced;" but surely it serves the purpose of setting before us Timon's magnificent style of living in the days of his prosperity, together with his princely bounty. Without it we jump at once from the introductory scene (act i. scene 1) to one in which we find Timon in difficulties with the duns at his gates (act ii.). Again, of act iii. he says: "these scenes by author the second add nothing to the progress of the play;" but scenes 1–4, besides being highly dramatic, are wanted to show us the ingratitude of Timon's friends; otherwise, as Dr. Furnivall points out, the tremendous change in Timon's character would be due to the refusal of help from one friend alone, Ventidius, —a refusal, too, which, whether by accident or design, is not represented on the stage, but only incidentally mentioned; while scene 5 gives the origin of the quarrel between Alcibiades and the senate, and connects itself with the concluding scene of the play. To take one more instance, Mr. Fleay thinks act iv. scene 3. 292–362 is an insertion because it interferes with the sense; Apemantus's remark (line 363) "Thou art the cap of all the fools alive," being a reply to Timon's "here it (gold) sleeps, and does no hired harm" (line 291). To this Dr. Nicholson replies that as Apemantus does not care for gold, he would not call Timon a fool for saying that gold was best placed where it was out of the way, and that the connection between lines 291 and 292 is natural, for Timon's use of the word "sleeps" suggests to Apemantus to ask, as he does in line 292, "Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?" while "Thou art the cap of all the fools alive" is an appropriate answer to Timon's assertion that he would rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus (line 361), and means "thou never knew'st what was good for thee; in this thou capp'st all."

The following are the non-Shakespearian portions according to Fleay, with remarks by the present editor:—

1. Act i. scene 1, lines 186–248, 266–283.—These prose bits, says Mr. Fleay, are "bald and cut up," and their effect is certainly something quite different from the rest of the scene; but it is possible that Shakespeare may have chosen this abrupt, snappy style of talk as something specially suitable to Apemantus.

2. Act i. scene 2.—The halting verse cannot be Shakespeare's, but there is no reason why he may not have written Apemantus's grace, and particularly Timon's prose speech beginning "O, no doubt, my good friends," lines 91–112.

3. Act ii. scene 2, lines 46–131.—As the Page and the Fool are not introduced elsewhere, this may be a bit of the old play; but purposely left here by Shakespeare, in order to spare the audience the details of the wearisome accounts which Timon and his steward discuss off the stage. (See the remarks of Dr. Nicholson, *ut supra*, p. 250.)

4. Act ii. scene 2, lines 195–204.—Mr. Fleay condemns these lines in order to square with his theory that Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius are characters introduced by the expander of the play.

5. Act iii. the whole, except scene 6, lines 95–115. —The whole of scene 6 may be Shakespeare's; but of course every reader must judge for himself.

6. Act iv. scene 2, lines 30–50.—Connected with iv. 3. 464–543.

7. Act iv. scene 3, lines 292–362.—Possibly Shakespeare's for the reason given under 1; see also what has been said above on "Where ly'st o' nights?"

8. Act iv. scene 3, lines 399–412, 454–463.

9. Act iv. scene 3, lines 464–543.—Mr. Fleay thinks that Timon's relenting to the steward, and rewarding him, is "æsthetically contrary to the whole drift of the play. Had Timon been convinced that there was one 'just and comfortable man,' he would have ceased to be *misanthropos*, and would not have concluded his interview with

> Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee."

But is this so inappropriate after all? No doubt Timon is inconsistent, yet a character may be inconsistent and still true to nature, and it was not without good reason that Shakespeare left this episode where it was when, as our theory assumes, he revised the play. It is thus that Timon is redeemed from utter inhumanity, and thus that he once again appeals to our sympathy; indeed after listening to his tremendous invectives against the whole human race, vigorous as they are, we might begin to feel that he

[1] Rolfe thinks the play was completed for the stage some time before the printing of the Folio.

was something too far beyond the range of our experience did not this dialogue with his steward remind us that he is still a man. The speech of Timon beginning "Look thee, 't is so!" line 529, is nervous enough to be from Shakespeare's own pen.

10. Act v. scene 1, lines 1–57.—Some lines in this read very like Shakespeare's work.

11. Act v. scene 3.—The close of the play bears the marks of hurried revision.

As to the date at which Shakespeare revised the play we have nothing but internal evidence to go upon. This would assign it to the same period as Lear, Antony and Cleopatra, and Coriolanus, and, as Professor Dowden puts it, 1607 is a date which cannot be far astray.

But we have not quite exhausted the peculiar features of this play. In the Folio it comes between Romeo and Juliet and Julius Cæsar, and is paged 80 and 81 (a mistake for 78 and 79), then 82, 81 (mistake for 80, 81), then 82 to 98, then a leaf unpaged with the actors' names printed on one side, and then comes the first page of Julius Cæsar, numbered 109, so that four leaves appear to have been cancelled. Fleay points out that this space, pp. 78-108 (now occupied by Timon), would *exactly* have held Troilus and Cressida, which is actually paged 79 and 80 in its second and third pages, but is otherwise unpaged. He concludes, therefore, that it was originally intended to stand where Timon does now. "But as this play was originally called *The History of Troylus and Cressida* (so in the Quarto Edition), and as there is really nothing tragical in the main bulk of it, it was doubted if it could be put with the Tragedies, so the editors of the Folio compromised the matter by putting it between the Histories and Tragedies, and not putting it at all in the Catalogue, though they still retained their first title for it as *the tragedie of Troylus and Cressida*. . . But if, as I conjecture, all the following plays, from Julius Cæsar to Cymbeline, were already in type and had been printed off, there was nothing to fall back upon but Pericles and the unfinished Timon" (Fleay, *ut supra*, p. 137). It is perhaps unsafe to infer that more than Julius Cæsar was already printed, but nevertheless this is a very happy explanation of the eccentricities of the pagination in the Folio, and explains why a whole leaf is given up to the actors' names, with a liberality which does not occur elsewhere in the book.[1] The suggestion which follows, that the editors of the Folio "took the incomplete Timon, put it into a playwright's hands, and told him to make it up to thirty pages," seems much less probable,[2] for there is good reason for believing that the play as we have it in the Folio had been already acted. "In old plays the entrance directions are sometimes in advance of the real entrances, having been thus placed in the theatre copy that the performers or bringers-in of stage properties might be warned to be in readiness to enter on their cue. In act i. sc. 1 (Folio) is *Enter Apemantus* opposite 'Well mocked,' though he is only seen as in the distance by Timon after the Merchant's next words, and does not enter till after 'Hee'l spare none.' So in the banquet (sc. ii. mod. eds.) there is—*Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers*, &c., before Timon's—'What means that trumpi?' —and *Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies* before Cupid's fore-running speech" (Dr. Nicholson, Transactions, &c., p. 252).

STAGE HISTORY.

In dealing with Timon of Athens darkness is, at the outset, illumined only by conjecture. Mr. Fleay, whose theories as to Shakespeare's share in the authorship are fully disclosed in his paper on the Authorship of Timon of Athens, read before the fourth meeting of the New Shakspere Society, 8th May, 1874, and included in the first volume of its Transactions, assigns it to 1606-7 (see Life of Shakespeare *passim*), and supposes it to belong to the same period as "that part of Cymbeline which is founded on so-called British history" (ib. 156). Malone attributes it to 1610. Its date of composition was, we may fairly assume, near that of production, since in Shakespeare's case no cause for delay can easily have arisen.

[1] And also why whole passages of prose are split up into impossible verse.

[2] The Cambridge editors themselves say, "It may be that the MS. of Timon was imperfect, and that the printing was stayed till it could be completed by some playwright engaged for the purpose. But it is difficult to conceive how the printer came to miscalculate so widely the space to be left."

Nothing, however, is known, and we have no record of a performance of the play as Shakespeare left it earlier than the present century.

Shadwell is responsible for the first adaptation of Timon that saw the light after the period of Puritan sway. "The History of Timon of Athens the Man Hater Made into a play" was printed in 4to in 1678, and was acted at the Dorset Garden Theatre probably in the same year. The following cast is printed with the tragedy:—

Timon of Athens		= Mr. Betterton.
Alcibiades, an Athenian captain		= Mr. Smith.
Apemantus, a rigid philosopher		= Mr. Harris.
Demetrius, Timon's steward		= Mr. Medburne.
Nicias	Senators of Athens	= Mr. Standford (should be Sandford).
Phœax		= Mr. Underhill.
Ælius		= Mr. Leigh.
Cleon		= Mr. Norris.
Isander		= Mr. Percival.
Isidore		= Mr. Gillo.
Thrasillus		= (no name).
Diphilus, Servant to Timon		= Mr. Bowman.
Old Man		= Mr. Richards.
Poet		= Mr. Jevon.
Painter		
Jeweller		
Musician		
Merchant		
Evandra		= Mrs. Betterton.
Melissa		= Mrs. Shadwell.
Chloe		= Mrs. Gibbs.
Thais	Mistresses to Alcibiades.	= Mrs. Seymour.
Phrinias		= Mrs. Le-Grand.

Servants, Messengers, several Masqueraders, Soldiers.

It is dedicated to George Duke of Buckingham, the author of The Rehearsal. With customary affectation of homage to Shakespeare Shadwell says in the dedication: "I am now to present your Grace with this History of Timon, which you were pleased to tell me you liked; and it is the more worthy of you, since it has the inimitable hand of Shakespear in it, which never made more masterly strokes than in this." Then with arrogance no less customary he continues: "Yet I can truly say, I have made it into a play." The Prologue addressed to the Wits who sate in judgment on new plays contains an allusion to Shakespeare in which Shadwell contrives once more to puff himself:

> In th' art of judging you as wise are grown,
> As, in their choice, some ladies of the town:
> Your neat-shap'd Barbary Wits you will despise,
> And none but lusty sinewy writers prize:
> Old English Shakespear-stomachs, you have still
> And judge, as our fore-fathers writ, with skill.

In the epilogue also Shadwell shelters himself behind Shakespeare:

> If there were hope that ancient solid wit
> Might please within our new fantastick pit;
> The play might then support the criticks' shock,
> This scien (*sic*) grafted upon Shakespear's stock.

From a glance at the cast it will be seen what liberties have been taken with Shakespeare's story. The names of the characters and the characters themselves have been altered. In the Stuart period a piece with no love interest might well be regarded as outside conception. Shadwell has accordingly presented Timon as faithless to his mistress, Evandra, who loves him passionately and is constant to the end; and enamoured of Melissa, a mercenary creature who oscillates between him and Alcibiades accordingly as their fortunes rise or fall. Apart from the fact that his lines are cacophonous and contemptible, Shadwell's theories are fatal to the play. Constancy such as Evandra shows is enough to have reconciled Timon to the world, since devotion so exemplary in woman might compensate for any amount of masculine shortcoming. The dignity and pathos of the death are lost when the messenger of Alcibiades returns at the close of the fifth act to say:

> My noble lord, I went as you commanded
> And found Lord Timon dead and his Evandra
> Stab'd and just by him lying in his tomb, &c.

It is needless to dwell upon an atrocity which ranks with the happy termination to Lear and other perversions of the same epoch. Not more defensible is the treatment of Flavius, rechristened Demetrius, and of Apemantus.

Downes speaks of this play as a success. His words are: "Timon of Athens alter'd by Mr. Shadwell; 't was very well acted, and the music in 't well perform'd; it wonderfully pleas'd the Court and City; being an excellent moral" (Roscius Anglicanus, p. 37). A different impression is conveyed in the epilogue to

The Jew of Venice of George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, produced twenty-three years later. In this, after complaining of the bad taste of audiences, the writer continues:

> How was the scene forlorn, and how despis'd
> When Timon, without music, moraliz'd!
> Shakespeare's sublime, in vain entic'd the throng,
> Without the charm of Purcell's syren song.
> —Works, ed. 1752, p. 184.

This wretched version held the stage for near a century. Concerning the performance we know nothing. Evandra is a sort of die-away character in which Mary Betterton would be seen to advantage, Betterton would assumably be suited to Timon, and Harris, an excellent actor, would do justice to Apemantus. Sandford was a noted stage-villain. Ann Shadwell, the wife of the adapter, was not much of an actress, but Melissa is not much of a part.

On the 27th June, 1707, Shadwell's Timon was revived by the summer company at the Haymarket. Mills was Timon, Verbruggen Apemantus, Booth Alcibiades, Norris the Poet, Bullock Phæax, Johnson Ælius, Mrs. Porter Evandra, and Mrs. Bradshaw Melissa.

Drury Lane witnessed its production on 8th Dec. 1720, when Booth was Timon, Mills Apemantus, Walker Alcibiades, Pinkethman the Poet, Mrs. Thurmond Evandra, and Mrs. Horton Melissa; and Covent Garden on 1st May, 1733, with Milward as Timon, Quin as Apemantus, Walker as Alcibiades, Mrs. Hallam as Evandra, and Mrs. Buchanan as Melissa. Milward revived it for his benefit at Drury Lane 20th March, 1740, repeating his performance of Timon. Quin was once more Apemantus, Mills was Alcibiades, Woodward the Poet, Mrs. Butler Evandra, and Mrs. Pritchard Melissa. It was played for the last recorded time for Hales's benefit at Covent Garden 20th April, 1745. Quin was still Apemantus, Hippisley Phæax, Theophilus Cibber the Poet, Woodward Isander, Mrs. Pritchard Evandra, and Miss Hippisley Chloe. The other characters are not given. Hales, since all sorts of rash experiments were permitted at benefits, was assumably Timon.

At Dublin Shadwell's play was given about 1715 at Smock Alley Theatre. The cast of the performance, a rare thing in early Dublin annals, is preserved, and as it included many names subsequently to become famous it may be given as it is supplied in Hitchcock's Historical View of the Irish Stage, i. 27, 28. The notes are our own:

Timon	=	Mr. Th. Elrington.[1]
Alcibiades	=	Mr. Evans.
Apemantus	=	Mr. Ashbury.[2]
Nicias	=	Mr. Fra. Elrington.[1]
Phæax	=	Mr. Thurmond.[3]
Oelius (*sic*)	=	Mr. Trefusis.
Cleon	=	Mr. Quin.[4]
Isidore	=	Mr. Hall.
Thrasillus	=	Mr. Dougherty.
Demetrius	=	Mr. Leigh.[5]
Poet	=	Mr. Griffith.[6]
Painter	=	Mr. Oates.
Jeweller	=	Mr. Bowman.
Musician	=	Mr. Hallam.
Evandre (*sic*)	=	Mrs. Thurmond.
Melissa	=	Mrs. Wilkins.
Chloe	=	Mrs. Haywood.[7]
Thais	=	Miss Wilson.
Phrynia (*sic*)	=	Miss Schoolding.

An adaptation from Shakespeare and Shadwell by James Dance, better known by his acting name of Love, was published in 1768, and was produced near the same time by its author at the theatre erected by him and his brother in Richmond. Like Dance's other dramas, it is a poor compilation. Love played Apemantus, Aikin was Timon; Fawcett, Lucullus; Cautherley, Alcibiades; and Mrs. Stephens, Evandra. Richard Cumberland was the next adapter of Timon. His version was produced 4th December, 1771, at Drury Lane under Garrick's management, with Barry as Timon, Bannister as Apemantus, Packer as Flavius, Palmer as Lucius, Hurst as Lucullus, Baddeley as the soldier, and Crofts (his first appearance on the stage) as Alcibiades. Mrs. Barry was Evanthe. Cumberland

[1] The Elringtons were a family of clever actors. Thomas Elrington was at that time manager of the theatre.

[2] A son, assumably, of the late manager of Smock Alley, whose daughter Thomas Elrington married.

[3] A well-known actor at Drury Lane, the husband of an actress even better known, who played Evandra.

[4] The famous Quin, then a youth of twenty-two.

[5] Actor, song-writer, and dramatist.

[6] A good actor and a pleasing poet.

[7] Subsequently known as Mrs. Elizabeth Haywood, a voluminous writer introduced by Pope into the Dunciad, book ii.

has the grace, in his advertisement to the printed version (8vo, 1771), to express his wish that he could have brought the play upon the stage with less violence to its author, and to hope that his own errors may be overlooked or forgiven in the contemplation of the "many passages of the first merit" which are still retained. He adds, "as the entire part of Evanthe and with very few exceptions the whole of Alcibiades are new, the author of the alteration has much to answer for" (Memoir, i. 384). His affectation of modesty is sufficiently transparent. On the plea that the play is now out of print, he burdens his memoirs with a long extract which may figure among any future illustrations of bathos. Cumberland chronicles that "public approbation seemed to sanction the attempt at the first production of the play" (ib. i. 385); but owns that it was subsequently passed over with neglect. It was indeed conspicuously unsuccessful, as appear to have been most alterations of Timon. Francis Gentleman, in his Dramatic Censor, does not include Timon among the plays on which he comments, and we are accordingly without the light which his criticisms cast upon the representations of other Shakespearean works. Genest gives a full description of the changes made by Cumberland, and is lenient in his verdict, speaking of some of the shortening as judicious, and declaring that in the respect of making in the scenes from Shakespeare few alterations except omissions Cumberland is much superior to Shadwell. Genest admits that the additions of both coalesce badly with the original, but holds that both have improved that part of the play which concerns Alcibiades" (Account of the English Stage, v. 319). To make, as does Cumberland, Evanthe the heroine, the daughter of Timon, and present her as beloved by Lucius and Alcibiades, and favouring the latter, is, as has been observed, injudicious. The reckless extravagance of Timon in spending his money on sycophants becomes unpardonable when his wealth, or a portion at least of it, should belong to his daughter.

Fifteen years later, at Covent Garden, 13th May, 1786, yet one more alteration was tried with insuccess. Timon of Athens, altered from Shakespeare and Shadwell, is attributed in the Biographia Dramatica to Thomas Hull, a well-known actor and dramatist, for whose benefit it was given. From the same authority we learn that it was coldly received. This version has never been printed. The following is the cast: Timon = Holman, Apemantus = Wroughton, Alcibiades = Farren, Flavius = Hull, Lucullus = Quick, Lucius = Wewitzer, Evandra = a young lady, her first appearance, Melissa = Mrs. Inchbald. With the exception of the representative of Evandra, the foregoing actors constitute a strong cast. The young lady, according to the Theatrical Journal for May, 1786, "is said to be a sister of Mrs. Kemble, formerly Miss Satchell." Miss Satchell, afterwards Mrs. Stephen Kemble, was the daughter of a musical-instrument maker. The débutante is praised for her figure, manner, and deportment, and declared to have been "natural and affecting." Hull's alteration, it is said, "ought to be consigned to oblivion," a fate which soon attended it. Genest fails to chronicle who was the young lady playing Evandra. He says, however, that Flavius was quite in Hull's line, that Wroughton was a very good Apemantus, and that Quick and Wewitzer played well and did not make their parts too comic (Account of the English Stage, vi. 402).

A long interval elapses before Timon of Athens is again heard of, and it is then (28th October, 1816), for the first time, announced as in Shakespeare's version. Even now, however, some modification was found necessary. This was accomplished by the Honourable George Lamb. In the advertisement to the play the adapter says: "The present attempt has been to restore Shakespeare to the stage, with no other omissions than such as the refinement of manners has rendered necessary — the short interpolation in the last scene has been chiefly compiled from Cumberland's alteration." Genest, who gives an analysis of the play, praises it highly, saying that it "does Lamb considerable credit, and adding, with a certain amount of hyperbole, that "it is not only infinitely better than any of the former alterations, but it may serve as a model of the manner in which Shakespeare's plays should be adapted to the modern

Stage" (Account of the English Stage, viii. 585, 586).

In this revival Kean made his appearance as Timon, the cast including Bengough as Apemantus, Wallack as Alcibiades, Holland as Flavius, Harley as Lucius, S. Penley as Lucullus, and Bernard as Sempronius. It was not a great success, and was acted seven times. Hazlitt's precious series of criticisms upon Kean's performances in Shakespeare does not include Timon, and the ordinary organs of theatrical criticism pass over the representation without notice. Procter (Barry Cornwall) apologizes for Kean, declares the play unadapted for representation, and says that Kean, by dint of his own single strength, was unable to make it popular. He continues: "In fact, although one of the finest, it is at the same time one of the least dramatic works of Shakespeare. It is more of a monodrame than a play" (Life of Kean, ii. 163). The dialogue was given by Kean with prodigious effect," his retorts upon Apemantus, and his curses on ungrateful Athens—

> Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall
> That girdlest in those wolves, &c.—

were made as fierce as voice and expression could render them. But he did not exhibit the whole character. We beheld in him the bitter sceptic, but not the easy, lordly, and magnificent Timon" (ib. ii. 163, 164). Mr. Hawkins, in his Life of Kean, i. 398, quotes from an unpublished letter of Mr. Harry Stoe Van Dyk, that Kean breathed the very soul of melancholy and tenderness in those impressive words:—

> But myself,
> Who had the world as my confectionary;
> The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
> At duty, more than I could frame employment;
> That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
> Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
> Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
> For every storm that blows.
> —Act iv. sc. iii. 259-266.

He quotes also the opinion of Leigh Hunt, that the finest scene was that with Alcibiades. "We never remember the force of contrast to have been more truly pathetic. Timon, digging in the woods with his spade, hears the approach of military music; he starts, waits its approach silently, and at last in comes the gallant Alcibiades with a train of splendid soldiery. Never was scene more effectively managed. First you heard a sprightly quick march playing in the distance. Kean started, listened, and leaned in a fixed and angry manner on his spade, with frowning eyes and lips full of the truest feeling, compressed, but not too much so; he seemed as if resolved not to be deceived, even by the charm of a thing inanimate; the audience were silent; the march threw forth its gallant notes nearer and nearer, the Athenian standards appear, then the soldiers come treading on the scene with that air of confident progress which is produced by the accompaniment of music; and at last, while the squalid misanthrope still maintains his posture and keeps his back to the strangers, in steps the young and splendid Alcibiades, in the flush of victorious expectation. It is the encounter of hope with despair" (ib. 398, 399).

Another long interval passed before Timon was again revived. Genest, indeed, chronicles no other performance.

Warned by previous experience, Macready left the character of Timon unattempted, and his example was followed by Charles Kean. Not, indeed, until it was revived by Phelps is Timon traceable on the stage.

On the 15th September, 1851, with more than usual attention to the *mise en scène*, Phelps produced Timon at Sadler's Wells. On this occasion the performance triumphed over the defects, real or imaginary, of the play. Between its first production and the following Christmas it was played some forty times. In the Life of Phelps by W. May Phelps and John Forbes-Robertson, the bill of this interesting performance is given (p. 273). Though respectable in their day, the actors of the subordinate parts are now wholly forgotten. It is not necessary accordingly to give more than the principal characters which were thus cast:—

Timon	=	Mr. Phelps.
Lucius	=	Mr. F. Robinson.
Lucullus	=	Mr. Hoskins.
Sompronius	=	Mr. H. Mellon.

Ventidius	=	Mr. Knight.
Apemantus	=	Mr. G. Bennett.
Flavius	=	Mr. Graham.
Alcibiades	=	Mr. H. Marston.
Poet	=	Mr. J. W. Ray.
Painter	=	Mr. F. Younge.
Phrynia	=	Mrs. Graham.
Timandra	=	Miss Jones.

High praise was bestowed upon the revival, though the encomiums upon Phelps are lukewarm. John Oxenford, one of the most capable, if also one of the most lenient of critics, gave in The Times an elaborate analysis of the performance, dwelling especially upon the scenery, which was by Fenton. From his notice it is evident that some experiments, perhaps questionable, were made with a view of adding to the attractions of a play that managers still regard askance. A moving picture, representing the march of Alcibiades to Athens, was thus introduced, and the last scene presented the sea with the tomb of Timon as a conspicuous object. Timon, Oxenford declares, is one of Phelps's most effective characters. Coming to details, however, the critic dwells upon picturesqueness and the presentation of the "inherent dignity of the misanthrope." Of the delivery of the curse at the close of the third act, however, Oxenford speaks with more warmth. It is said to be "grandly impressive." "The feeling of wrong has kindled itself into a prophetic inspiration, and the parasites shrink before their awful host as before a supernatural presence" (quoted in Life of Phelps, p. 224). Of Marston's Apemantus it is said, "With a countenance deformed by malignity, an abject deportment, a sharp spiteful glance, and a hard-hitting delivery of the pointed language, this personage was a most admirable type of the worst species of the cynic breed" (ib.). A word of commendation is spared for Mr. Ray's Flavius.

On the 11th of October, 1856, Timon was again revived. Once more warm commendation was bestowed. Francis Guest Tomlins, secretary of the original Shakespeare Society, instituted comparisons between the Shakespearean revivals at Sadler's Wells and those by Charles Kean at the Princess's, wholly to the credit of the former. At the head of the Princess's was a showman who as lavishly illustrated Pizarro as Macbeth; at that of Sadler's Wells was an artist who assigned fervour and genius predominance over archæology. Professor Morley, with higher praise, says that Shakespeare's plays, as revived at Sadler's Wells, are always poems, and declares that Timon of Athens is wholly a poem to the Sadler's Wells audience (Journal of a London Playgoer, p. 154). His praise of Phelps is more well-meaning than comprehensible: "Mr. Phelps in his own acting of Timon treats the character as an ideal, as the central figure in a mystery. As the liberal Athenian lord, his gestures are large, his movements free—out of himself everything pours, towards himself he will draw nothing" (ib. p. 155). With this representation the stage history of Timon ends. Two men alone have, so far as surviving records attest, played the part of Shakespeare's

> Old Timon with the noble heart,
> That greatly loathing, greatly broke.

Of Kean and Phelps as Timon some memories survive. Of actors who presented Timon in paternal aspects, or as an impassioned wooer, enough has been said. A subject so devoid of feminine interest is, of course, unpromising—Timon has, accordingly, in most countries, been "severely" left alone. Lucian's dialogue has been translated into French by Brécourt, and produced as a one-act comedy, played in 1684 under the title of Timon, and also under that of Les Flatteurs trompés ou l'ennemi des faux amis. Timon le Misanthrope, a three-act comedy of Delisle, produced at the Theatre des Italiens in 1722, is a mythological spectacle, bringing Mercury and Plutus on to the earth. Neither piece, it is needless to say, owes anything to Shakespeare. In Notes and Queries 7th s. iii. 46 it is recorded that John Honeycott, the master of the charity school, Clerkenwell, had on 6th Feb. 1711, "with the children of the school, publicly acted the play called 'Timon of Athens,' and by tickets signed by himself had invited several people to it." For this he was called over the coals by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the trustees of the school. See

also Secretan's Life of Robert Nelson, Lond. 1860, p. 130. This performance of a play of Shakespeare is held to be "evidence of a considerable amount of culture in a neighbourhood where one would scarcely expect to find it." The question arises, however—was the play Shakespeare or Shadwell?—J. K.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Timon of Athens is a study of the disastrous effects of a reverse of fortune upon an unbalanced mind. The subject was hardly capable of being handled so effectively as those of the other great tragedies, and the comparative unpopularity of the play is easily accounted for. But if it does not carry us along with the thrilling interest of a Macbeth or an Othello, it is by no means deficient either in design or execution. Although the dialogue becomes a little tedious here and there, the plot is well sustained, the leading situations are impressive, and the principal characters powerfully drawn.

Timon's character is not hard to understand. He is a man of generous impulses but defective judgment. His weakness is a facile good-nature, which leads him to make friends indiscriminately with everyone; he is not at the pains to form any estimate of the true character of those who flock to enjoy his hospitality, but lavishes upon them his riches with an unwise prodigality: for he has no thought for the future; with a careless magnificence he seeks only to gratify the momentary impulse of generosity, and although not a helpless victim to flattery, he is not insensible to the "feast-won, fast-lost" popularity which follows. Thus his knowledge of mankind is merely superficial, his friendship does not rest upon those foundations which alone can render it permanent, he has no reserve of strength in his own heart to fall back upon, and it is not to be wondered at that when the crash comes he is unprepared to meet it, and that when his so-called friends desert him, and the false paradise which he has created for himself vanishes away, he is powerless to grapple with the stern realities which stare him in the face, and takes refuge in self-banishment and a passionate and uncompromising hatred of the human race.

In this, if he shows weakness, he does not show meanness of character. Had he followed the advice of the Cynic Apemantus he would have acquiesced in the low morality which surrounded him: he would have turned flatterer himself and sought to thrive by that which had undone him. But his nature is too noble for that; curse he can—but never smile and be a villain. Not that cursing is a pleasure to him; he is as dissatisfied with himself as with the rest of the world, and from his intolerable bitterness of soul—a bitterness relieved only by one touch of nature, his relenting towards his faithful steward—the sole release is death; yet though he dies with imprecations on his lips, the play does not end without a hint that those he cursed have forgiven him, and remember rather his virtues than his faults:

> rich conceit
> Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
> On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
> Is noble Timon: of whose memory
> Hereafter more. (v. 4. 77-81.)

Where Timon failed Alcibiades succeeded. It has been remarked that the part which Alcibiades plays is only remotely connected with the main story; but it cannot be doubted that he is intended to form a contrast to Timon, and point the moral of his fall. Like Timon, Alcibiades is wronged, but he does not unpack his heart in words and fall a cursing. He is a successful man of the world, who takes prompt measures to right his wrongs, and his triumph over the offending senators forms a fitting sequel to the story of Timon's barren misanthropy. None the less it is with Timon, and not with Alcibiades, that our sympathies rest. Had Timon possessed the practical virtues of the victorious commander he would have been saved from despair, and the catastrophe would have been averted; but as we lament over the wreck of a noble nature, we feel that there are nobler things in the world than worldly prosperity, and that failure may sometimes command a deeper respect than success.

The character of Apemantus is a foil to

Timon's. Timon hates men, and is miserable in his hatred; Apemantus hates them too, and enjoys it. Always a cynic and a carper, he never had any faith in the goodness of the human heart, and cannot open his mouth except to give utterance to a sneer or a surly repartee. He has no wrongs to avenge; he is not, like Timon, smarting under a sense of the injustice of mankind; he is

> a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
> With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
> (iv. 3. 250, 251.)

He is unable to understand the righteous indignation which drove Timon to "affect his manners." He thinks Timon must be insincere in his misanthropy, that it is either a fit of temporary pique, or that he is reduced to it by sheer force of circumstances. He is not himself "sick of this false world;" and when Timon wishes that the world may be given over to the dominion of beasts, he is for putting off that catastrophe until he himself has quitted it. It should be noticed too that Timon never pretends to be better than others, and never lays claim to any special virtues; while in Apemantus we see that pride and self-complacency with which such cynicism as his is always accompanied. He hugs himself in his superiority to the human weaknesses of Timon's flatterers, in his abstinence from the banquets in which they revelled, and in his utter independence of all human ties (i. 2. 63–70):

> Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;
> I pray for no man but myself:
> Grant I may never prove so fond,
> To trust man on his oath or bond;
> Or a harlot for her weeping;
> Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;
> Or a keeper with my freedom;
> Or my friends, if I should need 'em.

Among the minor characters of the drama that of the Steward is the most prominent. He is a faithful and attached servant of a type which was a favourite with the later dramatists. He had that insight into human character which his master lacked. Timon in the simplicity of his soul imagined that if he were ever in need, the purses of his friends would be open to him with the same generosity that his was opened to them, but the Steward knew them better (ii. 2. 178–181):

> Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
> The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
> Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
> These flies are couch'd.

The attachment of his servants to Timon is a proof of the inherent goodness of his heart. Had he been a mere hard-hearted, selfish prodigal, he would never have had so devoted a follower as Flavius, who, although unable to save him, was able to wring from him in his bitterest mood the confession that one honest man was left in the world.

Timon of Athens is singular among Shakespeare's plays in the absence of any female character, for the brace of courtezans can hardly be counted. It is perhaps enough to say that Shakespeare did not find any women in his materials, and did not care to complicate the plot by the introduction of any creations of his own. But he may also have thought that the subject was not one in which the female character could be displayed to any advantage. Shadwell thought otherwise, and into his alteration he introduced two ladies—one with whom Timon was on the point of marriage, but who deserts him in his adversity; and another, whom he had himself deserted, but who stands by him to the last.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy man!—(Act i. 1. 39, 40.)

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Athens. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.
Pain. I am glad you're well.
Poet. I have not seen you long: how goes the world?
Pain. It wears,[1] sir, as it grows.
Poet. Ay, that's well known:
But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.
Pain. I know them both; th'other's a jeweller.
Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord.
Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.
Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd,[2] as it were,
To an untirable and continuate[3] goodness:
He passes.[4]
Jew. I have a jewel here—
Mer. O, pray, let's see't: for the Lord Timon, sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate:[5] but, for that—
Poet. [*Reciting to himself*] "When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good."
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking at the jewel.*
Jew. And rich: here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You're rapt,[6] sir, in some work, some dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.—What have you there?
Pain. A picture, sir.—When comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment,[7] sir.—
Let's see your piece.

[1] *Wears*, wears out.
[2] *Breath'd*, having breath enough for; or, inured.
[3] *Continuate*, uninterrupted.
[4] *Passes*, passes all description.
[5] *Touch the estimate*, come up to the price.
[6] *Rapt*, engrossed.
[7] *Presentment*, presentation.

Pain. 'T is a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well[1] and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable: how this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big[2] imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.[3]
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch; is 't good?
Poet. I will say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife[4]
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd!
Poet. The senators of Athens:—happy man!
Pain. Look, moe![5]
Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.
I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: my free drift
Halts not particularly,[6] but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd[7] malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no tract[8] behind.
Pain. How shall I understand you?
Poet. I 'll unbolt to you.
You see how all conditions, how all minds—
As well of glib and slippery creatures as
Of grave and austere quality—tender down
Their services to Lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties[9] to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd[10] flatterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.
Pain. I saw them speak together.
Poet. Sir,
I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: the base o' the mount
Is rank'd[11] with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states:[12] amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of Lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her:
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.
Pain. 'T is conceiv'd to scope.[13]
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.
Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on.
All those which were his fellows but of late,—
Some better than his value,—on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him[14]
Drink the free air.
Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?
Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
Pain. 'T is common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demónstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly[15] than words. Yet you do well

[1] *Comes off well*, is a creditable piece of work.
[2] *Big*, pregnant; or merely, powerful, mighty.
[3] *Interpret*, play the interpreter.
[4] *Artificial strife*, the strife of art to emulate nature.
[5] *Moe*, more.
[6] *Halts not particularly*, does not stop at any single person. [7] *Level'd*, aimed at any particular person.
[8] *Tract*, trace, track.
[9] *Properties*, makes property of, appropriates.
[10] *Glass-fac'd*, reflecting like a mirror the looks of his patron.
[11] *Rank'd*, covered with ranks.
[12] *To propagate their states*, to improve their fortunes.
[13] *To scope*, to the purpose.
[14] *Through him*, by his leave, at his will.
[15] *Pregnantly*, clearly.

To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head

Trumpets sound. Enter LORD TIMON, *addressing himself courteously to every suitor; a Messenger from* VENTIDIUS *talking with him;* LUCILIUS *and other Servants following.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?
Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait:[1]
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing,
Periods[2] his comfort.
Tim. Noble Ventidius!—Well;
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,—
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.
Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.
Tim. I have so: what of him?
Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!
Luc. [*Coming forward*] Here, at your lordship's service.
Old Ath. This fellow here, Lord Timon, this thy creature,
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well; what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I prithee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
Myself have spoke in vain.
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself;
It must not bear[3] my daughter.
Tim. Does she love him?
Old Ath. She is young and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity 's in youth.
Tim. [*To Lucilius*] Love you the maid?
Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.
Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.
Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?
Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future, all.
Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 't is a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.
Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.
Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.
Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! [*Exeunt Lucilius and Old Athenian.*
Poet. [*Presenting his poem*] Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!
Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:

[1] *Strait*, strict. [2] *Periods*, puts a stop to. [3] *Bear*, carry off, win.

Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. [*Presenting his painting*] A piece of painting, which I do beseech
Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find I like it: wait attendance
Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord! dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 't is extoll'd,
It would unclew[1] me quite.

Jew. My lord, 't is rated
As those which sell would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters:[2] believe 't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here: will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We 'll bear,[3] with your lordship.

Mer. He 'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus.

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay thou for thy good morrow;
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.[4]

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus?

Apem. Thou know'st I do; I call'd t thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much as that I like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Ath brains.

Tim. That 's a deed thou 'lt die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be de the law.

Tim. How likest thou this picture, A tus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

[*Tim.* Wrought he not well that p it?

Apem. He wrought better that ma painter; and yet he 's but a filthy p work.

Pain. You 're a dog.

Apem. Thy mother 's of my gene what 's she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantu

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou 'dst anger

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they c great bellies.

Tim. That 's a lascivious apprehensi

Apem. So thou apprehendest it: tak thy labour.]

Tim. How dost thou like this jewe mantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 't is wor

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—Ho poet!

Poet. How now, philosopher!

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

---

[1] *Unclew*, unwind, *i.e.* undo, ruin.

[2] *Are prized by their masters*, are rated according to the merit of their owners.

[3] *Bear*, *i.e.* the chiding of Apemantus.

[4] *When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest*, two things which will never be.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That 's not feign'd,—he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. E'en as Apemantus does now,—hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord. —Art not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will not!

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffic 's thy god; and thy god confound thee!

Trumpet sounds. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet 's that?

Mess. 'T is Alcibiades, and some twenty horse, All of companionship.[1]

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.— [*Exeunt some Attendants.*

You must needs dine with me:—go not you hence
Till I have thank'd you: when dinner 's done,
Show me this piece. I 'm joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES *with the rest.*

Most welcome, sir! [*They salute.*

Apem. So, so, there!—

Achès[2] contract and starve[3] your supple joints!—
That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knaves,
And all this court'sy! The strain of man 's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungerly on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir!
Ere we depart,[4] we 'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.
[*Exeunt all except Apemantus.*

Enter two Lords.

First Lord. What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

First Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The more accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.

Sec. Lord. Thou art going to Lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay, to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Sec. Lord. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

Sec. Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

First Lord. Hang thyself!

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

Sec. Lord. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I 'll spurn thee hence!

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o' the ass. [*Exit.*

First Lord. He 's opposite to humanity.— Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

Sec. Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed[5] but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.[6]

First Lord. The noblest mind he carries
That ever govern'd man.

Sec. Lord. Long may he live
In fortunes!—Shall we in?

First Lord. I 'll keep you company.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Companionship*, coming in a body.
[2] *Achès*, pronounced here, as in v. 1. 202, like the plural of the name of the letter H.
[3] *Starve*, paralyse.
[4] *Depart*, separate.
[5] *Meed*, merit.
[6] *Use of quittance*, customary requital.

SCENE II. *A banqueting-room in Timon's house.*

Hautboys playing loud music. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS *and others attending; then enter* LORD TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *Lords, Senators, and* VENTIDIUS, *which Timon redeem'd from prison. Then comes, dropping after all,* APEMANTUS, *discontentedly, like himself.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon,
It hath pleas'd the gods to remember my father's age,
And call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return those talents,
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honest Ventidius; you mistake my love:
I gave it freely ever; and there's none
Can truly say he gives, if he receives:
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them; faults that are rich are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit!

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on Timon.*

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness,[1] sorry ere 't is shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes
Than my fortunes to me. [*They sit.*

First Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus,—you are welcome.

Apem. No;
You shall not make me welcome:
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, thou 'rt a churl; you 've got a humour there
Does not become a man; 't is much to blame.—
They say, my lords, *Ira furor brevis est;* but yond man is ever angry.—Go, let him have a table by himself; for he does neither affect company, nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine apperil,[2] Timon: I come to observe; I give thee warning on 't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou 'rt an Athenian, therefore welcome: I myself would have no power;[3] prithee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods, what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees 'em not! It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.
There 's much example for 't; the fellow that sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges the breath[4] of him in a divided draught, is the readiest man to kill him: 't has been proved. If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:[5]
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. [*To a Lord who drinks to him*] My lord, in heart;[6] and let the health go round.

Sec. Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well.—Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon. Here 's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:
This and my food are equals; there 's no odds:
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

Apemantus' grace.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;[7]
I pray for no man but myself:
Grant I may never prove so fond,
To trust man on his oath or bond;

[1] *Recanting goodness,* kindness that is "sorry ere 't is shown."

[2] *Apperil,* peril, danger.

[3] *No power,* i.e. to make thee silent.

[4] *Breath,* life.

[5] *Spy my windpipe's dangerous notes,* and so find out where best to cut it.

[6] *In heart,* heartily.

[7] *Pelf,* riches.

[Or a harlot, for her weeping;
Or a dog, that seems a-sleeping;]
Or a keeper[1] with my freedom;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to 't:
Rich men sin, and I eat root.
[*Eats and drinks.*
Much good dich[2] thy good heart, Apemantus!

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there 's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. Would all those flatterers were thine enemies, then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

First Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.[3]

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from[4] thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you.[5] O you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should ne'er have need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keeps their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere 't can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out[6] water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.

Sec. Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

Third Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much! [*Tucket sounded within.*

Tim. What means that trump?

Enter a Servant.

How now!

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies! what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all
That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely
To gratulate[7] thy plenteous bosom: th' ear,
Taste, touch and smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:—
Music, make their welcome! [*Exit Cupid.*

First Lord. You see, my lord, how ample you 're belov'd.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, *with a Mask of Ladies as Amazons with lutes in their hands, dancing and playing.*

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;

[1] *Keeper*, jailer.
[2] *Dich*, do it; but see note 42.
[3] *Perfect*, satisfied.
[4] *From*, out of, among.
[5] *I confirm you*, I put you past doubt, believe in you.
[6] *Hold out*, keep out.
[7] *Gratulate*, gratify.

And spend our flatteries, to drink[1] those men,
Upon whose age we void it up agen,
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives, that 's not depraved or depraves?[2]
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?[3]
I should fear those that dance before me now
Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of Timon; and to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance; men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;

Apem. Hoy-day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.—(Act i. 2. 137, 138.)

You 've added worth unto 't and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for 't.

First Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.[4]

[*Apem.* Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold taking, I doubt me.]

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you:
Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[*Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.*

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord?

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—[*Aside*] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in 's humour;
Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,—
When all 's spent, he 'd be cross'd[5] then, an he could.
'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit.*

First Lord. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

Sec. Lord. Our horses!

[1] *Drink*, devour, consume.
[2] *Depraved or depraves*, slandered or slanders.
[3] *Of their friends' gift*, given them by their friends.
[4] *At the best*, at best advantage.
[5] *Cross'd*, furnished with crosses, *i.e.* money.

Re-enter FLAVIUS *with the casket.*

Tim. O my friends,
I've one word to say to you:—look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much
As to advance[1] this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.
First Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—
All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.
Tim. They 're fairly[2] welcome.
Flav. I beseech your honour,
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.
Tim. Near! why, then, another time I 'll hear thee:
I prithee, let 's be provided to show them entertainment.
Flav. [*Aside*] I scarce know how.

Enter a second Servant.

Sec. Serv. May it please your honour, Lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.
Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.[3]

Enter a third Servant.

How now! what news?
Third Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.
Tim. I 'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.
Flav. [*Aside*] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,[4]
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word: he 's so kind, that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land 's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forc'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*
Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.
Sec. Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.
Third Lord. O, he 's the very soul of bounty!
Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.
First Lord. O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.
Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man
Can justly praise but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I 'll tell you true.—I 'll call to you.[5]
All Lords. O, none so welcome.
Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich;
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.
Alcib. Ay, defil'd land, my lord.
First Lord. We are so virtuously bound—
Tim. And so
Am I to you.
Sec. Lord. So infinitely endear'd—
Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights!

[1] *Advance*, promote, raise to honour.
[2] *Fairly*, kindly.
[3] *Entertain'd*, received.
[4] *Yield me this*, give me this permission.
[5] *I 'll call to you*, appeal to you for assistance.

First Lord. The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, Lord Timon!
Tim. Ready for his friends.
[*Exeunt all but Apemantus and Timon.*
Apem. What a coil[1] 's here!
[Serving of becks,[2] and jutting-out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em.] Friendship 's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.
Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I 'll nothing; for if I should be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the faster. Thou givest so long, Timon, I fear me thou wilt give away thyself in paper[3] shortly: what needs these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?
Tim. Nay, an you begin to rail on society once, I am sworn not to give regard to you. Farewell; and come with better music.
[*Exit.*
Apem. So;
Thou wilt not hear me now; thou shalt not then:
I 'll lock thy heaven[4] from thee.
O that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Athens. A Senator's house.*

Enter Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand;—to Varro and to Isidore
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five-and-twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty moe
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: no porter at his gate;
But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; what is your pleasure?
Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to Lord Timon;
Importune him for my moneys; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd when—
"Commend me to your master"—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him,
My uses[5] cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted[6] dates
Have smit my credit: I love and honour him;
But must not break my back to heal his finger:
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,[7]
Which flashes now a phœnix. Get you gone.
Caph. I go, sir.
Sen. "I go sir!" Take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.[8]
Caph. I will, sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

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[1] *Coil*, fuss. [2] *Becks*, nods, as a sign of command.
[3] *In paper*, in paper securities or bonds.
[4] *Thy heaven*, good advice.
[5] *Uses*, necessities.
[6] *Fracted*, broken.
[7] *Naked gull*, unfledged nestling.
[8] *In compt*, in account.

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: takes no account
How things go from him, nor resumes[1] no care
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter CAPHIS, *and the Servants of* ISIDORE *and* VARRO.

Caph. Good even, Varro: what,
You come for money?
Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is:—and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. Would we were all discharg'd![2]
Var. Serv. I fear it.[3]
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, *and Lords, &c.*

Tim. So soon as dinner's done we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? what is your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues! Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.
Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awak'd by great occasion
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit[4]
In giving him his right.
Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prithee, but repair to me next morning.
Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

[1] *Resumes*, takes. [2] *Discharg'd*, paid.
[3] *I fear it*, I have my fears about it.
[4] *You'll suit*, you will act consistently with.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore;
He humbly prays you speedy payment,—
Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,—

Flav. What shall be done? he will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
—(Act ii. 2. 7, 8.)

Var. Serv. 'T was due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks
And past,—
Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.
Tim. Give me breath.—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;[5]
I'll wait upon you instantly.
[*Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.*
[*To Flavius*] Come hither: pray you,
How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd

[5] *Keep on*, proceed, go in.

With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention[1] of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business:
Your importunacy cease till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends.—
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit.*

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit.*

Enter APEMANTUS *and Fool.*

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Apemantus: let 's ha' some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he 'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 't is to thyself.—[*To the Fool*] Come away.

Isid. Serv. There 's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou 'rt not on him yet.

Caph. Where 's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! [bawds between gold and want!]

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: [how does your mistress?

Fool. She 's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!]

Apem. Good! gramercy.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Enter Page.

Page. [*To the Fool*] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably!

Page. Prithee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; [thou wast born a bastard, and thou 'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog, and thou shalt famish a dog's death.] Answer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. E'en so thou outrunn'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to Lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; would they serv'd us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

[*Fool.* I think no usurer but has a fool to his servant: my mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: the reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'T is a spirit: sometime 't appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two stones moe than 's artificial one:[2] he is very often like a knight; and, generally, in all shapes that man goes up and down in from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.]

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

[1] *Detention*, withholding.

[2] *'s artificial one*, the philosopher's stone.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside; here comes Lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

[*Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.*

Flav. Pray you, walk near: I 'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Tim. You make me marvel: wherefore ere this time

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!—(Act ii. 2. 161-163.)

Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition[1] put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,[2]
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord,
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,

And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return[3] so much, I 've shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My lov'd lord,
Though you hear now—too late—yet now 's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

[1] *Indisposition*, disinclination.

[2] *And that unaptness made your minister*, you made that unaptness your minister (instrument).

[3] *Return*, give in, make a return of.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.
Flav. 'T is all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues:[1] the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?
Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.
Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word:
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!
Tim. You tell me true.
Flav. If you suspect my husbandry or falsehood,[2]
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices[3] have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders;[4] when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth[5] of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.
Tim. Prithee, no more.
Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted![6] Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is Lord Timon's?
Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!
Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.
Tim. Come, sermon me no further:
No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;[7]
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument[8] of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly use
As I can bid thee speak.
Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!
Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: you shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.—
Within there! Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, *and other Servants.*

Servants. My lord? my lord?—
Tim. I will dispatch you severally:—[*to Servilius*] you to Lord Lucius;—[*to Flaminius*] to Lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his honour to-day;—[*to another Servant*] you to Sempronius: commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions have found time to use 'em toward a supply of money: let the request be fifty talents.
Flam. As you have said, my lord.
[*Exit with Servilius and another Servant.*
Flav. [*Aside*] Lord Lucius and Lucullus? hum!
Tim. [*To another Servant*] Go you, sir, to the senators,—
Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing; bid 'em send o' th' instant
A thousand talents to me. [*Exit Servant.*
Flav. I have been bold—
For that I knew it the most general[9] way—
To them to use your signet and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.
Tim. Is 't true? can 't be?
Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall,[10] want treasure, cannot

[1] *Dues*, debts. [2] *Falsehood*, dishonesty.
[3] *Offices*, various domestic apartments.
[4] *Feeders*, parasites. [5] *Spilth*, effusion, waste.
[6] *Englutted*, swallowed up.
[7] *Secure thy heart*, free thy heart from care.
[8] *Argument*, contents.
[9] *General*, common, ordinary.
[10] *At fall*, at the ebb.

Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'t is pity;—
And so, intending[1] other serious matters,
After distasteful looks[2] and these hard fractions,[3]
With certain half-caps and cold-moving nods
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
Prithee, man, look cheerly. These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:[4]
Their blood is cak'd, 't is cold, it seldom flows;
'T is lack of kindly warmth they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—
[*To another Servant*] Go to Ventidius,—[*to Flavius*] Prithee, be not sad,
Thou art true and honest; ingeniously[5] I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—[*to the same Servant*] Ventidius lately
Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: greet him from me;
Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. [*Exit Servant.*
[*To Flavius*] That had, give 't these fellows
To whom 't is instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would I could not think it: that thought is bounty's foe:
Being free[6] itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I. *A room in Lucullus' house.*

Flaminius *waiting. Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here 's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside*] One of Lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and ewer to-night.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectively[7] welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine. [*Exit Servant*]—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—"nothing doubting," says he? Alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 't is, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on 't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less; and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty[8] is his: I ha' told him on 't, but I could ne'er get him from 't.

Re-enter Servant, with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

---

[1] *Intending*, pretending.
[2] *Distasteful looks*, looks of dislike.
[3] *Fractions*, broken hints.
[4] *Hereditary*, inherent, natural.
[5] *Ingeniously*, from the heart.
[6] *Free*, liberal.
[7] *Respectively*, with all proper attention.
[8] *Honesty*, the conduct of a gentleman; here, generosity.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here 's to thee.

[*Drinks, and then gives him wine.*

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly[1] prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—[*To Servant*] Get you gone, sirrah. [*Exit Servant.*]—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord 's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; espe-

Flam. Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee!—(Act iii. 1. 50, 51.)

cially upon bare friendship, without security. Here 's three solidares for thee: good boy, wink at me, and say thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd?[2] Fly, damned baseness, 50
To him that worships thee!

[*Throwing the money back.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
I feel my master's passion! This slave, 59
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O, may diseases only work upon 't!
And, when he 's sick to death, let not that part of nature
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

[*Exit.*

[1] *Towardly*, docile.

[2] *And we alive that liv'd, i.e.* in so short a time.

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Enter LUCIUS, *with three Strangers.*

Luc. Who, the Lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

First Stran. We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours,—now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fie, no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.

Sec. Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents; nay, urg'd extremely for 't, and showed what necessity belong'd to 't, and yet was deni'd.

Luc. How!

Sec. Stran. I tell you, deni'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before the gods, I am asham'd on 't. Denied that honourable man! there was very little honour show'd in 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some little kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such-like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me,[1] I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Servil. See, by good hap, yonder 's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—[*To Lucius*] My honour'd lord,—

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well: commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

Servil. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—

Luc. Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he 's ever sending: how shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now?

Servil. Has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know his lordship is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Servil. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.[2]

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Servil. Upon my soul, 't is true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might ha' shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now, before the gods, I am not able to do,—the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use Lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—and tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Servil. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius. [*Exit Servilius.*
True, as you said, Timon is shrunk indeed;
And he that 's once deni'd will hardly speed. [*Exit.*

First Stran. Did you observe this, Hostilius?

Sec. Stran. Ay, too well.

First Stran. Why, this is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him
His friend that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: he ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;
And yet—O, see the monstrousness of man
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!—
He does deny him, in respect of his,[3]
What charitable men afford to beggars.

[1] *Had he mistook him, and sent to me*, had he sent to me by mistake.

[2] *Faithfully*, earnestly.

[3] *In respect of his*, in proportion to his own fortune.

Third Stran. Religion groans at it.
First Stran. For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,[1]
So much I love his heart: but I perceive
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy[2] sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in Sempronius' house.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, *and a Servant of* TIMON'S.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in 't,—hum!
—'bove all others?
He might have tried Lord Lucius or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: all these
Owes their estates unto him.
Serv. My lord,
They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for
They have all deni'd him.
Sem. How! have they deni'd him?
Has Ventidius and Lucullus deni'd him?
And does he send to me? Three? hum!—
It shows but little love or judgment in him:
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over: must I take the cure upon me?
Has much disgrac'd me in 't; I'm angry at him,
That might have known my place: I see no sense for 't,
But his occasions might have wooed me first;
For, in my conscience, I was the first man
That e'er received gift from him:
And does he think so backwardly of me now,
That I 'll requite it last? No:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To the rest, and 'mongst lords I be thought a fool.
I 'd rather than the worth of thrice the sum,
Had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;
I 'd such a courage[3] to do him good. But now return,
And with their faint reply this answer join:
Who bates[4] mine honour shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship 's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic,[5]—he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire:
Of such a nature is his politic love.
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save only the gods: now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards[6]
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.
And this is all a liberal course allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

Enter two Servants of VARRO, *and the Servant of* LUCIUS, *meeting* TITUS, HORTENSIUS, *and other Servants of* TIMON'S *creditors, waiting his coming out.*

First Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow, Titus and Hortensius.
Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.
Hor. Lucius!
What, do we meet together?
Luc. Serv. Ay, and I think
One business does command us all; for mine
Is money.
Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And Sir Philotus too!
Phi. Good day at once.
Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.
What do you think the hour?

[1] *Return'd to him*, fallen to his share.
[2] *Policy*, selfish prudence.
[3] *Courage*, ardour, eager desire.
[4] *Bates*, diminishes.
[5] *Politic*, cunning, selfishly prudent.
[6] *Wards*, bolts.

Phi. Labouring for nine.
Luc. Serv. So much?
Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?
Luc. Serv. Not yet.
Phi. I wonder on 't; he was wont to shine at seven.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are wax'd shorter with him:
You must consider that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.
I fear 't is deepest winter in Lord Timon's purse;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.
Phi. I am of your fear for that.
Tit. I 'll show you how t' observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.
Hor. Most true, he does.
Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.
Hor. It is against my heart.
Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.
Hor. I 'm weary of this charge,[1] the gods can witness:
I know my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.
First Var. Serv. Yes, mine 's three thousand crowns: what 's yours?
Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.
First Var. Serv. 'T is much deep: and it should seem by the sum
Your master's confidence was above mine;
Else, surely, his[2] had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of Lord Timon's men.
Luc. Serv. Flaminius!—Sir, a word: pray, is my lord ready to come forth?
Flam. No, indeed, he is not.
Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.
Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you are too diligent. [*Exit.*

Enter FLAVIUS *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Serv. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.
Tit. Do you hear, sir?
Sec. Var. Serv. By your leave, sir,—
Flav. What do ye ask of me, my friend?
Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.
Flav. Ay,
If money were as certain as your waiting,
'T were sure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they could smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' interest into their glutton-ous maws.
You do yourselves but wrong to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.
Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.
Flav. If 't will not serve, 't is not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [*Exit.*
First Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?
Sec. Var. Serv. No matter what; he 's poor, and that 's revenge enough. Who can speak broader[3] than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here 's Servilius; now we shall know some answer.
Servil. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair some other hour, I should derive much from 't; for, take 't of my soul, my lord leans wondrously to discontent: his comfortable temper has forsook him; he 's much out of health, and keeps his chamber.
Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers are not sick:
And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

[1] *Charge*, commission, office.
[2] *His*; *i.e.* my master's.
[3] *Broader*, more freely.

Servil. Good gods!
Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.
Flam. [*Within*] Servilius, help!—My lord! my lord!

Enter TIMON, *in a rage;* FLAMINIUS *following.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?
The place which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?
Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.
Tit. My lord, here is my bill.
Luc. Serv. Here 's mine.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my passage?—(Act iii. 4. 80.)

Hor. And mine, my lord.
Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.
Phi. All our bills.
Tim. Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.
Luc. Serv. Alas, my lord,—
Tim. Cut my heart in sums.
Tit. Mine, fifty talents.
Tim. Tell out my blood.
Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.
Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—What yours?—and yours?
First Var. Serv. My lord,—
Sec. Var. Serv. My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you! [*Exit.*
Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money: these debts may well be call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves. Creditors!—devils.
Flav. My dear lord,—
Tim. What if it should be so?
Flav. My lord,—
Tim. I 'll have it so.—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:
All, sirrah, all:
I 'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul;
There is not so much left to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be 't not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I 'll provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. The senate-house.*

The Senate sitting.

First Sen. My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault 's
Bloody; 't is necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Sec. Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *attended.*

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

First Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;
For pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth
To those that, without heed, do plunge into 't.
He is a man, setting his fate[1] aside,
Of comely virtues:
Nor did he soil the fact[2] with cowardice,
An honour in him which buys out his fault;
But with a noble fury and fair spirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppose his foe:
And with such sober and unnoted[3] passion
He did behave[4] his anger, ere 't was spent,[5]
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

First Sen. You undergo[6] too strict[7] a paradox,
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which indeed
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were newly born:
He 's truly valiant that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs
His outsides,—to wear them like his raiment, carelessly;
And ne'er prefer[8] his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
What folly 't is to hazard life for ill!

Alcib. My lord,—

First Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear:
To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a captain:—
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep upon 't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why, then, women are more valiant
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
And the ass more captain than the lion; the felon
Loaden with irons wiser than the judge,
If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;[9]
But, in defence, by mercy,[10] 't is most just.
To be in anger is impiety;
But who is man that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

Sec. Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain! his service done
At Lacedæmon and Byzantium
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

---

[1] *His fate*, his evil destiny.
[2] *Fact*, crime.
[3] *Unnoted*, imperceptible.
[4] *Behave*, manage.
[5] *Spent*, vented, indulged.
[6] *Undergo*, undertake.
[7] *Strict*, difficult.
[8] *Prefer*, present.
[9] *Gust*, fury.
[10] *By mercy*, by your mercy, by your leave.

First Sen. What 's that?
Alcib. Why, say, my lords, he has done fair service,
And slain in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds!
Sec. Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em;
He 's a sworn[1] rioter: he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages
And cherish factions: 't is inferr'd[2] to us
His days are foul, and his drink[3] dangerous.
First Sen. He dies.
Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,—
Though his right arm might purchase his own time,[4]
And be in debt to none,—yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both:
And, for I know your reverend ages love
Security, I 'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns.[5]
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.
First Sen. We are for law,—he dies; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure: friend or brother,
He forfeits his own blood that spills another.[6]
Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.
Sec. Sen. How!
Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.
Third Sen. What!
Alcib. I cannot think but your age has forgot me;
It could not else be I should prove so base
To sue, and be denied such common grace:
My wounds ake[7] at you.

First Sen. Do you dare our anger?
'T is in few words, but spacious in effect;
We banish thee for ever.
Alcib. Banish me!
Banish your dotage; banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.
First Sen. If after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend[8] our weightier judgment. And, not to swell[9] our spirit,
He shall be executed presently.
[*Exeunt Senators.*
Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I 'm worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their money, and let out
Their coin upon large interest; I myself
Rich only in large hurts;—all those for this?
Is this the balsam that the usuring senate
Pours into captains' wounds? Banishment!
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,
That I may strike at Athens. I 'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.[10]
'T is honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A banqueting-room in Timon's house.*

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, Senators, and others, at several doors.

First Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.
Sec. Lord. I also wish it to you. I think this honourable lord did but try us this other day.
First Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring[11] when we encounter'd: I hope it is not so low with him as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.
Sec. Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

[1] *Sworn*, *i.e.* inveterate.
[2] *Inferr'd*, alleged.
[3] *His drink*, his drinking, carousing.
[4] *Time*, life.
[5] *Returns*, requital.
[6] *Another*, *i.e.* another blood than his own.
[7] *Ake*, the spelling of the Folio. See note 31.
[8] *Attend*, expect.
[9] *Swell*, *i.e.* with anger.
[10] *Lay for hearts*, lay baits for them, strive to enlist them; *or*, lay myself out for them.
[11] *Tiring*, eagerly feeding, like a hawk.

First Lord. I should think so: he hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

Sec. Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

First Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

Sec. Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

First Lord. A thousand pieces.

Tim. What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou.—(Act iii. 6. 109, 110.)

Sec. Lord. A thousand pieces!

First Lord. What of you?

Sec. Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON *and Attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both:—and how fare you?

First Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

Sec. Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willing than we your lordship.

Tim. [*Aside*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile, if they will fare so harshly o' the trumpet's sound; we shall to't presently.

First Lord. I hope it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

Sec. Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend,—what cheer?

Sec. Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

Sec. Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. — [*The banquet brought in.*] Come, bring in all together.

Sec. Lord. All cover'd dishes!

First Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

Third Lord. Doubt not that, if money and the season can yield it.

First Lord. How do you? What's the news?

Third Lord. Alcibiades is banish'd: hear you of it?

First and Sec. Lord. Alcibiades banish'd!

Third Lord. 'T is so, be sure of it.

First Lord. How! how!

Sec. Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

Third Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

Sec. Lord. This is the old man still.

Third Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

Sec. Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

Third Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.—

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another; for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved more than the man who gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are. The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.—

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[*The dishes are uncovered, and seen to be full of warm water.*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection.[1] This is Timon's last;
Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing the water in their faces.*
Your reeking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks![2]
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft! take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou;—
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
[*Pelts them with stones, and drives them out.*
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn, house! sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon man and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.

First Lord. How now, my lords!

Sec. Lord. Know you the quality of Lord Timon's fury?

Third Lord. Push![3] did you see my cap?

Fourth Lord. I have lost my gown.

First Lord. He 's but a mad lord, and naught but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—did you see my jewel?

Third Lord. Did you see my cap?

Sec. Lord. Here 't is.

Fourth Lord. Here lies my gown.

First Lord. Let 's make no stay.

Sec. Lord. Lord Timon 's mad.

Third Lord. I feel 't upon my bones.

Fourth Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Your perfection*, your sum-total, all you amount to.
[2] *Minute-jacks*, fickle time-servers.
[3] *Push!* pish!

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Without the walls of Athens.*

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee. O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves, dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! [Matrons, turn incontinent!]
Obedience fail in children! slaves and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! [to general filths[1]
Convert[2] o' th' instant, green virginity,—
Do 't in your parents' eyes!] bankrupts, hold fast;
Rather than render back, out with your knives,
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal!
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
And pill[3] by law: [maid, to thy master's bed,—
Thy mistress is o' the brothel!] son of sixteen,
Pluck the lin'd[4] crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries,[5] and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live!—Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty[6]
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
Sow all th' Athenian bosoms; and their crop
Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;
That their society, as their friendship, may
Be merely poison! Nothing I 'll bear from thee
But nakedness, thou détestable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying bans!
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find

Tim. Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke!—(Act iv. 1. 21-23.)

Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
The gods confound—hear me, you good gods all—
Th' Athenians both within and out that wall!
And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
Amen. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens. A room in Timon's house.*

Enter FLAVIUS, *with two or three Servants.*

First Serv. Hear you, master steward,—where 's our master?
Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

[1] *General filths*, common prostitutes.
[2] *Convert*, change yourselves.
[3] *Pill*, pillage.
[4] *Lin'd*, stuffed, padded.
[5] *Mysteries*, callings, professions.
[6] *Liberty*, licentiousness.

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
I am as poor as you.
First Serv. Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him!
Sec. Serv. As we do turn our backs
From our companion thrown into his grave,
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
Like empty purses pick'd; and his poor self,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.
Third Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,—
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.
Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let 's yet be fellows; let 's shake our heads, and say,
As 't were a knell unto our master's fortunes,
"We have seen better days." Let each take some; [*Giving them money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.
[*Servants embrace, and part several ways.*
O the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who 'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live[1]
But in a dream of friendship?

[1] *Or to live*, i.e. or wish to live.

To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,[2]
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,[3]
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!
Who, then, dares to be half so kind agen?
For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accurst,
Rich, only to be wretched,—thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He 's flung in rage from this ingrateful seat
Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it.
I 'll follow, and inquire him out:
I 'll ever serve his mind with my best will;
Whilst I have gold, I 'll be his steward still.
[*Exit.*

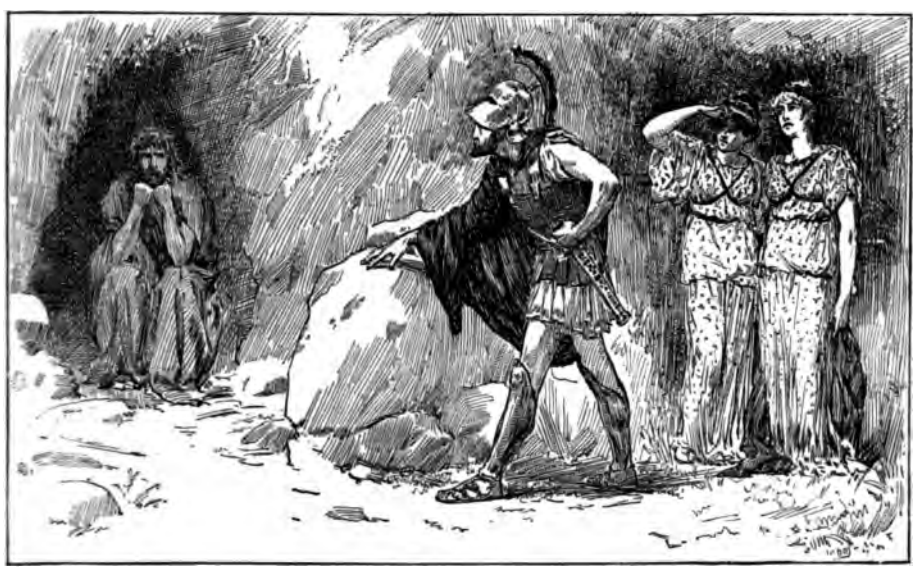
SCENE III. *Woods and cave, near the sea-shore.*

Enter TIMON, *from the cave.*

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes,
The greater scorns the lesser: not nature,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.
Raise me this beggar, and deny 't[4] that lord;
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour.
It is the pasture lards the rother's[5] sides,
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, "This man 's a flatterer?" if one be,

[2] *What state compounds*, that which composes state.
[3] *Blood*, disposition, temper.
[4] *'T*, i.e. elevation. [5] *Rother*, an ox.

So are they all; for every grise[1] of fortune
Is smooth'd[2] by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: all is oblique;
There 's nothing level[3] in our cursed natures,
But direct villany. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang[4] mankind!—Earth, yield me roots! [*Digging.*
Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison!—What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist: roots, you clear heavens!



Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.—(Act iv. 3. 53.)

Thus much of this will make black, white; foul, fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
Ha, you gods! why this? what this, you gods? Why, this
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: [this is it
That makes the wappen'd[5] widow wed again;
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge[6] at, this embalms and spices
To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'st odds
Among the rout[7] of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.]—[*March afar off.*] Ha! a drum?—Thou 'rt quick,
But yet I 'll bury thee: thou 'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.
[*Keeping some gold.*

[1] *Grise*, step. [2] *Smooth'd*, flattered.
[3] *Level*, in a direct line.
[4] *Fang*, seize with its teeth.
[5] *Wappen'd*, over-worn, stale.
[6] *Cast the gorge*, vomit. [7] *Rout*, mass, multitude.

Enter ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner;* PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?
Speak.
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For showing me again the eyes of man!
Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man?
Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alcib. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too; and more than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.
[*Phry.* Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.]
Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.
Alcib. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alcib. What is it, Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: if thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alcib. I've heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.
Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Timan. Is this th' Athenian minion,[1] whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Timandra?
Timan. Yes.
Tim. [Be a whore still: they love thee not that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.]
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth to
The tub-fast and the diet.
Timan. Hang thee, monster!
Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious[2] band: I've heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
Tim. I prithee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alcib. Why, fare thee well:
Here's some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.
Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou 'st conquer'd!
Alcib. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That, by killing of villains,
Thou wast born to conquer my country.

[1] *Minion*, favourite. [2] *Penurious*, destitute.

Put up thy gold: go on,—here 's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary[1] plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,—
He is an usurer: strike me the counterfeit matron,—
It is her habit only that is honest,
[Herself 's a bawd: let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars[2] bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,
But set them down horrible traitors:] spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
[Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully[3] pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse:[4]] swear against objects;[5]
Put armour on thine ears and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There 's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I 'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!

[*Phr. and Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant:[6] you are not oathable,—
Although, I know, you 'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders and to heavenly agues,
Th' immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,
I 'll trust to your conditions:[7] be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close[8] fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turncoats: yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire[9] upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and Timan. Well, more gold:—what then?—
Believe 't, that we 'll do any thing for gold.

Tim.] Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets[10] shrilly: hoar[11] the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,[12]
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,[13]
Smells from[14] the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald;
[And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.]—There 's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave[15] you all!

Phr. and Timan. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I 've given you earnest.

---

[1] *Planetary*, produced by a planet.
[2] *Window-bars*, the lattice-work of the bodice.
[3] *Doubtfully*, ambiguously. [4] *Remorse*, pity.
[5] *Objects*, *i.e.* objects of compassion.
[6] *Mountant*, raised to receive the gold.
[7] *Conditions*, characters, dispositions.
[8] *Close*, secret. [9] *Mire*, sink in the mud.
[10] *Quillets*, subtleties. [11] *Hoar*, make rotten.
[12] *The quality of flesh*, that which flesh essentially is, *i.e.* sensual.
[13] *His particular to foresee*, to provide for his private interest.
[14] *From*, away from. [15] *Grave*, entomb.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! —Farewell, Timon:
If I thrive well, I 'll visit thee again.
Tim. If I hope well, I 'll never see thee more.
Alcib. I never did thee harm.
Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.
Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?
Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, and take
Thy beagles with thee.
Alcib. We but offend him.—Strike!
[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra.*
Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,
[*Digging.*
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad and adder blue,
The gilded newt and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all th'abhorred births below crisp[1] heaven
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
[Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!]
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—dear[2] thanks!—
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts
And morsels unctious, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!—

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague, plague!
Apem. I was directed hither: men report
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.
Tim. 'T is, then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: consumption catch thee!

[1] *Crisp*, curled (from the clouds). [2] *Dear*, heartfelt.

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;[3]
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseas'd perfumes,[4] and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.[5]
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou 'lt observe,[6]
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,[7]
And call it excellent: thou wast told thus;
Thou gav'st thine ears like tapsters that bade welcome
To knaves and all approachers: 't is most just
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have 't. Do not assume my likeness.
Tim. Were I like thee, I 'd throw away myself.
Apem. Thou 'st cast away thyself, being like thyself;
A madman so long, now a fool. What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? will these moist trees,
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip where thou point'st out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O, thou shalt find—
Tim. A fool of thee, depart.
Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.
Apem. Why?
Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.
Apem. I flatter not; but say thou art a caitiff.

[3] *Infected*, morbid.
[4] *Perfumes*, i.e. perfumed mistresses.
[5] *Carper*, a caviller.
[6] *Observe*, pay respect to. [7] *Strain*, impulse.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apem. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in 't?
Apem. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 't were well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly: thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd[1] before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath[2] that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us from our first swath,[3] proceeded
The sweet degrees[4] that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plung'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
[In different beds of lust;] and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect,[5] but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;[6]
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employment;[7]
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell[8] from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in 't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee: what hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence, be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.
Apem. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.
Apem. I, that I was
No prodigal.
Tim. I, that I am one now:
Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I 'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*
Apem. Here; I 'll mend thy feast. [*Offering him something.*
Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.
Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.
Tim. 'T is not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.
Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.
Apem. Here is no use for gold.
Tim. The best and truest;
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.
Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?
Tim. Under that 's above me.
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?
Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.
Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!
Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?
Tim. To sauce thy dishes.
Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume they

[1] *Is crown'd*, arrives at the completion of its wishes.
[2] *Breath*, voice, sentence.
[3] *Swath*, swaddling-clothes.
[4] *Degrees*, steps, stages.
[5] *Respect*, deliberation, prudence.
[6] *Confectionary*, storehouse of sweetmeats.
[7] *Frame employment*, i.e. frame employment for.
[8] *Fell*, fallen.

mock'd thee for too much curiosity;[1] in thy rags thou know'st none, but art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th' hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift[2] that was beloved after his means?[3]

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know belov'd?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion[4] of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee t' attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse: wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be seiz'd by the leopard: wert thou a leopard, thou wert german[5] to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion,[6] and thy defence absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet and a painter: the plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: when I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap[7] of all the fools alive.

Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon!

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse!

Tim. All villains that do stand by thee are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—
I'll beat thee, but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me that thou art alive;
I swound[8] to see thee.

Apem. Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!
[*Apemantus retreats backward, as going.*
I'm sick of this false world; and will love naught
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

[1] *Curiosity*, nicety, delicacy.
[2] *Unthrift*, prodigal.
[3] *After his means*, i.e. after they were gone.
[4] *Confusion*, ruin, destruction.
[5] *German*, akin.
[6] *Remotion*, removal. [7] *Cap*, top. [8] *Swound*, swoon

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,
That solder'st close impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch[1] of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

Tim. Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I 'm sorry I shall lose
A stone by thee.—(Act iv. 3. 373-375.)

May have the world in empire!
Apem. [*Coming forward*] Would 't were so!—
But not till I am dead.—I 'll say thou 'st gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.
Tim. Throng'd to!
Apem. Ay.
Tim. Thy back, I prithee.
Apem. Live, and love thy misery!
Tim. Long live so, and so die! [*Exit Apemantus.*] I am quit.[2]—
Moe things like men!—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Banditti.

First Ban. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort[3] of his remainder: the mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

Sec. Ban. It is nois'd he hath a mass of treasure.

Third Ban. Let us make the assay upon him: if he care not for 't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

[1] *Touch*, touchstone. [2] *I am quit*, I am rid of you. [3] *Ort*, leaving, remnant.

Sec. Ban. True; for he bears it not about him, 't is hid.

First Ban. Is not this he?

Banditti. Where?

Sec. Ban. 'T is his description.

Third Ban. He; I know him.

Banditti. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Banditti. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Banditti. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.[1]
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?

First Ban. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts and birds and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
In limited[2] professions. Rascal thieves,
Here 's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
And so scape hanging: trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison, and he slays
Moe than you rob: take wealth and lives together;
Do villany, do, since you protest to do 't,
Like workmen. I 'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture[3] stol'n
From general excrement: each thing's a thief:
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves: away,
Rob one another. There 's more gold. Cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens go,
Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it: steal no less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoe'er!
Amen. [*Timon retires to his cave.*

Third Ban. Has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

First Ban. 'T is in the malice of[4] mankind that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

Sec. Ban. I 'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

First Ban. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is no time so miserable but a man may be true.[5] [*Exeunt Banditti.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour
Has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth than friends
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
How rarely[6] does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!
Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!—
Has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.

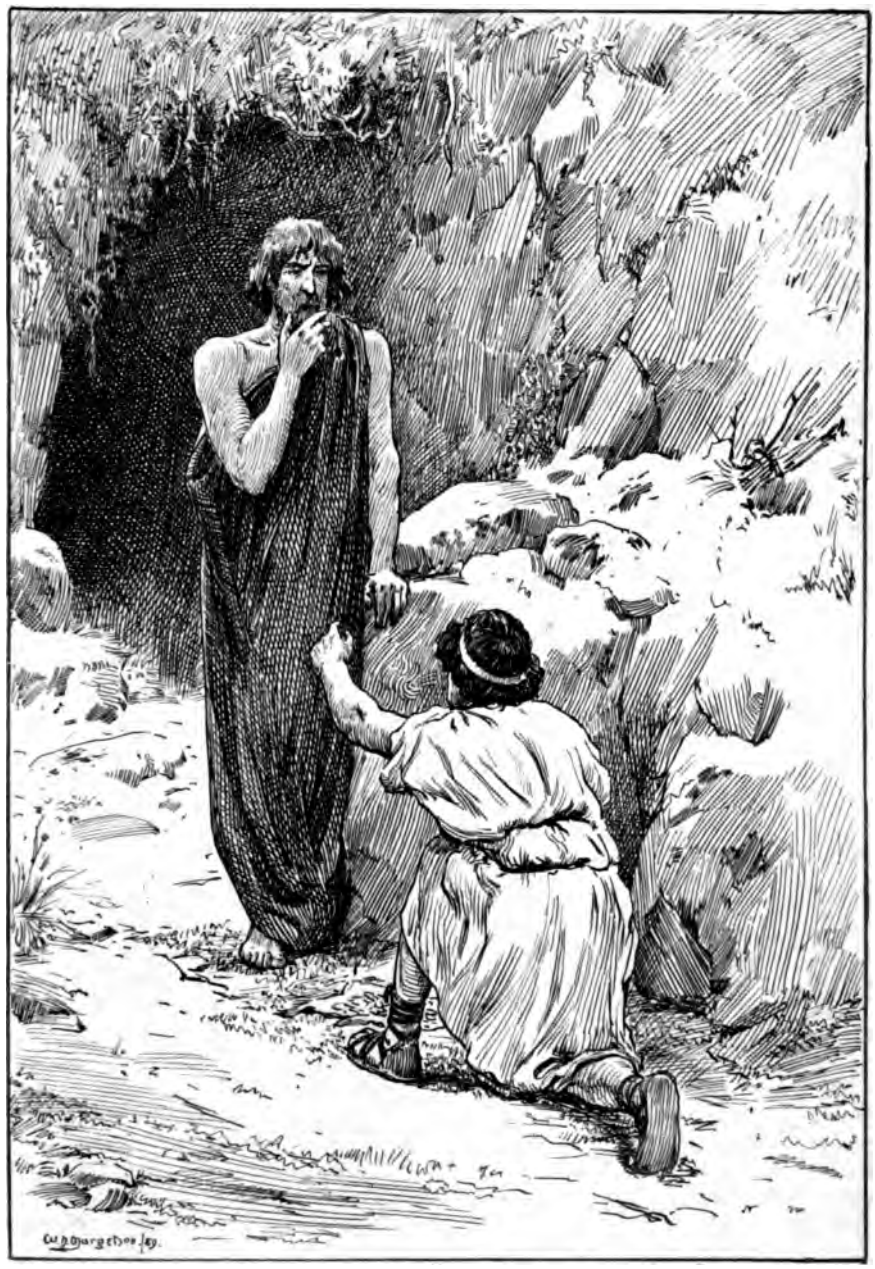
TIMON *comes forward from his cave.*

My dearest master!

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

[1] *Meat*, food.
[2] *Limited*, under some restraint, ostensibly honest.
[3] *Composture*, manure.
[4] *Malice of*, hatred to.
[5] *True*, honest.
[6] *Rarely*, excellently.



TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act IV. [illegible]

[illegible]

It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.

NY

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
Then, if thou grant'st thou 'rt a man, I have forgot thee.
Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honest man about me, I; all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.
Flav. The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, dost thou weep?—come nearer;
—then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give[1]
But thorough lust and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.
Tim. Had I a steward
So true, so just, and now so comfortable?[2]
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.[3]
Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man
Was born of woman.—
Forgive my general and exceptless[4] rashness,
You perpetual sober[5] gods! I do proclaim
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;
No more, I pray,—and he 's a steward.—
How fain would I have hated all mankind!
And thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks thou art more honest now than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou mightst have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,—
For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,—
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
If not a usuring kindness, and, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?
Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:
You should have fear'd false times when you did feast:
Suspect[6] still comes where an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living; and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope or present, I 'd exchange
For this one wish,—that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.
Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods, out of my misery,
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy,
But thus condition'd:—thou shalt build from[7] men;
Hate all, curse all; show charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing: be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.
Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.
Tim. If thou hat'st curses,
Stay not; fly, whilst thou 'rt blest and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.
[*Exit Flavius. Timon retires to his cave.*

[1] *Give*, give way. [2] *Comfortable*, comforting.
[3] *Wild*, frantic. [4] *Exceptless*, making no exception.
[5] *Perpetual sober*, perpetually sober, ever serene.
[6] *Suspect*, suspicion.
[7] *From*, away from.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The woods. Before Timon's cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON *watching them from his cave.*

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 't is said he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try[1] for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore 't is not amiss we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his: it will show honestly in us; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too,—tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying[2] is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will or testament which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

[*Timon comes from his cave, behind.*

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating[3] of himself; a satire against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery[4] of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. [*Aside*] Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip

Tim. [*Aside*] Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.—(Act v. 1. 31, 32.)

thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

[1] *Try*, trial, test.

[2] *Deed of saying*, performance of what has been said.

[3] *Personating*, representation.

[4] *Discovery*, exposure.

Tim. [*Aside*] I 'll meet you at the turn.—
What a god 's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!
'T is thou that rigg'st the bark and plough'st the foam;
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
—Fit I meet them. [*Comes forward.*
Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!
Pain. Our late noble master!
Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?
Poet. Sir,
Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures — O abhorred spirits!—
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being!—I 'm rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.
Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.
Pain. He and myself
Have travail'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.
Tim. Ay, you 're honest men.
Pain. We 're hither come to offer you our service.
Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.
Both. What we can do, we 'll do, to do you service.
Tim. Ye 're honest men: ye 've heard that I have gold;
I 'm sure you have: speak truth; ye 're honest men.
Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.
Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit[1]
Best in all Athens: thou 'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.
Pain. So, so, my lord.
Tim. E'en so, sir, as I say.—And, for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say you have a little fault:
Marry, 't is not monstrous in you; neither wish I
You take much pains to mend.
Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.
Tim. You 'll take it ill.
Both. Most thankfully, my lord.
Tim. Will you, indeed?
Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.
Tim. There 's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.
Both. Do we, my lord?
Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog,[2] see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery,[3] love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd
That he 's a made-up[4] villain.
Pain. I know none such, my lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Tim. Look you, I love you well; I 'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them or stab them, drown them in a draught,[5]
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I 'll give you gold enough.
Both. Name them, my lord, let 's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this,—but two in company:
Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
[*To the Painter*] If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[1] *Counterfeit*, the word meant a portrait as well as a pretence. [2] *Cog*, cheat.
[3] *Patchery*, clumsy hypocrisy.
[4] *Made-up*, complete, perfect. [5] *Draught*, jakes.

Come not near him.—[*To the Poet*] If thou wouldst not reside
But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence, pack! there's gold,—you came for gold, ye slaves:
You have work for me, there's payment: hence!—
[*To the Poet*] You are an alchemist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs!
[*Beats them out, and then retires to his cave.*

Enter FLAVIUS *and two Senators.*

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.
First Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part and promise to th' Athenians
To speak with Timon.
Sec. Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same: 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him. Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.
Flav. Here is his cave.—
Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: th' Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

TIMON *comes from his cave.*

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—
Speak, and be hang'd:
For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a cantherizing[1] to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!
First Sen. Worthy Timon,—
Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

First Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.
Tim. I thank them; and would send them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
First Sen. O, forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators with one consent of love
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.
Sec. Sen. They confess
Towards thee forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of it own fall,[2] restraining[3] aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrow'd render,[4]
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.
First Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens—thine and ours—to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd[5] with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

[1] *Cantherizing*, cauterizing.

[2] *It own fall*, its own fault.
[3] *Restraining*, withholding.
[4] *Render*, statement, confession.
[5] *Allow'd*, trusted, invested.

Sec. Sen. And shakes his threatening sword
Against the walls of Athens.
First Sen. Therefore, Timon,—
Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus:—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war,
Then let him know,—and tell him Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him that I care not,
And let him take 't at worst; for their knives care not,
While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There 's not a whittle[1] in th' unruly camp
But I do prize it at my love,[2] before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous[3] gods,
As thieves to keepers.
Flav. Stay not, all 's in vain.
Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph;
It will be seen to-morrow: my long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!
First Sen. We speak in vain.
Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wrack,[4]
As common bruit[5] doth put it.
First Sen. That 's well spoke.
Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—
First Sen. These words become your lips as they pass thorough them.
Sec. Sen. And enter in our ears like great triúmphers
In their applauding gates.

[1] *Whittle*, a small clasp-knife.
[2] *At my love*, *i.e.* worth my love.
[3] *Prosperous*, propitious, favourable.
[4] *Wrack*, ruin. [5] *Bruit*, rumour.

Tim. Commend me to them;
And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their achès, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them,—
I 'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.
First Sen. I like this well: he will return again.
Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.
Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.
Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover: thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign. [*Retires to his cave.*
First Sen. His discontents are unremovably
Coupled to nature.
Sec. Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.
First Sen. It requires swift foot.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

First Sen. Thou 'st painfully discover'd: are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I've spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach.
Sec. Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.
Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;

Sold. What 's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I 'll take with wax.—(Act v. 3. 5, 6.)

Whom, though in general part[1] we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,[2]
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.
First Sen. Here come our brothers.

[1] *In general part*, i.e. in politics.
[2] *A particular force*, a party of its own.

Enter the Senators from TIMON.

Third Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: in, and prepare:
Ours is the fall, I fear; our foes the snare.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The woods. Timon's cave, and a rude tomb seen.*

Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who 's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?
[*Reads*] "Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man."
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—What 's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill,
An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he 's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Before the walls of Athens.*

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES *with his powers.*

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope[3] of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our travers'd[4] arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: now the time is flush,[5]
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,

[3] *Scope*, bounds, limits.
[4] *Travers'd*, crossed, folded.
[5] *Flush*, in full vigour.

Cries, of itself, "No more:" now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pursy insolence shall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

First Sen. Noble and young,
When thy first griefs[1] were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

Sec. Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love
By humble message and by promis'd means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

First Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs; nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

Sec. Sen. Nor are they living
Who were the motives[2] that you first went out;
Shame that they wanted cunning,[3] in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,—
If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,—take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

First Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square[4] to take
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin[5]
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

Sec. Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

First Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd[6] gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say thou 'lt enter friendly.

Sec. Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there 's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:[7]
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and—to atone[8] your fears
With my more noble meaning—not a man
Shall pass his quarter,[9] or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be render'd to your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Senators. 'T is most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

[*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

Enter Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this insculpture, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

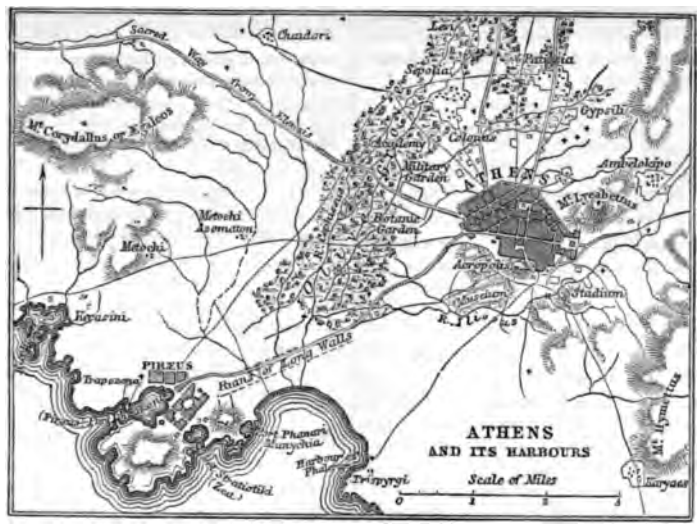
Alcib. [*Reads the epitaph*] "Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague consume you wicked caitiffs left!
Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy gait."

[1] *Griefs*, grievances. [2] *Motives*, authors, movers.
[3] *Cunning*, forethought. [4] *Square*, just.
[5] *Kin*, akin, related (to you).
[6] *Rampir'd*, barricaded.
[7] *Uncharged ports*, unassailed gates.
[8] *Atone*, reconcile.
[9] *Pass his quarter*, leave his quarters.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brains' flow,[1] and those our drop-
lets which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon: of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stint[2] war;
make each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
[Let our drums strike.] [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Our brains' flow*, tears.

[2] *Stint*, check, stop.



NOTES TO TIMON OF ATHENS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. TIMON. As a historical personage little or nothing is known of Timon beyond what Plutarch tells us. Clough in a note to his translation of Plutarch says: "Two passages are extant in the Comedies of Aristophanes in which Timon is mentioned—the 1549th of the Birds, in which Prometheus calls himself a Timon, a sort of god-misanthrope among the deities, and lines 805–820 of the Lysistrata, where his solitary, man-hating life is briefly depicted. Plato the comic poet was another contemporary. So also was Phrynicus, a fragment of whom, describing Timon's habits, is preserved by a grammarian. But it seems to have been in the next century by Antiphanes, one of the two great leaders of the second or Middle Attic Comedy . . . that Timon was elevated to be the ideal of the misanthrope, and made the vehicle for general invective on mankind. Antiphanes wrote a play called Timon." It is said that his father's name was Echecratides of the demos of Colyttus, and that he died in consequence of refusing to allow a surgeon to come to him and set a broken limb.

2. ALCIBIADES, the well-known Athenian, B.C. 450–404. Beyond the fact that he was banished from Athens and afterwards recalled, there is nothing historical in the part he plays in this drama.

3. APEMANTUS, only mentioned by Plutarch as a man of misanthropical temperament: "This Timon sometimes would have Apemantus in his companie, because he was much like of his nature and conditions, and also followed him in manner of life" (North's Plutarch, Antonius, c. 38).

4. TIMANDRA, mentioned by Plutarch in his life of Alcibiades as a concubine of his. She was living with him at the time of his assassination, and "went and took his body, which she wrapped up in the best linen she had, and buried him as honourably as she could possible, with such things as she had and could get together" (North).

ACT I. SCENE 1.

5. Stage-direction.—The Folio has, *Enter Poet, Painter, Ieweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at seuerall doores.*

6. Lines 10, 11:

> *A most incomparable man;* BREATH'D, *as it were,*
> *To an untirable and continuate goodness.*

To *breathe* a horse is to exercise him; so here the meaning is probably, as Johnson suggested, inured by practice. It may, however, merely be having enough breath for. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 659, 660:

> A man so *breath'd*, that certain he would fight ye
> From morn till night.

7. Line 12: *He passes.*—Exceeds all bounds. Compare Merry Wives, i. 1. 310: "the women have so cried and shriek'd at it [the bear], that it *pass'd.*"

8. Lines 21, 22:

> *Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes*
> *From whence 't is nourish'd.*

The Folio has "a Gowne, which vses." *Gum* is due to Pope, who printed "a gum which issues;" *oozes* to Johnson.

9. Lines 24, 25:

and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.

The Folio has *chases*. *Chafes* is Theobald's correction. Schmidt, comparing Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 101:

The troubled Tiber *chafing* with her shores,

suggests "each bound it chafes with." Henley well observes that the jumble of images in this speech are put into the mouth of the Poetaster to give us a taste of his talents.

10. Lines 30, 31:

how this grace
Speaks his own standing!

The commentators have been much exercised by this passage, and are not very happy in their explanations; Steevens, for instance, paraphrasing: "how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its own centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure." The plain meaning seems to be, How lifelike is this graceful attitude, how truly it represents its original! The picture was surely a portrait of Timon. It is true that below, line 199, Apemantus, when asked his opinion of the picture, says he likes it best for the innocence, but by this he may merely mean its simplicity, *naiveté*.

11. Lines 33, 34:

to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Such expressive gestures, though necessarily dumb, seem to speak.—One might easily supply the appropriate words. Boswell compares Cymbeline, ii. 4. 82, 83:

never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves.

Rolfe thinks there is an allusion to the *interpreter* in the puppet-shows of the time, whose office it was to explain the action.

12. Lines 37, 38:

artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Malone aptly compares Venus and Adonis, 289–292:

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed.

13. Line 40: *The senators of Athens:—happy man!*—So Theobald. The Folio has "*happy men*," "which," says Dyce, "the whole context proclaims to be wrong."

14. Line 41: *Look, moe!—Moe* or *mo* (a distinct word from *more*, which comes from the Anglo-Saxon *mára*, greater in size), is from the Anglo-Saxon *má*, more in number, and occurs very frequently in the Folio. By modern editors, and sometimes in the later Folios, it is printed *more*.

15. Lines 46, 47:

but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax.

The old explanation of this passage, that it alludes to the ancient practice of writing with a style on tablets covered with wax, is probably the correct one. The expression is no doubt singular; but the studied affectation of the Poet's language must be remembered. Rolfe prefers Ingleby's suggestion that it might be an affected and pedantic mode of indicating a sea that widens (waxes) with the flood.

16. Lines 60–62:

even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Steevens thought that Shakespeare either meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of his Poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; but Ritson remarks rightly that the Poet, seeing that Apemantus paid frequent visits to Timon, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests, and this is what we are given to understand by the cautious rejoinder of the Painter, who merely observes, "I saw them speak together."

17. Lines 73–77:

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks, . . .
would be well express'd
In our CONDITION.

Warburton explained *condition* here to mean *art*, and evidently understood the Painter to say that this scene which the Poet has just described would be a good subject for a picture, and so Staunton; but it is questionable whether the word *condition* will bear this interpretation, and Schmidt explains, "would find a striking parallel in our state." That is, this favouritism of Fortune might be well exemplified among the professors of literature and art like ourselves.

18. Line 81: *Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear.*—Whisperings made as if to a god to whom they were offering sacrifice—not, as Warburton elaborately fancied, whisperings which sacrificed the reputation of the great man's enemies!

19. Line 87: *Even on their knees and* HANDS, *let him* SLIP *down.*—F. 1 has *hand; hands* is the reading of F. 2. *Slip* is Rowe's correction for *sit* of the Folios.

20. Lines 98, 99:

which failing,
Periods his comfort.

So F. 1. F. 2 has "which failing *to him.*"

21. Line 101: *My friend when he* MUST NEED *me.*—So F. 1 (*must neede*). F. 3 has *most needs.*

22. Line 109: *All happiness to your honour!*—According to Steevens this was the common address to a lord in Shakespeare's time, being used indifferently with *your lordship.*

23. Lines 128, 129:

Tim. *The man is honest.*
Old Ath. *Therefore he will be, Timon.*

Therefore he will continue to be honest, and his honesty will be sufficient reward in itself without my daughter to boot.

24. Line 134: *What* LEVITY *'s in youth.*—Spelt *lewities* in F. 1 and F. 2; *levity 's* in F. 3 and F. 4.

25. Lines 149–151:

never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you!

Let me never henceforth consider anything that I possess, but as *owed* or due to you; held for your disposal (Johnson). Malone compares Macbeth, i. 6. 25–28:

Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

26. Lines 164, 165:

Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd UNDER PRAISE.
Jew. *What, my lord! dispraise?*

The Jeweller, as Rolfe points out, understands Timon to say *underpraise*, which Steevens printed in his ed. of 1773.

27. Line 199: *The best, for the innocence.*—See note 10 on line 30 of this scene.

28. Lines 216, 217: *Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not* COST *a man a doit.*—So F. 3. F. 1 and 2 have *cast*. Steevens remarks that the allusion is to the proverb: "Plain-dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars."

29. Line 241: *That I had no angry wit to be a lord.*—This expression has greatly perplexed the commentators. Perhaps after all it merely means, That I had no angry wit to be a lord with,—in order to be a true lord, implying a sneer at lords as noted for a hasty petulant temper, which a philosopher would be sure to lack even if he were a lord. Malone suggests that the passage should be printed thus: "That I had no angry wit.—To be a lord!" *i.e.* that I had no wit in my anger, but was absurd enough to wish myself a lord. He then exclaims with indignation—To be a lord! Mr. B. G. Kinnear (Cruces Shakespearianæ, p. 342), comparing Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 95:

Armado. He surely affected her for her wit.
Moth. It was so sir; for she had a green wit:

would read "That I had so green a wit to be a lord." The Globe marks the line as corrupt.

30. Line 254: *Till I have thank'd you: when dinner's done.*—F. 1 has "when dinners done." F. 2 has "*and* when dinners done." In this play the Folio has many metrically defective lines, but I have thought it better to leave them as they stand, rather than piece them out from the later Folios or editorial conjectures.

31. Lines 256, 257:

So, so, there!—
ACHÈS *contract and starve your supple joints!*

This is Capell's reading (who punctuates, "so, so; there!"—). F. 1 has printed as prose, "So, so; their Aches contract, and sterue," &c. The substantive *ache* is always so spelt in the Folio, and its pronunciation is evident from the pun in Much Ado, iii. 4. 53–55:

Beat. By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—heigh-ho!
Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?
Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

On the other hand the verb (spelt *ake* in iii. 5. 96), rhymes with *brake* (Venus and Adonis, 875) and with *sake* (Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 58).

32. Line 263: *Ere we* DEPART, *we'll share a bounteous time.*—Ere we *part*. Compare Cymbeline, i. 1. 106–108:

Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to *depart* would grow.

33. Line 269: *The* MORE *accursed thou, that still omitt'st it.*—So Hanmer. F. 1 has "The *most* accursed."

34. Line 293: First Lord.—Omitted in F. 1.

ACT I. Scene 2.

35. Line 22: *Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you not?*—Malone points out that this is an allusion to a common proverb of Shakespeare's time: "Confess and be hanged."

36. Line 28: *but yond man is* EVER *angry.*—So Rowe. The Folios have "*verie* angrie."

37. Line 35: *I myself would have no power; prithee, let my meat make thee silent.*—I myself would have no power to make thee silent, but I wish thou wouldst let my meat make thee silent! Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests (Tyrwhitt).

38. Line 38: *I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should ne'er flatter thee.*—Capell says that this "is founded upon a trite vulgar saying—that grudg'd meat choaks the person that eats of it." Timon's meat, according to Apemantus, is only given willingly to those who could flatter in return for it.

39. Line 40: *what a number of men* EAT *Timon.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has *eats*.

40. Line 41: *It grieves me to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood; and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.*—The allusion is to a pack of hounds trained to pursuit by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill, and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding *cheers them* to the chase (Johnson).

41. Line 45: *Methinks they should invite them without knives.*—It was the custom in our author's time for every guest to bring his own knife, which he occasionally whetted on a stone that hung behind the door (Ritson).

42. Line 73: *Much good* DICH *thy good heart, Apemantus!*—In The Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 1. 82, 83, we find, "Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good *do it* your good heart!" and the word *dich* here has generally been supposed to be a corruption of *do it*. There is, however, an Anglo-Saxon verb *dyttan*, later form *dutten*, signifying to shut up, close—of which *dich* may be a survival. The meaning will then be "much good close or fill thy heart." The following provincialisms instanced by Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots in Shakespeare, ed. 1886, p. 340), perhaps contain the same word:—"his face is *diched* (covered) with dirt;" and "the thighs of the bees are *diched* (laden) with honey."

43. Line 89: *we should think ourselves for ever* PERFECT; *i.e.* completely happy. Compare Macbeth, iii. 4. 21, 22:

Then comes my fit again: I had else been *perfect;*
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock.

44. Line 94: *why have you that charitable title* FROM *thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart!*—Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment; was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me? (Johnson). For this use of *from*=from among, compare All's Well, ii. 1. 130, 131:

> Humbly entreating *from* your royal thoughts
> A modest one, to bear me back again.

45. Line 98: *and thus far I confirm you.*—Schmidt interprets: "to that extent I am past doubt concerning you; my belief in you goes the length of what I told myself about you."

46. Line 104: *that* KEEPS *their sounds.*—F. 1 *keepes;* F. 2 *keep.*

47. Line 111: *O* JOY, *e'en made away ere 't can be born!*—The joy is made away, because it is turned to tears—the emblem of grief. *Joy* is Rowe's correction. The Folios have *ioyes.*

48. Line 113: *Thou weepest to make them drink, Timon.*—A sneer: thou weepest at making them drink. An instance of the common gerundive use of the infinitive. Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 126, 127:

> Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
> From such a noble rate; (*i.e.* at being abridged).

49. Lines 115, 116:

> *Joy had the like conception in our eyes,*
> *And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.*

These lines, as Rolfe says, besides carrying on Timon's metaphor, seem to glance at the idea of "looking babies in the eyes," *i.e.* seeing the miniature reflection of yourself in another person's eyes.

50. Lines 131-133:

> *To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: th' ear*
> *Taste, touch and smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;*
> *They only now come but to feast thine eyes.*

This (with *pleased* for *pleas'd*) is the reading and arrangement of the Globe. The Folio, which prints the speech down to *bosom* as prose, has the two next lines as verse, thus:

> There tast, touch all pleas'd from thy Table rise:
> They onely now come but to Feast thine eies.

Theobald (1733) printed, on the suggestion of Warburton:

> Th' Ear, Taste, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table rise.

Malone reads:

> To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear
> Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise.

Warburton's emendation, which Theobald styles "incomparable," is supported by the fact that "the five best senses" have just before been mentioned, four of which had been feasted at Timon's table, and the fifth, viz. sight, was now to be gratified by the masque.

51. Line 136: First Lord. *You see, my lord, how ample you're belov'd.*—The Folio prefixes *Luc.* to this speech, and Rowe, followed by all the editors till Capell, called the two lords Lucius and Lucullus throughout this scene, while, in order to avoid the awkwardness of their being present when their gifts to Timon arrive (see line 187 ff.), they insert [*Ex. Lucius and Lucullus* after line 179, "So are we all."

52. Lines 139, 140:

> *Like madness is the glory of this life,*
> *As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.*

The second of these lines is an illustration of the dictum in the first. When we contrast all this magnificence with all that a philosopher finds necessary, a little oil and root, we see how much madness there is in the lavish expenditure of the wealthy. This is substantially Johnson's interpretation.

53. Lines 142-144:

> *And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,*
> *Upon whose age we void it up again,*
> *With poisonous spite and envy.*

We flatter the great and wealthy in order to devour all the good things they have to bestow; but in their old age we make them an envious and spiteful requital, and as it were vomit up their favours.

54. Line 145: *Who lives, that's not* DEPRAVED *or* DEPRAVES?—Here and in Much Ado, v. 1. 95:

> That lie, and cog, and flout, *deprave,* and slander,—

to *deprave* is to detract, slander. In Lear, ii. 4. 138, 139:

> thou 'lt not believe
> Of how *deprav'd* a quality,—

depraved has its ordinary sense.

55. Line 154: *You've added worth unto 't and lustre.*—F. 2, followed by most editors, reads "and *lively* lustre."

56. Line 157: First Lady. *My lord, you take us,* &c.—F. 1 prefixes, 1 *Lord* to this line. The change is Johnson's.

57. Lines 166-168:

> *There is no* CROSSING *him in 's humour;*
> *Else I should tell him,—well, i' faith, I should,—*
> *When all 's spent, he 'd be* CROSS'D *then, an he could.*

That is, he would be furnished with money, if he could; many coins, as is well known, having been marked with a cross on one side. The pun seems to have been a favourite one; so As You Like It, ii. 4. 12: "I should bear no *cross,* if I did bear you;" and II. Henry IV. i. 2. 252: "Not a penny, not a penny: you are too impatient to bear *crosses.*"

58. Line 223: *I'll call to you.*—I will call upon you for assistance some day should I want it. Compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 209, 210:

> If any power pities wretched tears,
> To that I *call!*

59. Lines 230, 231:

> *and all the lands thou hast*
> *Lie in a* PITCH'D *field.*
> Alcib. *Ay,* DEFIL'D *land, my lord.*

Alcibiades is told that "his estate lies in a *pitch'd* field." Now *pitch,* as Falstaff says, *doth defile.* Alcibiades therefore replies that his estate lies *in defiled land* (Johnson). Rolfe says: "Crosby thinks there may be also a play on *defiled* in the sense of marching in *defiles,* or ranks; and perhaps on '*defiles*=mountain-passes, valueless except to march through.'" The editor of F. 2 changed the "I, defil'd Land" of F. 1 into "I defy Land."

60. Lines 238, 239:

I doubt whether their LEGS *be worth the sums*
That are given for 'em.

He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a *limb*, and a *bow* or *act of obeisance* (Johnson).

ACT II. Scene 1.

61. Lines 9, 10:

it foals me, straight,
And able horses.

It straightway produces me colts, and able ones too.

62. Lines 12, 13:

It cannot hold; no reason
Can FOUND *his state in safety.*

The Folio has *sound* with the long *s*. The correction is Hanmer's. Johnson explains: "Reason cannot find his fortune to have any safe or solid foundation."

63. Line 31: *Lord Timon will be left a naked* GULL.—I believe that in some parts of the country an unfledged bird is still called a *gull*. The only other passage in which Shakespeare uses the word in this sense is I. Henry IV. v. 1. 59–61:

And being fed by us you us'd us so
As that ungentle *gull*, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow.

In the present instance the senator probably has also in his mind that other sense of *gull*, a dupe.

64. Lines 33–35:

Caph. *I go, sir.*
Sen. "*I go, sir!*" *Take the bonds along with you,*
And have the dates in compt.

The Folio prints:

Ca. I go sir.
Sen. I go sir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.

In compt is Theobald's emendation; he observes: "Certainly, ever since Bonds were given, the Date was put in when the Bond was enter'd into: And these Bonds *Timon* had already given, and the Time limited for their payment was laps'd. The *Senator's* charge to his Servant must be to the Tenour as I have amended the Text; *viz.* Take good Notice of the Dates, for the better Computation of the Interest due upon them." But it is very likely that *dates* may be a misprint for *debts*. On the same page in the Folio we find *debt* misprinted for *date*—"clamorous demands of debt, broken (date-broke) Bonds" (ii. 2. 38); if so, "have the debts in. Come," will be, get in the debts, come.—Such a misprint occurs every day, the printer altering the types at the wrong place in the page.

ACT II. Scene 2.

65. Lines 4–6:

nor RESUMES *no care*
Of what is to continue: never mind
Was TO BE *so unwise, to be so kind.*

So Rowe; F. 1 has "nor *resume* no care." To *resume* seems here to mean no more than to assume, take. Schmidt compares the use of *rebate* for *bate*, *redeliver* for *deliver*, *regreet* for *greet*, &c. The following words probably mean, as Rolfe explains them, "never was any mind doomed or destined to be so unwise by being so kind," another instance of the gerundive infinitive; but one would be tempted to read, "was *ever* so unwise, to be so kind."

66. Line 9: Stage-direction: Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.—F. 1 has *Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.* Here, and again in act iii. scene 4, the servants are addressed by their masters' names.

67. Lines 30, 31:

'T was due on FORFEITURE, *my lord, six weeks*
And past.

The only other play in which the word *forfeiture* occurs is The Merchant of Venice, where it occurs eight times. Schmidt distinguishes two meanings: (1) that which is lost on an engagement; and (2) the falling due of a debt, under which latter head he sets the present passage; but the idea of liability to penal seizure of goods underlies all the instances, and seems to be all that is required.

68. Line 38: *With clamorous demands of* DATE-BROKE *bonds.*—This is Steevens' improvement of Malone's conjecture, who printed "*date-broken* bonds." The Folios have:

With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,

against which reading there is both the metre and the occurrence of the word *debts* in the next line.

69. Lines 71–73: *She 's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth!*—An allusion to the cure for the disease caught at such places as the Fool here styles *Corinth*, which was, as Warburton notes, "a cant name for a bawdy-house." The patient was put into a tub of hot water and parboiled. Henley explains the use of the word *chickens*, by referring to an old custom of *scalding* off the feathers of poultry instead of plucking them.

70. Line 75: *Look you, here comes my* MISTRESS' *page.*—Here, and in line 107, "my *mistress'* house," the Folio has *Masters*. Theobald prints *mistress's* in both places. Malone says: "*Master* was frequently printed in the old copy instead of *mistress*, and *vice versa*, from the ancient mode of writing a *M.* only, which stood in the MSS. of Shakespeare's time either for the one or the other: and the copyist or printer completed the word without attending to the context."

71. Line 94: *I will go with you to Lord Timon's.*—As they are already in "a hall in Timon's house," this must mean into the inner part of the house where Timon then was. Perhaps, however, this scene should be placed *before Timon's house*. No localities are assigned to the scenes in the Folios, and Rowe, who places this scene in "Timon's hall," was the first to assign them.

72. Line 137: *At many leisures I* PROPOS'D.—So F. 2; F. 1 has "I *propose.*"

73. Line 144: *And say, you* FOUND *them in mine honesty.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has "*sound* them." See note 62.

74. Lines 152–154:

Though you hear now—too late—yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

No satisfactory explanation has been given of the first line of this passage, and the Globe editors mark it as corrupt. All that can be affirmed with any certainty is that the steward wishes to give Timon to understand that it was now too late to listen to his remonstrances, and that his debts exceeded his assets by one-half. The difficulty lies in the words "yet now's a time." Warburton explained them to mean a time to prevent ruin by the assistance of your friends; but from what follows it is clear that the steward had very little reliance on them; see especially the two concluding lines of the scene. Ritson: a time for you to hear what I have to tell you. Malone, connecting them with the following line: a time at which the whole of your remaining fortune will scarce pay half your debts. Hanmer, followed by Johnson and Capell, printed:

Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time.

This is a very probable conjecture, for the words "too late" may have been inserted above the line in the MS. and slipped into the wrong place by the printer.

75. Line 164: *If you suspect my husbandry* OR *falsehood.*—Schmidt, s.v. *Falsehood*, reads in this line "*of* falsehood," which, if not an accidental misquotation (for he does not mention the reading of the Folio), is a rather happy conjecture.

76. Line 168: *With riotous* FEEDERS.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 108, 109, where Antony is in a rage with Cleopatra for having suffered a *feeder*, as he calls Thyreus, to kiss her hand:

to be abus'd
By one that looks on *feeders.*

According to Schmidt *feeders* are parasites. Steevens says: "*servants* whose low debaucheries are practised in the *offices* of a house."

77. Lines 171, 172:

I have retir'd me to a WASTEFUL COCK,
And set mine eyes at flow.

The steward's mind is so full of this scene of wasteful riot, with its lavish consumption of food, and drunken heedlessness, which sets the wine-casks abroach and leaves them running without turning off the tap, that before he is aware of it he uses these images to describe his own tearful grief at witnessing such scenes; he meant only to say that he retired to weep in private, but he makes his own eyes the "wasteful cock" which set his tears "at flow." Thus the general idea seems clear; but the construction must not be pressed too literally. Staunton—who justly observes that everybody who reads the context must feel instinctively that "a *wasteful cock*," *i.e.* the tap of a wine-butt turned on to waste, is an image peculiarly suitable in the steward's picture of profligate dissipation—proposed to read:

I have retir'd (me TOO a *wasteful cock,*)
And set mine eyes at flow.

Of other emendations the happiest is that of Swynfen Jervis (1860), viz. *wakeful couch.* This is adopted by Rolfe, who says: "*wakeful* is favoured by the fact that compositor's 'case' the type for *st* (one character old style) and for the *k* were in contiguous boxes, 'distributing' type an *st* might sometimes get in box by mistake. As Dr. Ingleby (Shakes. Hermene 118) adds: 'Not improbably *wakefull* in the 'co gested *cock* to the mind of the workman instead o by the power of association; the barn-cock beir called the *wakeful bird* or the *wakeful cock.*'"

78. Line 180: *Feast-won, fast-lost.*—Won by feast by fasting. It must be remembered that in Shake day *feast* was pronounced *faist* (*ea* like *a* in fade) pun will then be intelligible.

79. Lines 182, 183:

No villanous bounty yet hath pass'd my hea
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.

Timon, although beggared through want of pr consoles himself with the reflection that his ruin brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures (St

80. Line 187: *And try the* ARGUMENT *of hearts by ing.*—That is, find out what they have in them. T mary of contents prefixed to a poem or treatise wr the *argument;* Shakespeare has prefixed one to l of Lucrece.

81. Line 194: *Within there! Flaminius! Servilit* Folios have *Flauius.* As Malone says, the error arose from *Fla.* only being set down in the M stage-direction following this line is Rowe's; t has *Enter three Seruants;* but unless the steward is to go to the senators and to Ventidius, more are wanted.

82. Line 219: *And so,* INTENDING *other serious* —For this sense of *intend* (=pretend) compare T the Shrew, iv. 1. 206, 207:

Ay, and amid this hurly I *intend*
That all is done in reverent care of her.

83. Lines 230, 231:

Thou art true and honest; INGENIOUSLY *I s*
No blame belongs to thee.

I speak sincerely, from the heart. The adjectiv *ous*, in its literal sense, signifies dwelling in t and so heartfelt, conscious; so Lear, iv. 6. 236–23

how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have *ingenious* feeling
Of my huge sorrows!

84. Lines 236, 237:

Bid him suppose some good necessity
Touches his friend.

Some honest need. Steevens aptly quotes the Servilius (iii. 2. 45, 46) in pressing his master's re

If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

85. Stage-direction.—The Folio has, *Flaminius to speake with a Lord from his Master, enters a to him.*

86. Line 8: *you are very* RESPECTIVELY *welcome, sir.*—The adjective *respective* means having care or regard for, as Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 156:

> You should have been *respective*, and have kept it (the ring);

and Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 128:

> Away to heaven, *respective* lenity,
> And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!

The adjective *respectful*, which has acquired a rather narrower meaning, does not occur in Shakespeare.

87. Line 46: *Here's three* SOLIDARES *for thee.*—There appears to be no other mention of the coin *solidare*, and Steevens believed it was "from the mint of the poet;" but however this may be, there was a coin in the time of the Roman emperors called *solidus*, from which word was formed the Low Latin *soldum*, pay, and from this *soldarius*, one who received pay, a soldier. According to Nares, who draws his information from Du Cange, there was also a word *solidata* signifying pay, and *solidare*, a verb expressing the act of paying.

88. Lines 54, 55:

> *May these add to the number that may scald thee!*
> *Let molten coin be thy damnation.*

There seems to have been an old belief that in hell the avaricious were punished by being dipped into caldrons of molten metal, and to this the text probably alludes. Steevens says: "In The Shepherd's Calendar [a medley of prose and verse translated from a French original of the same name circa 1480], Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell, 'a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boyling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, for to fulfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise.'"

ACT III. Scene 2.

89. Lines 12, 13: *not long ago, one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus to borrow so many talents.*—Here and in lines 25 and 41, where the same expression "so many talents" occurs, Theobald and most eighteenth century editors read "fifty talents;" and perhaps with reason, for, as Lettsom remarks (note on Walker's Critical Exam. vol. iii. p. 232), "The same words, *three times occurring*, show that a definite sum was the subject of conversation, and it is clear from this and the two preceding scenes, that that definite sum was *fifty talents*."

90. Lines 24–26: *yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.*—It would have been a kind of mistake in Timon to apply to a person who had received such trifling favours from him, in preference to Lucullus, who had received much greater (Monck Mason).

91. Line 43: *He cannot* WANT *fifty five hundred talents.*—The Globe editors mark this line as corrupt. The following is an attempt to make sense of it, which may go for what it is worth. Servilius, we may assume (see the previous note), had just asked Lucius for fifty talents. What! replies Lucius, he must be joking. I know he cannot *want*, *i.e.* be without, fifty five hundred talents. Servilius understanding the word *want* to mean desire to have, rejoins that he wants much less.

92. Lines 51–54: *how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!*—How unlucky it was that I should have made a bargain by which I gained a little honour, and lost the chance of gaining a great deal.

93. Lines 71, 72:

> *and just of the same piece*
> *Is every flatterer's* SPIRIT.

This is Theobald's emendation. The Folios have *Flatterers sport*.

94. Lines 89–91:

> *Had his necessity made use of me,*
> *I would have put my wealth into donation,*
> *And the best half should have* RETURN'D *to him.*

If he had sent to borrow of me, I would have treated my wealth as a fund set apart for donation, *i.e.* giving away, and the larger portion should have been Timon's share. For *return* in this sense—to fall to, become the share of—compare Hamlet, i. 1. 90–95:

> Against the which, a moiety competent
> Was gaged by our king; which had *return'd*
> To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
> Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant, . . .
> His fell to Hamlet.

Thus the idea is not of something going back where it was before, a sense which the word *return* usually implies, but of something going where it is due, to its proper place.

ACT III. Scene 3.

95. Line 5: *Owes their estates.*—So F. 1; F. 2 has *Owe*.

96. Lines 11, 12:

> *His friends, like physicians,*
> THRIVE, *give him over.*

His friends are like physicians, who give up all hope of their patients while they continue to flourish themselves. Johnson proposed *Thrice* for *Thrive*, an emendation which is adopted by Dyce and other modern editors, although without much point.

97. Line 21: *and 'mongst lords* I *be thought a fool.*—F. 1 omits *I;* inserted by F. 2. Staunton suggested that the original reading was that of F. 1 with *I* for *it* in the previous line: "so *I* may prove," &c.

98. Lines 28–31: *The devil knew not what he did when he made man politic,—he crossed himself by 't: and I cannot think but, in the end, the villanies of man will set him clear.*—The devil, in making man crafty, defeated his own purposes, for in the long run the villanies of man will set him clear from the power of the devil, who will be beaten at his own trade. The commentators have been sorely perplexed by this passage. Only Warburton and Ritson understood it properly.

99. Line 42: *Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house; i.e.* keep within doors for fear of duns (Johnson).

ACT III. Scene 4.

100. Stage-direction.—The Folio has *Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his coming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortensius.*

101. Lines 21-24:

Luc. Serv. *Mark, how strange it shows,*
Timon in this should pay more than he owes;
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hortensius, argues the servant of Lucius, should forbear to press Timon for payment of his debt in consideration of the jewels which he has received from him as a gift.

102. Lines 88, 89:

Hor. *And mine, my lord.*
Both Var. Serv. *And ours, my lord.*

The Folio prefixes 1 *Var.* and 2 *Var.* to these speeches. Capell made the change, which explains itself.

103. Line 91: *Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the girdle.*—Timon is punning on the two words, *bill* a weapon, and *bill* a paper.

104. Lines 112, 113:

Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius:
All, sirrah, all.

This is the reading of the Globe. F. 1 has:

Lucius, Lucullus, and *Sempronius Vllorxa:* All.

F. 2:

Lucius, Lucullus, add *Semprovius:* All.

F. 3:

Lucius, Lucullus, and *Sempronius;* all.

For *Vllorxa* Collier conjectured "all, look, sir," or "Sempronius—*Flav.* Alack, sir;" Sidney Walker, "Valerius, all;" Cowden Clarke and Grant White independently, "Ventidius;" Fleay, "all luxors:" *luxors* (*i.e.* luxurious, lustful persons) being a favourite word of Cyril Tourneur, whom at one time he conjectured to be the second author concerned in the play. Dyce follows F. 3. The word is undoubtedly a corruption, and has been, as Schmidt observes, a whetstone to the sagacity of emendators. From the fact that the line scans equally well with either *Sempronius* or *Vllorxa* Dr. Brinsley Nicholson concludes that *Vllorxa* represents a substitute word for *Sempronius*, which was written *over* it in the MS., but was by the compositor printed *after* it. Mr. B. G. Kinnear says: "The transcriber appears to have caught and written the first two words of the next line, *Ile once*, and immediately finding his mistake, to have *imperfectly cancelled* them; in this form the compositor took them for *Vllorxa*."

ACT III. Scene 5.

105. Stage-direction.—The Folio has *Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.*

106. Line 4: *the law shall bruise* HIM.—The Folio has "bruise *'em.*" The correction is Hanmer's.

107. Line 17: AN *honour in him which buys out his fault.*—F. 1 reads "*And* honour." The correction is Johnson's.

108. Line 22: *He did* BEHAVE *his anger.*—F. 1 has "*behooue* his anger." The correction is Rowe's. Shakespeare does not elsewhere use the verb *behave* in a transitive sense, except reflectively, but Malone quotes Spenser, Faery Queen, ii. 3. 40:

But who his limbs with labours, and his mynd
Behaves with cares, cannot so easy mis.

Mr. B. G. Kinnear, comparing Lear, iv. 3. 24-26:

In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it,

would read "*become* his anger."

109. Line 49: *the felon.*—Johnson's conjecture for *The fellow* of the Folio.

110. Line 54: *To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust.*—I am inclined to think that "sin's extremest gust" is "sin's greatest fury," most furious action, the metaphor being from a violent gust of wind. Many commentators, however, follow Johnson in explaining it to mean "relish," "appetite," as we use *gusto*. In Twelfth Night, i. 3. 32, it certainly has this meaning: "he hath the gift of a coward to allay the *gust* he hath in quarrelling."

111. Line 55: *But, in defence, by mercy, 't is most just.*—If this does not mean more than (as explained in the foot-note) "by your leave," we must adopt Malone's explanation: "Homicide in our own defence, by a merciful and lenient interpretation of the laws, is considered as justifiable." Johnson with less likelihood takes it as an adjuration: "I call *mercy* herself to witness, that defensive violence is just."

112. Line 63: *Why, say, my lords, he has done fair service.*—F. 1 prints this line,

Why say my Lords ha's done faire seruice;

F. 2, "Why *I* say," &c. Theobald, followed by the Globe, reads "*I* say," &c.

113. Line 67: *with* 'EM.—So F. 2. F. 1 has "with *him.*"

114. Line 82: *my* HONOURS.—So F. 2. F. 1 has *Honour.*

115. Lines 114, 115:

I'll cheer up
My discontented troops, and LAY *for hearts.*

This may mean either, I must lay traps for the affections of the people—compare, "These five days have I hid me in these woods and durst not peep out, for all the country is *laid* for me" (II. Hen. VI. iv. 10. 3-5);—or I must *lay* myself out for them, *lay* being used as in Ben Jonson, The Devil is an Ass, act ii. sc. 1, p. 114, ed. 1631, quoted by Tyrwhitt:

Lay for some petty principality.

116. Line 116: *'T is honour with most lands to be at odds.*—Alcibiades is giving vent to his indignation at the meanness of the senate, and Heath is therefore no doubt correct in his explanation of this line: "Governments are in general so ill administered, that there are very few whom it is not an honour to oppose."

ACT III. Scene 6.

117.—Stage-direction.—The Folio has only, *Enter diuers Friends at seuerall doores.*

118. Line 5: *Upon that were my thoughts* TIRING.—To *tire* in this sense is an expression borrowed from falconry, and used of the hawk seizing and devouring its prey. Harting, Ornithology of Shakespeare, p. 38, says: "When a hawk was in training, it was often necessary to

prolong her meal as much as possible, to prevent her from gorging; this was effected by giving her a tough or bony bit to *tire on;* that is to tear, or pull at." Compare Venus and Adonis, 55–58:

> Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
> *Tires* with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
> Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
> Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone.

119. Line 21: *Every man* HERE'S *so.*—Spelt in F. 1 *heares.*

120. Line 43: *Ah, my good friend,—what cheer?*—After this the Folio has *The Banket brought in,* marking the stage-direction prematurely, as is often the case in dramas printed from the prompter's book; that the property man might be ready with the articles required for the scene (Dyce). See Introduction, p. 6.

121. Line 51: *Let it not cumber your better remembrance.*—You will be better advised not to think so seriously of such a trifle.

122. Lines 89–91: *The rest of your* FEES, *O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common* LAG *of people.*—The word *fees,* which Schmidt takes to mean "property"—Capell, "those who are forfeit to your vengeance"—must surely be corrupt. Warburton substituted *foes,* which most editors have accepted. Considering the *these my present friends* which follows, perhaps we might read, "The rest of *your* (or even *my*) *friends.*" In the MS., if carelessly written, *my* may have been taken for *yr,* the abbreviation of *your,* and the abbreviation *fds.* for *fees. Leg* was substituted by Rowe for *legge* of the Folio.

123. Line 101: *Who, stuck and spangled with your flatteries.*—So Hanmer, Warburton, and Capell. F. 1 has:

> Who stucke and spangled you with Flatteries.

124. Line 106: *trencher-friends, time's* FLIES.—Compare act ii. sc. 2. 178–181:

> Ah, when the means are gone that buy this praise,
> The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
> Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
> These *flies* are couch'd.

125. Line 107: *minute-jacks.—Jack* is commonly used as a term of contempt for a paltry fellow. So *minute-jacks* are persons who change their mind every minute, and are not to be relied upon. There may also be an allusion to the figures that struck the bell in old clocks, called "Jacks o' the clock;" compare Richard II. v. 5. 56–60:

> my time
> Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
> While I stand fooling here, his *Jack o' the clock.*

126. Line 111: Stage-direction.—Pelts them with stones, and drives them out.—The Folio has no stage-direction here. Rowe put, *Throwing the Dishes at them, and drives 'em out.* Sidney Walker (Critical Exam. vol. iii. p. 235) suggested the change, as harmonizing with line 111, "Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none,"—stones being more like money than dishes are; and with the last line of the scene, "One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones." In the academic play "Timon," printed by Dyce (see Introduction, note 1, page 4), Timon pelts his guests with stones painted to resemble artichokes.

127. Line 115: Stage-direction.—Re-enter the Lords, Senators, &c.—So the Globe. The Folio has *Enter the Senators, with other Lords.*

128. Line 121: *naught but* HUMOUR *sways him.*—So F. 3. F. 1 has *humors.*

129. Lines 125, 126:

> Third Lord. . . . . .
> Sec. Lord. . . . . .

The Folio has:

> 2. . . . . .
> 3. . . . . .

But see what precedes (Dyce).

ACT IV. Scene 1.

130. Line 2: *That* GIRDLEST *in those wolves.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has *girdles.*

131. Line 7: CONVERT *o' th' instant, green virginity,*—The verb *convert* is several times used by Shakespeare in an intransitive sense; so Macbeth, iv. 3. 228, 229:

> let grief
> *Convert* to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

132. Line 13: SON *of sixteen.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *Sons.*

133. Line 21: *And* LET *confusion live!*—Hanmer's correction. The Folio has "And *yet* Confusion liue."

ACT IV. Scene 2.

134. Lines 10, 11:

> *So his familiars* TO *his buried fortunes*
> *Slink all away.*

Those who had been familiar friends with his fortunes now buried desert him. Hanmer printed, "*from* his buried fortunes"—an unnecessary alteration.

135. Line 15: *Walks, like* CONTEMPT, *alone.—Contempt* is here, of course, as in line 32 below, the state of being despised, and not the act of despising. So Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 224: "it cannot but turn him into a notable *contempt;*" and Romeo and Juliet, v. 1. 71:

> *Contempt* and beggary hangs upon thy back.

136. Lines 33, 34:

> *Who'd be so mock'd with glory! or* TO *live*
> *But in a dream of friendship!*

Staunton, followed by Dyce, unnecessarily read "or *so* live." See Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, §350: "The *to* is often omitted in the former of two clauses and inserted in the latter, particularly when the finite principal verb is an auxiliary, or like an auxiliary." Compare Tempest, iii. 1. 61–63:

> I would, not so!—and would no more endure
> This wooden slavery than *to* suffer
> The flesh-fly blow my mouth.

137. Lines 38, 39:

> *Strange, unusual blood,*
> *When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!*

How strange is the disposition of men, that they should consider an excess of generosity, such as Timon's, the worst offence that can be committed.

138. Line 41: DOES *still mar men.*—So F. 4. F. 1, F. 2, and F. 3 have "*do* still.

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.

139. Lines 6–8:

not NATURE,
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
But by contempt of nature.

Human nature, subject as it is to degrading infirmities, cannot bear an access of good fortune without disregarding natural ties, and treating even a twin brother with contempt. Monck Mason, who proposed to read *natures* instead of *nature*, interprets, "Not even beings reduced to the utmost extremity of wretchedness, can bear good fortune without contemning their fellow-creatures."

140. Line 10: *The* SENATOR *shall bear contempt hereditary.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has *Senators.*

141. Lines 12, 13:

It is the PASTURE *lards the* ROTHER'S *sides,*
The want that makes him LEAN.

The Folio prints these lines as follows:

It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him leaue.

Pasture is Rowe's reading: *beggar's* is Rowe's also: *rother's*, the reading of the Collier MS., adopted by Singer in his second edition. *Leaue* was corrected to *lean* in F. 2.

142. Line 16: *every* GRISE *of fortune.*—Compare Othello, i. 3. 199–201:

Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,
Which, as a *grise* or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.

143. Line 18: *all is oblique.*—So Theobald. F. 1 has "*All's* obliquie;" F. 2, "*All's* obliquy."

144. Lines 19, 20:

There's nothing LEVEL *in our cursed natures,*
But direct villany.

The use of the verb *level* in the sense of aiming a gun will explain the use of the adjective here in the sense of *straight.* Compare Hamlet, iv. 1. 42, 43:

As *level* as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot.

145. Line 27: *I am no idle votarist.*—No insincere or inconstant supplicant. *Gold* will not serve me instead of *roots* (Johnson).

146. Line 32: *Pluck* STOUT *men's pillows from below their heads; i.e.* men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies to make their departure the easier (Warburton). Hanmer substituted *sick* for *stout*, which Staunton considers the true reading; and Mr. B. G. Kinnear remarks: "Shakespeare always uses *stout* applied to men in the senses of *bold* or *proud*. *Stout* men would not be on a sick bed." He quotes Ben Jonson, Volpone, ii. 6 (p. 477, ed. 1616):

And, in his next fit, we may let him goe.
'T is but to pull the pillow from his head,
And he is thratled.

147. Lines 37, 38:

this is it
That makes the WAPPEN'D *widow wed again.*

It is her gold that causes the worn-out widow (compare Rich. III. i. 1. 81:

The jealous *o'erworn widow* and herself)

to find another husband. The precise form *wappened* is not found elsewhere; but *wapper'd* is given in Grose's Provincial Glossary as a Gloucestershire word. "*Wapper'd*, restless or fatigued; spoken of a sick person.—Glouc." The two following passages are quoted by Steevens:

Moll. And there you shall *wap* with me.
Sir B. Nay, Moll, what 's that *wap?*
Moll. Wapping and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you. —Middleton, The Roaring Girl (1611).

"*Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman. This word is not used now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping-morts* for whores" (Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London, 1610). Malone notes the occurrence of the word *unwapper'd* in The Two Noble Kinsmen, v. 4. 9–11:

we come towards the gods
Yong, and *unwapper'd*, not halting under crymes
Many and stale.

In his note on this passage Mr. Harold Littledale suggests that *wapper* may be formed from *wap*, "a word found in *Morte D'Arthur* (Globe ed. p. 480), where Sir Bedivere says, 'I saw nothing but the waters *wap* and the waves wan,'—of the restless action of the waters 'lapping on the crag.' This shows us the precise force of *wapper*, tremulous, quivering, restless; and *wapper'd*, worn by unrest."

148. Lines 43, 44:

I will make thee
Do thy right nature.

Lie in the earth, where nature laid thee (Johnson).

149. Line 53: *I am* MISANTHROPOS, *and hate mankind.*—In North's Plutarch, Life of Antonius, c. 38, is the marginal note: "Antonius followeth the life and example of Timon *Misanthropos*, the Athenian."

150. Lines 64, 65:

I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another left the infecter free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips, by kissing thee (Johnson).

151. Line 87: *The tub-fast.*—So Theobald, at the suggestion of Warburton. The Folios have *Fubfast.* See ii. 2. 71, and note 69.

152. Lines 115, 116:

those milk-paps,
That through the WINDOW-BARS *bore at men's eyes.*

F. 1 has *window Barne.* Johnson conjectured *window-bars*, which Steevens first introduced into the text. The reference is to the crossbar embroidery worn by women across the bosom, sometimes with no stomacher under it.

153. Lines 120, 121:

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd THY *throat shall cut.*

The Folios have "*the* throat." The correction is Pope's.

154. Line 122: *swear against* OBJECTS; *i.e.* let not any-

thing move you to pity; be proof against all appeals to your mercy. The word *object* was specially used of anything inspiring sympathy or antipathy; so Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 105, 106:

> For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
> To tender *objects* (*i.e.* submits to their influence).

155. Lines 133, 134:

> *Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,*
> *And to make whores, a bawd.*

That is, enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making whores (Johnson).

156. Lines 135–139:

> *you are not othable,—*
> *Although, I know, you 'll swear,* &c.

Timon has told the two courtezans that he has enough gold to make them forswear their trade, and has bidden them hold up their aprons to receive it. He continues: I know you are quite ready to swear the most terrible oaths that you will reform—but do not waste your breath, you would have no regard for the sanctity of any oath, and I can trust your inclinations that you will remain as you are, and be whores still.

157. Lines 143–145:

> *yet may your pains, six months,*
> *Be quite contrary: and thatch your poor thin roofs*
> *With burdens of the dead.*

That is, as Warburton explains it, let your labour and pains for six months of the year be quite different. After spending six months in debauchery you must spend the other six in recovering from its effects, and fitting yourselves anew for the trade. Among other things you will have to put on false hair to make up for the loss of your own. Johnson and Steevens went quite astray over this passage.

158. Line 155: HOAR *the flamen.*—For *hoar* (here = make rotten), used in the sense of old, mouldy, rotten, because mouldiness gives a white appearance, compare Mercutio's punning song:

> An old hare *hoar*,
> And an old hare *hoar*,
> Is very good meat in lent:
> But a hare that is *hoar*
> Is too much for a score,
> When it *hoars* ere it be spent.
> —Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 141–146.

Rolfe explains, "make the priest *hoary* with leprosy;" but this seems less appropriate.

159. Lines 159, 160:

> *Of him that, his particular to foresee,*
> *Smells from the general weal.*

The metaphor is from dogs hunting. The man intended is one who deserts the public advantage to look after his own private interests.

160. Line 183: *With all th' abhorred births below crisp heaven.*—Steevens quotes Robert Anton, The Philosopher's Satires (1616):

> Her face as beauteous as the *crisped* morn.

161. Line 185: *who all* THY *human sons* DOTH *hate.*—The Folio has "who all *the* humane Sonnes *do* hate." *Thy* was substituted by Pope, *doth* by Rowe.

162. Line 193: *Dry up thy* MARROWS, *vines, and plough-torn leas.*—"The Folio has *Marrowes;* qy. if a mistake for *marrowie* (marrowy) as an epithet to *vines?* Cotgrave in his Dict. gives 'Moëlleux. *Marrowie,* pithie, full of strength or *strong sap.*'"—(Dyce). Capell paraphrases as follows: "Dry up your fat lands that cattle graze upon, your vine lands, and lands lay'd for the plow that produce barley, for with the two latter accord the *licorish draughts* of the line following, and with *marrows* the *unctious morsels* of the next line."

163. Line 204: *From change of* FORTUNE.—So Rowe. The Folios have *future.*

164. Line 215: *that* BADE *welcome.*—F. 1 has "that *bad* welcom;" F. 2 changed *bad* to *bid,* which most editors adopt.

165. Lines 223, 224:

> *will these* MOIST *trees,*
> *That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels.*

For *moist* Hanmer conjectured *moss'd,* which has been adopted by most editors. Steevens compares As You Like It, iv. 3. 105:

> Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age.

But after the preceding words—

> What, think'st
> That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
> Will put thy shirt on warm?

the transition seems natural to the moist, damp trees. Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots, &c. p. 345) would interpret *moist* to mean "strong and vigorous, full of the juice and sap of life."

166. Line 225: *And skip* WHERE *thou point'st out!*—*Where* is Sidney Walker's correction for *when* of the Folios.

167. Line 245–247:

> *best state, contentless,*
> *Hath a distracted and most wretched being,*
> *Worse than the worst, content.*

Best states, contentless, have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content (Johnson).

168. Lines 253–255:

> *The sweet degrees that this brief world affords*
> *To such as may the passive* DRUGS *of it*
> *Freely* COMMAND.

If *drugs* is the true reading, Schmidt is probably right in explaining it metaphorically, "all things in passive subserviency to salutary as well as pernicious purposes." Johnson takes it to be an old form of *drudges;* and Todd quotes from Huloet: "Drudge, or drugge, a seruant which doth all the vile seruice;" and from Baret: "Drudge, a drug, or kitchen-slave" (Todd's Johnson's Dict. ed. Latham). Capell conjectured *dregs. Command* is Rowe's correction for *command'st* of the Folios.

169. Lines 259–265:

> *But myself,*
> . . . . . .
> *That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves*
> *Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush*
> FELL *from their boughs and left me open, bare.*

An instance of *anacoluthon*, or incompleted construction; the sentence beginning "But myself" has no verb to complete it. It may assist the reader to point out that the relative *That* in line 263 is the subject of three verbs, —*stuck*, *have fell*, and *left*. *Fell* for *fallen* is also found in Titus Andronicus, ii. 4. 50:

> He would have dropp'd his knife, and *fell* asleep;

and in Lear, iv. 6. 54:

> Which thou hast perpendicularly *fell*.

170. Lines 275, 276:

> *If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,*
> *Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.*

Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakespeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous. I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtlety of discrimination with which Shakespeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble (Johnson).

171. Line 283: *First mend* MY *company, take away thyself.*—So Rowe. The Folios have "*thy* company."

172. Lines 308, 309:

> Apem. *Dost hate a* MEDLAR?
> Tim. *Ay,* THOUGH *it look like thee.*

The word *though* has perplexed the commentators, and an attempt has even been made to prove that it means *since* or *because;* but surely it is only another stroke of irony on the part of Timon:—I do hate a medlar, even though it resembles so delightful a companion as you. In the Folio the word is spelt *medler* in all three lines.

173. Lines 340–343: *wert thou the* UNICORN, *pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury.*—The unicorn was proverbial for its ferocity. The best comment on the text is the following passage quoted by Staunton from E. Topsell's History of Four-footed Beasts, ed. 1658, p. 557 (1st ed. pub. 1607): "He is an enemy to the lions, wherefore as soon as ever a lion seeth a unicorn, he runneth to a tree for succour, that so when the unicorn maketh force at him, he may not only avoid his horn, but also destroy him; for the unicorn in the swiftness of his course runneth against the tree, wherein his sharp horn sticketh fast, then when the lion seeth the unicorn fastened by the horn, without all danger he falleth upon him and killeth him. These things are reported by the king of Œthiopia, in an Hebrew epistle unto the Bishop of Rome."

174. Lines 343, 344: *wert thou a* BEAR, *thou wouldst be kill'd by the* HORSE.—"There is also a mortall hatred betwixt a horse and a beare, for they know one another at the first sight; and prepare to combat, which they rather act by policie than by strength; the beare falling flat on his backe, the horse leaping ouer the bear, which pulleth at his guts with her fore-feet nailes, and is by the heeles of the horse wounded to death, if he strike the beare vpon his head" (Topsell, p. 35).

175. Lines 345–347: *wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the* LION, *and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life.*—The *lion* is the king of beasts, and Steevens rightly explains this as an allusion to the Turkish policy, in accordance with which the first act of the sultan on succeeding to the throne was to put all his brothers to death. This custom is again alluded to in II. Henry IV. v. 2. 46–49:

> Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
> This is the English, not the Turkish court;
> Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
> But Harry Harry.

176. Line 356: *Yonder comes a poet and a painter.*—But they do not appear upon the scene till the beginning of the next act, that is, after Timon has been visited both by the Banditti and by Flavius. Various conjectures have been made to account for this anomaly; Ritson supposes that the play was abridged for representation, and that all between this passage and the entrance of the Poet and Painter being omitted, these words were put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them, and that when the play was printed for the Folio the interpolation was unnoticed. I am inclined to think that we have here one of the indications that Shakespeare was working on an older play. In this play the Poet and Painter probably made their entrance at this point; Shakespeare altered this arrangement, but never made a final revision, and accidentally left this speech of Apemantus uncorrected. It is less natural to suppose that the pair, when at last they do appear, had been hunting for Timon's abode during the whole interval after having been so near it, or that they had gone back to Athens on catching sight of Apemantus, and come out again.

177. Line 373: *I* SWOUND *to see thee.*—So the word is spelt in F. 3 and F. 4; F. 1 and F. 2 have *swoond*.

178. Line 383: *'Twixt natural* SON *and* SIRE.—F. 1 has "*Sunne* and *fire*."

179. Line 396: Tim. *Moe things like men! Eat, Timon, and abhor* THEM.—The Folios prefix *Ape.* to this line; Hanmer first assigned it to Timon. For *them* the Folios have *then;* corrected by Rowe.

180. Line 419: *Your greatest want is, you want much of* MEAT.—Hanmer conjectured, "much of *men;*" a reading which is adopted by Singer, Rolfe, and others: it certainly has in its favour the preceding line "*men* that much do want," and line 428, "You must eat *men;*" but the old reading taken in connection with the following lines gives very good sense, and I do not feel justified in departing from authority.

181. Line 428: *Yet thanks I must you* CON.—For this idiom = to give thanks, compare All's Well, iv. 3. 174: "I *con* him no thanks for 't." Steevens says the expression is a very common one, and quotes two instances.

182. Lines 430, 431:

> *for there is* BOUNDLESS *theft*
> *In* LIMITED *professions.*

The antithesis is of course between *boundless* and *limited;* unlimited thieving goes on even in professions which do not, like you, make an open trade of stealing, but are outwardly respectable and under restraint.

183. Line 437: *Do* VILLANY, *do, since you* PROTEST *to do't.* —F. 1 has *Villaine;* corrected by Rowe. For *protest* Theobald substituted *profess,* which is adopted by Malone, and is certainly a very natural correction, though Dyce calls it very unnecessary.

184. Lines 442, 443:

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears.

Shakespeare knew that the moon was the cause of the tides, and in that respect the liquid surge, that is, the waves of the sea, rising one upon another, in the progress of the tide, may be said to "resolve the moon into salt tears;" the moon, as the poet chooses to state the matter, losing some part of her humidity, and the accretion to the sea in consequence of her tears being the cause of the *liquid surge.* Add to this the popular notion, yet prevailing, of the moon's influence on the weather; which, together with what has been already stated, probably induced our author here and in other places to allude to the *watery quality* of that planet (Malone). Capell's note is well worth quoting here: "There cannot be a doubt among schollars, but that Anacreon was thought of in penning Timon's *examples* for encouraging *thievery;* the ode is of such celebrity, with jolly fellows especially, that it could not escape Jonson and other members of the club at the Devil, and there Shakespeare had it." The ode in question is the 21st (Poetæ Lyrici Græci, ed. Bergk, 1866, p. 1057); the following is a literal translation: "The dark earth drinks, and the trees drink the earth: the sea drinks the air, and the sun the sea, and the moon the sun:—why quarrel with me my friends, if I too am fain to drink?" That an English translation existed in Shakespeare's time is clear from Puttenham, Arte of Poesie (1589), bk. iii. c. xxii. p. 259, ed. Arber, quoted by Farmer: "Another [according to Steevens one John Southern] of reasonable good facilitie in translation finding certaine of the hymnes of *Pyndarus* and of Anacreons odes . . . very well translated by *Rounsard* the French Poet . . . comes our minion and translates the same out of French into English."

185. Line 447: HAVE *uncheck'd theft.*—So Pope. F. 1 has *Ha's.*

186. Line 451: *steal* NO *less for this.*—So the Globe; the Folios omit *no;* Rowe inserted *not.*

187. Lines 472, 473:

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wish'd to love his enemies!

That is, how admirably does the injunction to love one's enemies accord with the fashion of the times! (Rolfe). Warburton notices the anachronism: "he forgets his Pagan system here again."

188. Lines 474, 475:

Grant I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me than those that do!

The sense is, "Let me rather woo or caress those that *would* mischief, that *profess to mean me mischief,* than those that *really do me* mischief, under false professions of kindness." The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: "Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself." This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage (Johnson).

189. Line 481: *Then, if thou* GRANT'ST THOU 'RT *a man.* —So Capell: F. 1 has "Then, if thou *grunt'st, th'art* a man."

190. Line 499: *It almost turns my* DANGEROUS *nature* WILD.—*Dangerous* here I take to mean unbalanced, uncertain, liable to violent emotions of any kind: "such fidelity as yours," Timon would say, "after all the hypocrisy and baseness which I have experienced, almost deprives me of reason." Since writing this note I see that Drake (Shakespeare and his Times, vol. ii. p. 449, note) takes the same view: "I conceive that by *dangerous nature* in this passage is meant a nature, from acute sensibility and sudden misfortune, liable to be overpowered, to be thrown off its poize, and to suffer from mental derangement." Most editors, including even the Globe, adopt Warburton's emendation *mild* (*i.e.* almost reconciles me again to mankind), which is comparatively tame.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

191.—Capell was the first who made the division between the fourth and fifth acts here. Previous editors, following Rowe, had put it after *Exeunt Banditti* at iv. 3. 463, and they made Timon go off at the close of his speech, line 453; but there is no authority for this in the Folio, while at line 543 it has the stage-direction *Exit.* After the *Actus Primus. Scœna Prima,* at the beginning of the play, the Folio has no further division into acts or scenes.

192. Lines 6, 7: PHRYNIA *and* TIMANDRA.—Here spelt in F. 1 *Phrinica* and *Timandylo.*

193. Lines 12, 13: *you shall see him a* PALM *in Athens again.*—Steevens quotes Psalm xcii. 12, "The righteous shall flourish like the *palm*-tree."

194. Line 28: *the* DEED OF SAYING *is quite out of use.*—Compare Hamlet, i. 3. 24–27:

> Then if he says he loves you,
> It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
> As he in his particular act and place
> May give his *saying deed.*

195. Line 31: Stage-direction.—Timon comes from his cave, behind.—The Folio has *Enter Timon from his Caue.*

196. Line 55: *To thee be* WORSHIP!—So Rowe; F. 1 has *worshipt.*

197. Line 59: *Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?*—Schmidt explains: "Have I lived indeed [to see two honest men] and must I believe it?"

198. Line 74: *Ay, you're honest* MEN.—So Rowe; F. 1 has *man.*

199. Line 99: *Know his gross* PATCHERY.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 77, 78: "Here is such *patchery,* such juggling, and such knavery!"

200. Lines 109–111:

You that way, and you this,—but two in company:
Each man APART, *all single and alone,*
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

The first line is explained by the two following: You go that way and you this, but each of you will be two in company, for each of you will take an arch-villain with you, namely himself. F. 1 prints *apart* in two words.

201. Lines 116, 117:

You have work for me, there's payment: hence!—
[To the Poet] *You are an alchemist, make gold of that.*

Most, if not all editors, prefix [*To the Pain.*] to the first of these lines, and Malone, followed by Rolfe and others, inserted *done* before *work*. Hanmer printed *work't*, but this is inadmissible, for according to Schmidt the impf. and part. is always *wrought* in Shakespeare. The Globe prints:

[*To Painter*] You have work'd for me; there's payment for you: hence!

The Folio has no prefix to either line. I would suggest that emendation is unnecessary if we take the first line to be addressed to the pair, and the *work* which they have for Timon to refer to their ridding these villains from their companies, lines 104–106; then the second line will be addressed to the Poet, who is the last of the two in making his escape, and is told to employ the alchemy of his poetry on turning Timon's blows and missiles into gold.

202. Line 119: *It is* IN *vain.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 omit *in*.

203. Line 129: *And* CHANCE *it as it may.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *chanc'd*.

204. Line 134: *Thou sun, that* COMFORT'ST, *burn!*—So Pope. F. 1 has *comforts*, which may well be what Shakespeare wrote.

205. Lines 135–137:

and each false
Be as a CANTHERIZING *to the root o' the tongue,*
Consuming it with speaking!

Schmidt has: "*Cantherize*, to raise blisters as with cantharides," but as each *true* word is to raise a blister, the effect of each *false* one ought to be something stronger, especially as the tongue is to be consumed: *cantherizing* is therefore probably the same as *cauterizing*, which was substituted by Pope and printed by most editors. The Cambridge editors say: "The word *canterisynge* for *cauterizing* is found very frequently in an old surgical work, printed in 1541, of which the title is, *The questyonary of Cyrurgyens*. . . . The instrument with which the operation is performed is in the same book called a *cantere*. The form of the word may have been suggested by the false analogy of *canterides*, that is, cantharides, which occurs in the same chapter."

206. Lines 148–151:

WHICH *now the public body,—which doth seldom*
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath SENSE *withal*
Of IT *own* FALL, *restraining aid to Timon.*

For "*Which* now" Hanmer substituted "*And* now," but the irregularity in construction is not uncommon; compare v. 2. 6–9:

I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends.

The meaning is: The senate, which seldom confesses itself to be in the wrong, feeling the want of Timon's aid, is sensible of its fault in withholding aid to Timon. For *fall* in this sense of a *fall from virtue*, *fault*, compare Henry V. ii. 2. 138–140:

And thus thy *fall* hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indu'd
With some suspicion;

and Richard III. iii. 7. 96, 97:

Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the *fall* of vanity.

Capell, followed by Dyce and the Globe, conjectured *fail*, a word which would have the same meaning; compare Cymbeline, iii. 4. 65, 66:

Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great *fail*.

For the old form of the possessive *it*, see Abbott, § 228. For *sense*, the reading of Rowe, who spells *sence*, F. 1 has *since*.

207. Lines 153, 154:

Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram.

A recompense that shall more than counterpoise their offences, though weighed with the most scrupulous exactness (Monck Mason).

208. Line 185: *The* REVEREND'ST *throat.*—F. 1 has "The *reuerends* throat;" compare note 203.

209. Line 186: *To the protection of the* PROSPEROUS *gods.*—For *prosperous* in an active sense compare Othello, i. 3. 245:

To my unfolding lend your *prosperous* ear.

210. Line 202: *their achès.*—See note 31 on i. 1. 257.

211. Lines 208–215: *I have a tree, which grows here in my close*, &c.—"It is reported of him also, that this Timon on a time (the people being assembled in the market place about dispatch of some affaires) got vp into the pulpit for Orations, where the Oratours commonly vse to speake vnto the people: and silence being made, euery man listening to heare what he would say, because it was a wonder to see him in that place: at length he began to speak in this manner: My Lords of Athens I haue a litle yard at my house where there groweth a figge tree, on the which many citizens haue hanged themselues: and because I meane to make some building on the place, I thought good to let you all vnderstand it, that before the figge tree be cut downe if any of you be desperate; you may there in time go hang your selues" (North's Plutarch, Life of Antonius, c. 38).

212. Lines 218–221:

Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the BEACHED *verge of the salt flood;*
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover.

"For like as he liued a beastly and chorlish life, euen so he required to haue his funerall done after that maner. By his last will, he ordeined himself to be interred vpon the sea shore, that the waues and surges might beate and

vexe his dead carcas" (Painter, Palace of Pleasure, Novel 28). For *beached*, i.e. formed by a beach, compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 85:

Or in the *beached* margent of the sea.

213. Line 223: *Lips, let* SOUR *words go by, and language end.*—So Rowe; the Folios have "*foure* words." Sidney Walker, with some probability, conjectured *your*.

ACT V. Scene 2.

214. Lines 7–9:

WHOM, *though in general part we were oppos'd,*
Yet our old love made a PARTICULAR *force,*
And made us speak like friends.

See note 206 on v. 1. 148–151. Here again Hanmer substituted *And* for the relative. *In general part* is opposed to *a particular force*,—as regards the common cause, public affairs, they were opponents, nevertheless their old friendship created for the nonce a force or party of its own, and enabled them to converse like friends. *Particular* in this sense of *private, personal*, is very common; compare Hamlet, i. 3. 24–27:

Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his *particular* act and place
May give his saying deed.

In thus explaining "a particular force" I have followed Schmidt. Many readers will, however, probably prefer the common interpretation, viz. "a special efficacy." Hanmer, followed by Dyce and Rolfe, printed "*had* a particular force."

ACT V. Scene 3.

215. Lines 1–10: *By all description this should be the place*, &c.—The great difficulty in this scene is the question whether the third and fourth lines, "Timon is dead," &c., are an inscription read by the soldier, or his own words. I decidedly prefer the former view, and understand the passage as follows:—the soldier arriving at Timon's cave and receiving no answer to his challenge, has his attention arrested at the entrance by the following inscription:

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast read this; there does not live a man.

This he reads, and with the natural exclamation "Dead, sure," turns to the beach and discovers the tomb inscribed with characters which he is unable to decipher, and accordingly has recourse to the somewhat clumsy expedient of taking the impression in wax. The supposition of two inscriptions, one on the cave and the other on the tomb, which this interpretation involves, is the chief objection to it, and the device must be admitted to be an awkward one, but the lines on the cave are quite in Timon's misanthropical vein, "let some beast, human or other, read this notice of my death, for nothing worthy of being called a man any longer exists to read it." This is substantially Staunton's view of the passage, except that he takes *read this* to refer to the inscription on the tomb, and not to the lines themselves at the entrance of the cave. Most editors, however, very unnaturally as it seems to me, take the two lines to be a reflection and exclamation on the part of the soldier; "The tomb he sees," says Johnson, "and the inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, 'Some beast read this,' for it must be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man." Theobald printed Warburton's suggestion, "Some beast rear'd this; here does not," &c., which was adopted by Capell and Dyce, and (though retaining *there*) by Malone and the Globe. Ritson explains this reading as follows: "What can this heap of earth be? (says the Soldier), Timon is certainly dead: some beast must have erected this, for here does not live a man to do it."

ACT V. Scene 4.

216. Lines 4, 5:

making your wills
The scope of justice;

i.e. the space within which justice had free play; justice was just what they chose it to be, and no more; compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 229:

An anchor's cheer in prison be my *scope!*

(*i.e.* the limits to which my ambition is bounded).

217. Line 7: *Have wander'd with our* TRAVERS'D *arms.*—With our arms crossed or folded in submission. The expression "traverse lines," *i.e.* cross lines, occurs in Cartwright's Poems, 1651. See Nares.

218. Line 8: *now the time is flush.*—Compare Hamlet, iii. 3. 80, 81:

He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as *flush* as May;

and Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 51, 52:

the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on't, and *flush* youth revolt.

219. Lines 16–18:

to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our INGRATITUDE *with loves*
Above THEIR *quantity.*

Warburton referred *their* to *rages*, Malone to *griefs* in line 14. But Shakespeare is not so precise as his commentators, and it may refer to either or both. Capell settled the question by printing *ingratitudes*.

220. Lines 23, 24:

THEIR *hands from whom*
You have receiv'd your GRIEFS;

their is misprinted *rheir* in F. 1; *griefs* is Theobald's correction for *greefe* of F. 1.

221. Lines 28, 29:

Shame that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts.

Shame in excess (*i.e.* extremity of shame) that they wanted cunning (*i.e.* that they were not wise enough not to banish you) hath broke their hearts (Theobald).

222. Line 37: *On those that are,* REVENGES.—So Steevens; F. 1 has *Reuenge*.

223. Line 44: *But kill not* ALL TOGETHER.—So F. 3; F. 1 has *altogether;* F. 2 *al together*.

224. Line 47: *Against our* RAMPIR'D *gates.—Rampire* is another form of *rampart*. Both forms were used either

as noun or verb. Schmidt quotes Lodge's Rosalind (p. 68, ed. H. Morley): "Rosader *rampered* up the house." Nares gives the following instance from Holinshed, vol. ii. 3. 8 6, col. 2, b: "And so deeply ditched and *rampired* their campe about—that it was," &c.

225. Line 55: DESCEND, *and open your uncharged ports.* —So F. 2; F. 1 has *Defend*, a manifest error; see line 64.

226. Lines 62, 63:

But shall be RENDER'D *to your public laws*
At heaviest answer.

Render'd was suggested by Lord Chedworth (1805), and is adopted by Dyce, the Globe, and others. F. 1 has "*remedied* to," &c., which Schmidt interprets, "it shall be redressed according to your laws;" not very successfully, but with less violence to common-sense than Malone, who understood it to mean, "it shall be redressed at heaviest answer to your laws." F. 2, F. 3, and F. 4 have *remedied by.*

227. Lines 70–73: *Here lies a wretched corse, &c.*—"He died in the citie of Hales, and was buried vpon the sea side. Now it chaunced so, that the sea getting in, it compassed his tombe round about, that no man could come to it: and vpon the same was written this Epitaph:

Here lyes a wretched corse, of wretched soule bereft:
Seeke not my name: a plague consume you wicked wretches
left.

It is reported that Timon himselfe, when he liued, made this Epitaph: for that which is commonly rehearsed, was not his, but made by the Poet Callimachus:

Here lye I Timon, who aliue all liuing men did hate:
Passe by, and curse thy fill: but passe, and stay not here
thy gate." —North's Plutarch, c. 38.

The former epitaph appears as follows in Painter:

My wretched catife dayes,
Expired now and past:
My carren corps intered here,
Is faste in grounde:
In waltring waues of swel-
ling sea, by surges cast,
My name if thou desire,
The gods thee doe confounde.

It can only be by an oversight that both the epitaphs from North's Plutarch have been left in the text; it will be seen that they are copied verbatim with the change of *wretches* to *caitiffs* (line 71), perhaps suggested, as Malone remarks, by Painter's version. Rolfe says: "They [the two epitaphs] are inconsistent with each other, and Shakespeare cannot have meant to use more than one of them. He seems to have written both in the MS. when hesitating between them, and afterwards to have neglected to strike one out."

228. Line 76: *Scorn'dst our brains' flow.*—Steevens quotes Sir Gyles Goosecappe (1606): "I shed not the *teares of my Briyne*, but the teares of my soule" (act ii. sc. 1; Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 34); and

> But he from rocks that fountains can command,
> Cannot yet stay the *fountains of his brain.*
> —Drayton, The Miracles of Moses.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TIMON OF ATHENS.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
*All-shunned..	iv.	2	14
Apperil.....	i.	2	32
Approachers ..	iv.	3	216
Ardent.....	iii.	3	34
Argument[1]....	ii.	2	187
Backwardly...	iii.	3	18
Balsam.....	iii.	5	110
Black-cornered	v.	1	47
Blains.....	iv.	1	28
Bountifully....	iii.	2	59
Briber	iii.	5	61
Bridge[2].....	iv.	3	158
Caked	ii.	2	225
Cantherizing ..	v.	1	136
Carper.....	iv.	3	209
Castigate.....	iv.	3	240
Caudle (verb)..	iv.	3	226
Close[3] (sub.)..	v.	1	208
Cock[4]	ii.	2	171
*Cold-moving..	ii.	2	221
Composture ...	iv.	3	444
Conceptious...	iv.	3	187
Conditioned[5]..	iv.	3	533
Confectionary..	iv.	3	260
Confluence	i.	1	42
Contentless....	iv.	3	245
Corporate	ii.	2	213
Covetously	iv.	3	408
Crossed[6].....	i.	2	168
Crust (verb)....	iii.	6	109
*Curled-pate ..	iv.	3	160
Date-broke....	ii.	2	38
Decimation....	v.	4	31
Dedication[7]...	i.	1	19
Defiler.....	iv.	3	383
Detention.....	ii.	2	39
Dialogue[8] (verb)	ii.	2	52
Dich.....	i.	2	73
Distasteful....	ii.	2	220
Dividant.....	iv.	3	5
Droplets.....	v.	4	76
Drugs[9] (sub.)..	iv.	3	254
Enforcedly....	iv.	3	241
Ensear.....	iv.	3	187
Exceptless	iv.	3	502
Excrement[10]..	iv.	3	445
Exhaust	iv.	3	119
*Falling-from..	iv.	3	402
Fang (verb)....	iv.	3	23
*Fast-lost.....	ii.	2	180
*Feast-won....	ii.	2	180
Foals (verb)....	ii.	1	9
Foam[11] (sub.)..	iv.	3	379
	v.	1	53
Fragile.....	v.	1	204
Free-hearted ..	iii.	1	10
Glass-faced....	i.	1	58
Gluttonous....	iii.	4	52
Grave-stone[12]..	iv.	3	380
	v.	1	222
	v.	4	67
Greases (verb).	iv.	3	195

[1] = contents; frequently used in other senses.

[2] = the bony part of the nose; elsewhere used in its ordinary sense.

[3] = enclosure; used in other senses.

[4] = a spout; used in other senses.

[5] = limited.

[6] = furnished with money.

[7] = something devoted or inscribed; elsewhere used twice in other senses.

[8] Lover's Complaint, 132.

[9] = drudges? elsewhere used in its ordinary sense.

[10] = alvine discharges; = hair, beard, in other passages.

[11] Lucrece, 1442.

[12] In the three instances where this word occurs, F. 1 prints *graues stone, graues-stone, graues-stones.*

WORDS PECULIAR TO TIMON OF ATHENS.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Half-caps.....	ii.	2	221
Hem (sub.).....	v.	4	66
High-viced.....	iv.	3	109
Hinge (verb)...	iv.	3	211
Hips[1].....	iv.	3	422
*Honest-natured	v.	1	89
Indisposition..	ii.	2	139
Infected[2] (adj.)	iv.	3	202
Ingeniously....	ii.	2	230
Inseulpture ...	v	4	67
Inviting (sub.).	iii.	6	11
Kind (adv.)....	i.	2	225
King-killer....	iv.	3	382
Lag (sub.).....	iii.	6	90
Large-handed .	iv.	1	11
Leech.....	v.	4	84
Liquorish	iv.	3	194
Living[3] (sub.)..	v.	1	190
*Long-since-due	ii.	2	39
Made-up.....	v.	1	101
Mangy.....	iv.	3	371
Manslaughter..	iii.	5	27
Marbled.....	iv.	3	191
Mast-acorns...	iv.	3	422
*Milk-paps....	iv.	3	115
*Minute-jacks.	iii.	6	107
Mire[4] (verb)...	iv.	3	147
Misanthropos..	iv.	3	53
Misbegot.....	iii.	5	29
Mischief (verb)	iv.	3	475
Monstrousness	iii.	2	79
Mountant.....	iv.	3	135
Mouth-friends.	iii.	6	99
Night-rest.....	iv.	1	17
Nutriment	iii.	1	61
Oathable.....	iv.	3	135
Oozes (verb)...	i.	1	21
Opulency.....	v.	1	38
Page (verb)....	iv.	3	224
Passive.....	iv.	3	254
Pencilled[5].....	i.	1	159
Penurious.....	iv.	3	92
Periods (verb).	i.	1	99
Plough-torn...	iv.	3	193
Pregnantly....	i.	1	92
Procreation....	iv.	3	4
Rampired.....	v.	4	47
Recanter.....	v.	1	149
Recoverable ..	iii.	4	13
Regardfully....	iv.	3	81
Regular.....	v.	4	61
Reliances.....	ii.	1	22
Repugnancy ..	iii.	5	45
Respectively ..	iii.	1	8
Rioter	iii.	5	68
Roofs[6].....	iv.	3	144
Rose-cheeked[7]	iv.	3	86
Rot (sub.).....	iv.	3	64
Rother.....	iv.	3	12
Sacrificial.....	i.	1	81
Sermon (verb).	ii.	2	181
She-beggar....	iv.	3	273
Shudders (sub.)	iv.	3	137
Skip (verb tr.).	iv.	3	110
Slave-like.....	iv.	3	205
Softness.....	v.	1	36
Solidares.....	iii.	1	46
Sorrowed.....	v.	1	152
*Sour-cold.....	iv.	3	239
Spilth.....	ii.	2	169
Spital-house ..	iv.	3	39
Steepy[8].....	i.	1	75
Straggling[9]....	v.	1	7
Suitable	iii.	6	92
Sweep (sub.)..	i.	2	137
Tendance[10]....	i.	1	80
Throughout (adv.)	v.	1	212
Towardly.....	iii.	1	37
Tract[11].....	i.	1	50
Traversed.....	v.	4	7
Trenchant.....	iv.	3	115
Trencher-friends	iii.	6	106
Trusters[12]	iv.	1	10
Try (subst.).....	v.	1	11
Tub-fast[13].....	iv.	3	87
Unagreeable...	ii.	2	41
Unaptness.....	ii.	2	140
Unbolt[14].....	i.	1	51
Uncharged[15] ..	v.	4	55
Unchecked[16]..	iv.	3	447
Unclue	i.	1	168
Uncover.....	iii.	6	96
Unctious.....	iv.	3	196
Unpeaceable ..	i.	1	280
Unremovably ..	v.	1	227
Untirable.....	i.	1	11
Unwisely[17]....	ii.	2	183
Usuring.....	iii.	5	110
	iv.	3	516
Voiced[18].....	iv.	3	81
Wappened	iv.	3	38
Wards[19].....	iii.	3	38
Whittle.....	v.	1	183
*Window-bars .	iv.	3	116
Wondrously...	iii.	4	71
Wrench (sub.).	ii.	2	218

[1] = fruit of the dog-rose.
[2] Lover's Complaint, 323.
[3] = life; Lover's Complaint, 238. Used elsewhere in its ordinary senses.
[4] = to sink in mud.
[5] Lucrece, 1497.
[6] = skulls; used frequently in other senses.
[7] Venus and Adonis, 3.
[8] Sonnet lxiii. 5.
[9] Lucrece, 428.
[10] = persons attending; used = care, attention, in i. 1. 57; Cymb. v. 5. 53; Henry VIII. iii. 2. 149.
[11] = trace, track.
[12] = creditors.
[13] Printed as one word in F. 1.
[14] = to reveal; = to unfasten, Troilus, iv. 2. 3.
[15] = unassailed.
[16] = unrestrained; = uncontradicted, in Mer. of Ven. iii. 1. 2.
[17] Lucrece, 10.
[18] = proclaimed.
[19] Of a door-lock; Lucrece, 303; Sonnet xlviii. 4.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

None.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note 64. ii. 1. 35: *And have the* DEBTS *in. Come!*

,, 65. ii. 2. 5, 6:

never mind
Was EVER *so unwise, to be so kind.*

,, 122. iii. 6. 89: *The rest of* MY FRIENDS, *O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction.*

CYMBELINE.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY
H. A. EVANS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, king of Britain.
CLOTEN, son to the Queen by a former husband.
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, a gentleman, husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore
ARVIRAGUS, } and Cadwal, supposed sons to Morgan.
PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.
IACHIMO, friend to Philario, }
A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.
CORNELIUS, a physician.
Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.
Two Gentlemen of the same.
Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline.
IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.
HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE—Sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Latter part of the first century B.C.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

Twelve days, with intervals.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1–3.—Interval; Posthumus's journey to Rome.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 4.—Interval; Iachimo's journey to Britain.
Day 3: Act I. Scenes 5 and 6; Act II. Scene 1 and part of Scene 2.
Day 4: Act II. Scene 2, in part, and Scene 3; Act III. Scene 1.—Interval; Iachimo's return journey to Rome.
Day 5: Act II. Scenes 4 and 5.—Interval; time for Posthumus's letters from Rome to arrive in Britain.
Between Days 5 and 6: Act III. Scene 7.
Day 6: Act III. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval, including one clear day; Imogen and Pisanio journey to Wales.
Day 7: Act III. Scene 4.—Interval, including one clear day; Pisanio returns to court.
Day 8: Act III. Scenes 5 and 6.—Interval, including one clear day; Cloten journeys to Wales.
Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval, a few days perhaps.
Day 10: Act IV. Scene 3.
Day 11: Act IV. Scene 4.
Day 12: Act V. Scenes 1–5.

CYMBELINE.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

Cymbeline was first printed in the Folio, but our earliest mention of the play occurs in the MS. of Dr. Simon Forman, the astrologer, already quoted by Mr. Symons in his Introduction to Macbeth. Forman witnessed a performance of Macbeth on April 20th, 1610, and one of The Winter's Tale (the only other Shakespearian drama mentioned by him) on May 15th, 1611, both at the Globe Theatre, but he gives no date for the performance of Cymbeline; it cannot, however, be later than September, 1611, the date of his death. The following is his account:—"*Of Cimbalin King of England.*—Remember also the storri of Cymbalin, King of England in Lucius tyme; howe Lucius cam from Octavus Cesar for tribut, and being denied, after sent Lucius with a greate armi of souldiars, who landed at Milford Haven, and affter wer vanquished by Cimbalin, and Lucius taken prisoner; and all by means of three outlawes, of the which two of them were the sonns of Cimbalin, stolen from him when they were but two yers old by an old man whom Cymbalin banished, and he kept them as his own sonns twenty yers with him in a cave; and howe of [? one] of them slewe Clotan, that was the quens sonn, goinge to Milford Haven to sek the love of Innogen, the kinges daughter, whom [*sic*] he had banished also for lovinge his daughter; and howe the Italian that cam from her love conveied himself into a cheste, and said yt was a chest of plate sent from her love and others to be presented to the kinge; and in the deepest of the night, she being aslepe, he opened the cheste, and came forth of yt, and vewed her in her bed, and the markes of her body, and toke awai her braslet, and after accused her of adultery to her love, &c., and in thend howe he came with the Romains into England, and was taken prisoner, and after reveled to Innogen, who had turned herself into mans apparrell, and fled to mete her love at Milford Haven, and chanchsed to fall on the cave in the wodes wher her two brothers were; and howe, by eating a sleping dram, they thought she had bin deed, and laid her in the wodes, and the body of Cloten by her in her loves apparrell that he left behind him; and howe she was found by Lucius, etc."

If Cymbeline was a new play when Forman made these notes, it must be assigned to the years 1610 or 1611, and this date would be in accordance with the conclusions drawn from internal evidence—considerations, that is, of style and metre—which would bring it near to The Winter's Tale and The Tempest. It is impossible, in the present state of our knowledge, to be more precise, but there is a certain looseness of construction about the play which undoubtedly gives some colour to the theory of a double date advocated by Fleay and Ingleby. According to this theory some scenes were written as early as 1606 or 1607, and the rest in 1609 or 1610, but the two critics differ as to which scenes belong to the earlier and which to the later date. According to Fleay the part derived from Holinshed belongs to the earlier date, while Ingleby thinks that the earlier-written scenes are the bedchamber scene, ii. 2; Cymbeline's defiance of the Romans, iii. 1; and the whole of act v. except the first scene. Knight also, after Coleridge and Tieck, believed the play to be a "youthful sketch" afterwards elaborated. But after all has been said, these theories, like so many other conjectures of the kind with which the Shakespearian student is familiar, fail to rise above the rank of unproven, though extremely interesting, hypotheses. In the present case Fleay's strongest point—indeed almost his

only point—is an inconsistency which he notes in the character of Cloten: "In the later version he is a mere fool (see i. 3; ii. 1); but in the earlier parts he is by no means deficient in manliness, and the lack of his 'counsel' is regretted by the King in iv. 3" (Life and Work of Shakespeare, p. 246); while Ingleby relies partly on certain resemblances to Macbeth,—which, however, need not prove more than that for some reason or other, such as a reperusal, or a stage revival, which we know from Forman did actually take place in 1610, this play was fresh in the author's mind at the time when he was composing Cymbeline (see note 95 on ii. 2);—and partly on the fact that Iachimo's narrative of the wager in v. 5. 153, &c., resembles Boccaccio's story rather than the account in i. 4 (see note 326 on this passage).

As to the source of the plot, Shakespeare has fitted a story of Boccaccio into an historical framework derived from Holinshed. An account of the latter will be found in note 1 on the Dramatis Personæ: Boccaccio's story is the ninth of the second day of the Decameron. The following is an outline of it:[1]—

A company of Italian merchants meeting at an inn in Paris fell one evening after supper to discussing their wives whom they had left at home. Three of them had but little opinion of the constancy of their ladies, but one, Bernabo Lomellini of Genoa, stoutly maintained that his wife was proof against all assaults and would continue so, however long he might be absent from her. This excessive confidence on Bernabo's part was met with derision by a young merchant of Piacenza called Ambrogiuolo, who affirmed that had he the opportunity he would in brief space of time bring Bernabo's wife to that which he had already gotten of other women. Bernabo offered to stake his life upon his wife's honesty, but was persuaded by Ambrogiuolo, who had no lust for his blood, to lay five thousand gold florins, against a thousand of his, and then after a written agreement had been drawn up, Ambrogiuolo departed to Genoa. Here on inquiry he found that all, and more than all that Bernabo had told him of Ginevra (for such was the lady's name), was true, "wherefore him seemed he was come on a fool's errand." However, he managed to bribe a poor woman who was a dependent of Ginevra to bring him in a chest "into the gentlewoman's very bedchamber, where, according to the ordinance given her of him, the good woman commended it to her care for some days as if she had a mind to go somewhither." In the night accordingly, when he judged the lady to be asleep, he opened the chest and "came softly out into the chamber where there was a light burning, with whose aid he proceeded to observe the ordinance of the place, the paintings and every other notable thing that was therein and fixed them in his memory." He also noted a mole which Ginevra had "under the left pap and about which were sundry little hairs as red as gold." He then took "from one of her coffers a purse and a night-rail, together with sundry rings and girdles, and laying them all up in his chest, returned thither himself and shut himself up therein as before; and on this wise he did two nights without the lady being ware of ought. On the third day the good woman came back for the chest," and Ambrogiuolo rewarded her according to his promise, and returned with all speed to Paris. There he called together the merchants and declared that he had won the wager; "and to prove this to be true, he first described the fashion of the chamber and the paintings thereof and after showed the things he had brought with him thence, avouching that he had them of herself. Bernabo confessed the chamber to be as he had said and owned, moreover, that he recognised the things in question as being in truth his wife's; but said that he might have learned from one of the servants of the house the fashion of the chamber and have gotten the things in like manner;" then Ambrogiuolo described the mole he had observed on Ginevra's breast, and Bernabo, to whom this "was as if he had gotten a knife-thrust in the heart, such anguish did he feel," confessed that what he said was true, and paid the wager in full. After this Bernabo set out for Genoa, and halting at a country house of his about a score of miles from the city, he sent on a servant with a letter to his wife, bidding her come to him there, at the same time giving secret orders to the servant to put her to death on the road. Accordingly the man delivered the letter, and "was received with great rejoicing by the lady, who on the morrow took horse with him and set out for their country house." At a convenient place on the road the man halted and bade her prepare for instant death; he knew not, he said, wherein she had offended her husband, but that his master had commanded him on pain of hanging to put her to death. "Whereupon quoth the lady, weeping, 'Alack, for God's sake, consent not to become the murderer of one who hath never wronged thee, to serve another! God who knoweth all knoweth that I never did aught for which I should receive such a recompense from my husband. But let that be; thou mayest, an thou wilt, at once content God and thy master and me, on this wise; to wit, that thou take these my clothes and give me but thy doublet and a hood and with

[1] The quotations are from Mr. John Payne's translation, 1886.

the former return to my lord and thine and tell him that thou hast slain me; and I swear to thee by that life which thou wilt have bestowed on me, that I will remove hence and get me gone into a country whence never shall any news of me win either to him or to thee or into these parts.'" The servant did as she begged him, and returned with her clothes to his master, to whom he declared that he had fulfilled his commands and had left the lady's dead body among a pack of wolves. Ginevra, in her man's disguise, betook herself to the coast, where she engaged herself as a servant to a Catalan gentleman, who happened to have come ashore to refresh himself, under the name of Sicurano da Finale. With this gentleman she sailed to Alexandria, where she attracted the notice of the Sultan, and was given to him as a page by the Catalan. She soon rose in the Sultan's favour, and was appointed by him captain of the guard, which was sent to protect the interests of the merchants at the annual fair at Acre. Now it happened that Ambrogiuolo had also come to Acre to the fair, and was one day in the shop of certain Venetian merchants, where he exposed his merchandise for sale, when Ginevra entered and recognised among other trinkets the very purse and girdle which Ambrogiuolo had stolen from her. She asked where Ambrogiuolo had got them, and he replied that they were a love token from his paramour Madam Ginevra, wife of Bernabo Lomellini, at the same time recounting the story of the wager. Thereupon Ginevra "perceiving this fellow to have been the occasion of all her ills, determined not to let him go unpunished therefor," and to this end she "clapped up a strait acquaintance with him," and, when the fair was over, persuaded him to accompany her back to Alexandria. Here she lent him money to trade with, and meantime found means through the agency of certain Genoese merchants, who were then at Alexandria, to have Bernabo brought thither also. Then she caused both Ambrogiuolo and Bernabo to be brought before the Sultan, and by dint of threats, the whole truth was extorted from the former, who expected "no worse punishment therefor than the restitution of the five thousand gold florins and of the stolen trinkets." Bernabo was also interrogated, and confessed that he had caused a servant of his to put his wife to death. Ginevra's time was now come; she offered to produce the lady, if the Sultan would vouchsafe to punish the deceiver and pardon the dupe. The Sultan, "disposed in the matter altogether to comply with Sicurano's wishes," consented, and Ginevra then discovered herself. Ambrogiuolo was put to a painful death,[1] but Bernabo and Ginevra returned to Genoa "with great joyance and exceeding rich."

[1] It may be noticed, as another link between Cymbeline and The Winter's Tale, that Boccaccio's description of this punishment furnished Autolycus with the mock sentence which he passes on the young clown: Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 812 and note.

It is uncertain whether Shakespeare read the story in the original or in a translation. No complete translation of the Decameron into English existed before 1620, but there were earlier partial versions. Steevens had seen "a deformed and interpolated" English imitation of this story, printed at Antwerp in 1518. Another adaptation occurs in a collection of tales called Westward for Smelts, from which Malone and Ingleby think Shakespeare drew some of his incidents; but it is extremely doubtful whether he ever saw it, for though Steevens and Malone speak of an edition of 1603, none is now known earlier than 1620.[2] The reader, however, who wishes to form his own opinion on this point will find the story printed *in extenso* in Boswell's Malone, vol. xiii., and in Hazlitt's Collier's Shakespeare's Library, part I. vol. ii. Cymbeline is the last play in the Folio, where, though in fact a comedy, it is entitled The Tragedie of Cymbeline. As against the suggestion that it was included in the volume as an afterthought, the fact that the signatures, as well as the paging, are continuous with those of the play preceding (Antony and Cleopatra) may go for what it is worth.

STAGE HISTORY.

Concerning Cymbeline early records are all but silent. Mr. Fleay in his "Chronicle History" assumes that it was written in part in 1606, just after Lear and Macbeth, "for which the same chronicler had been used" (p. 246), and was produced in 1609 after the Roman plays and before The Winter's Tale. These dates may be taken as approximately correct. In the curious autograph pamphlet of Dr. Simon Forman, the famous astrologer in the Ashmole collection of manuscripts, is a reference to a performance, undated, of Cymbeline, and as Forman died in September, 1611, it must have been earlier than that date. The punning title, for such it is to be feared

[2] The entry of this 1620 edition in the Stationers' Registers is dated 15th Jan. 1619-20, and is entered, with all the form of a new publication, as written by "Kinde Kit of Kingstone."

it must be judged, of Forman's tract is "The Bocke of Plaies and Notes therof per Formans for common policie," and the account, curious as an early analysis of a plot, is transcribed by Halliwell-Phillipps, Outlines of the Life of Shakspeare, ii. 86, ed. 1886, and given in our Literary History (see p. 75).

From this period a leap of near a century and a half is taken before anything further is heard concerning Cymbeline. On the 8th November, 1744, at the Haymarket, then under the management of Theophilus Cibber, Cymbeline was revived. No cast is preserved. In her autobiography Mrs. Charke says, "I went to the Hay-market, where my brother revived the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet, and would have succeeded by other pieces he got up, in particular by the run of Cymbeline, but was obliged to desist by virtue of an order from the L——d C——n (Lord Chamberlain): I imagine partly occasioned by a jealousy of his having a likelihood of a great run of the last-mentioned play; and which would of course been detrimental, in some measure, to the other houses" (p. 168, ed. 1755). In these sentences Genest finds pretty clear proof that the play in question was Shakespeare's Cymbeline and not D'Urfey's. Cibber was Leonatus. Who was the Imogen is unknown. Most probably it was Miss Jenny Cibber, the daughter of Theophilus Cibber's first wife, Jenny Johnson. She at least played during the same season Juliet in Romeo and Juliet, 11th September, 1744, and Andromache in The Distressed Mother, 20th October, 1744.

This production of Shakespeare's Cymbeline, accepting the rather sanguine assumption of Genest that it is his, had long been anticipated by that of D'Urfey's Injured Princess or the Fatal Wager, 4to, 1682, supposed to have been given the same year at the Theatre Royal, subsequently Drury Lane. This is a mere version of Cymbeline, with alterations in dialogue, characters, and story. Posthumus becomes Ursaces, Shatillion (a Frenchman) replaces Iachimo, and Imogen is lost in Eugenia. Pisanio, the friend of Ursaces, is the father of Clarina, who becomes the confidante of the Princess. The part of Guiderius is given to Arviragus, and the second young prince is called Palladour. The cast with which this wretched adaptation was first given does not survive. In his epilogue D'Urfey says that the piece, which he calls a comedy, was written nine years previously. The scene lies in Ludstown, otherwise London. Its running title is The Unequal Match or the Fatal Wager. D'Urfey has assigned it as a prologue the same verses that had previously served as epilogue to his own The Fool Turned Critic, 4to, 1678. Those who care to follow D'Urfey in his mournful task of mutilation will find in Genest, Account of the English Stage, vol. iv. pp. 331, *et seq.* a full account of the strange web of cloth of gold and cloth of frieze. While lenient in his general judgment upon D'Urfey's work Genest is severe upon the introduction into an early English play of such allusions to his own time as:

> The full-fed city-dame would sin in fear
> The divine's daughter slight the amorous cringe
> Of her tall lover; the close salacious *Puritan*
> Forget th' appointment with her canting brother.

Even more remarkable than the transference of the Puritan to early Britain is the direction given by Ursaces in the third act:

> Fly, sirrah, with this to the packet-boat.

On 7th Jan. 1720, under the title of Cymbeline or the Fatal Wager, D'Urfey's piece was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields with the following cast:—

Cymbeline	= Leigh.
Ursaces	= Ryan.
Shatillion	= Christopher Bullock.
Pisanio	= Boheme.
Cloten	= H. Bullock.
Bellarius	= Ogden.
Palladour	= Egleton.
Arviragus	= Smith.
Iachimo	= Spiller.
Lucius	= Diggs.
Queen	= Mrs. Giffard.
Eugenia	= Mrs. Bullock.
Clarina	= Mrs. Gulick.

Leigh, Ryan, the Bullocks, and Boheme were all actors of mark, and Spiller was at that time the most popular of comedians. The cast must accordingly be regarded as strong, though the

interpreters of the female characters were not specially famous. Nothing, however, is recorded in stage history concerning the performance.

When, eighteen years later, at Covent Garden, D'Urfey's play was revived, 20th Mar. 1738, it was with alterations. It was, indeed, announced as by Shakespeare revised (by D'Urfey). Ryan was then promoted to Cymbeline, Delane was Ursaces, Walker Shatillion, Chapman Cloten, Aston Lucius, Mrs. Hallam the Queen, and Mrs. Templar Eugenia. Little interest seems to have been inspired by this revival, and D'Urfey's play then assumably disappeared from the stage. At Covent Garden, on 7th April, 1746, Woodward for his benefit revived Shakespeare's Cymbeline. Ryan was then Posthumus, Cashell Cymbeline, Hale Iachimo, Johnson Belarius, Bridgewater Pisanio, Woodward Guiderius. Arviragus (with the dirge new set) was played by Beard the eminent singer, who married Lady Henrietta Herbert, Cloten by Chapman, and Imogen by Mrs. Pritchard.

At Covent Garden, on 15th Feb. 1759, a version of Cymbeline altered by William Hawkins was produced. Four years previously an even more inept alteration by Charles Marsh had been published in 8vo. It does not appear, however, to have been played, and is accordingly outside the pale of our notice. In Hawkins' adaptation the effort was to render Shakespeare's play comformable, so far as possible, to those tragic unities with which, following in the wake of the French, English dramatists elected to burden themselves. To obtain this end Iachimo is omitted, Cloten is converted into a serious character, Pisanio, rechristened Philario, is promoted to be a friend instead of the servant of Leonatus, and so forth. Other characters are "improved" (!) in similar fashion, and Hawkins, like other manglers, is vain enough to interpolate his own language with that of Shakespeare. Hawkins' dialogue is, it is needless to say, flat, commonplace, and pitiful. Once more the reader, anxious to see in what manner Shakespeare may be travestied, is referred to the pages of Genest. When Shakespeare is altered by a man of genius such as Dryden, or an actor with a keen eye to the stage such as Garrick, some notice of the irreverence to which he is subjected may be taken. A good-natured dunce, however, like Hawkins, whilom professor of poetry at Oxford University, may be spared any long exhibition in the pillory. Revenge for the outrage was not long delayed. After one or two representations the version was withdrawn. In this ill-conceived and ill-starred adaptation Mrs. Vincent appeared as Imogen in place of George-Anne Bellamy, who declined it, Ryan was Cymbeline, Smith Palador (or Guiderius), Ross Leonatus, Ridout Philario, and Clarke Cloten. The play was acted (query first acted?) at York (see Gentleman, "Dramatic Censor," ii. 95).

Garrick produced Shakespeare's Cymbeline, with some alterations by himself, at Drury Lane, on the 28th Nov. 1761. The changes, confined, with the exception of a few added words, to omissions and transpositions, were fortunate enough to win the unqualified praise of Genest. The cast, weak, except in three or four parts, is as follows:—

Posthumus	= Garrick.
Iachimo	= Holland.
Belarius	= Burton.
Pisanio	= Packer.
Guiderius	= Obrien (*sic*).
Arviragus	= Palmer.
Cymbeline	= Davies.
Cloten	= King.
Imogen	= Miss Bride.

This performance was given sixteen times. It seems, however, to have attracted comparatively little attention. Francis Gentleman, who alternately sponged upon and attacked Garrick, says concerning his Posthumus: "No performer ever knew his own abilities better, or strove more earnestly to keep them in the proper channel, than Mr. Garrick; his revival of this play, were there no other motives but a fresh opportunity of displaying his unparalleled powers, merits a large portion of public praise; for, we are bold to affirm, that considering an actor must make the part, not the part an actor, his astonishing talents were never more happily exerted; this assertion becomes more evident by considering that the falling off from him to any

other person who has since done it, is greater than in any other character; the tenderness of his love, the pathos of his grief, the fire of his rage, and the distraction of his jealousy have never been surpassed, and, possibly, in Posthumus, never equalled" (Dram. Censor, ii. 97, 98). To the Iachimo of Holland, notwithstanding the affectation of the actor, Gentleman assigns a superiority, especially in the last act, over that of Smith, who is credited with possessing the "easy elegance and spirit which the character requires." Gentleman goes out of his way to praise, for its singular merit, the Palador of Frodsham, which, in Hawkins' version, he saw at York. This eccentric genius, as he calls Frodsham, "though he never reached a Theatre Royal, had," he declares, "extensive powers, good feelings, and the advantage of a liberal education," and was often "as great an oddity as ever presented itself to the public eye" (ib. ii. 99). This is the same Frodsham who patronized and perplexed Garrick in an interview held when Roscius was in the height of his power and fame. Cymbeline was revived at Covent Garden 28th Dec. 1767, with Powell as Posthumus, Smith as Iachimo, Clarke as Belarius, Yates as Cloten, and Mrs. Yates as Imogen. Powell's merits were confined to tenderness and he was wanting in rapidity of passion. His impersonation was agreeable, but scarcely more. Yates was praised as Cloten, and Mrs. Yates, though she presented the princely aspects of Imogen, was said to be wanting in "an esssential, elegant innocence" (Dramatic Censor, ii. 102). Among exponents of Posthumus were Reddish, who was weaker than Powell, and Bensley, whose performance is dismissed by Gentleman with a "ha! ha! ha!" Palmer won some reputation as Iachimo; Mrs. Bulkeley and Miss Younge were both welcomed in Imogen, though Mrs. Cibber's very affecting capabilities were "much better suited to the character than those of any other lady we (Gentleman) have ever seen" (ib. ii. 101). When revived at Drury Lane, 1st Dec. 1770, Mrs. Barry played Imogen for the first time. She should have been excellent in the part, but contemporary testimony is slack in testifying to her merits. Reddish was Posthumus, Palmer Iachimo, Dodd Cloten, J. Aikin Belarius, Packer Pisanio, Cautherley Guiderius, and Brereton Arviragus.

Henry Brooke's tragedy of Cymbeline, based upon Shakespeare, was published in 8vo in 1778, but was not acted.

A performance of Cymbeline was given at the Haymarket for the benefit of Bannister, Jun., on 9th Aug. 1782. Young Bannister was for the first time Posthumus, and Edwin, also for the first time, Cloten. Mrs. Bulkeley was Imogen, and Palmer Iachimo. Henderson made his first appearance as Posthumus at Covent Garden 18th Oct. 1784. Quick was for the first time Cloten, and Wroughton for the first time Iachimo. Miss Younge played Imogen, and Hull Pisanio.

John Kemble revived Cymbeline at Drury Lane 21st Nov. 1785, with a cast including—

Posthumus	= Kemble.	Belarius	= J. Aikin.
Iachimo	= Smith.	Pisanio	= Packer.
Cloten	= Dodd.	Queen	= Mrs. Hopkins.
	Imogen = Mrs. Jordan.		

This was announced as Mrs. Jordan's first appearance in the part. So far as regards London this was true. She had, however, more than once played it in the country. Tate Wilkinson refers to a performance in York on 15th March, 1785, which apparently was not the first (Wandering Patentee, ii. 183). The European Magazine says of the impersonation: "From her tragic abilities we think little more than mediocrity is to be expected;" but adds, concerning her Priscilla Tomboy in The Romp, played on the same occasion, that she excelled every performer that we know of at present on the English stage, and almost equalled the celebrated Mrs. Clive. No comment is passed upon Kemble, who had probably played Posthumus before in the country, if not in London. This, however, is his first recorded appearance.

Cymbeline was revived at Drury Lane 29th Jan. 1787, Mrs. Siddons, whose benefit it was, then for the first time appearing as Imogen. In other respects the cast was the same as at the previous representation. Boaden, the biographer of Mrs. Siddons, analyses

and commends her Imogen, without, however, rendering his praise very articulate, or individualizing the character of her acting. He speaks of the "perfect tone" of her reply to Cymbeline's exclamation, "What, art thou mad!"—

> Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were
> A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
> Our neighbour shepherd's son!
>
> —Act i. 2. 148–150.

dwells upon the delivery of the sarcasm as to Cloten, and speaks of "a delineation which continued equally true in every feature to the end" (Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, ii. 217). Such conventional and jejune praise conveys the idea of a favourable but remote impression on the mind of the writer. Subsequently Boaden writes in a guarded style: "When I assert that Mrs. Siddons was the only perfect Imogen that I have ever seen, I am fully aware that some representatives have more exactly answered to the fond and tender delineations of Fidele, which upon her recent loss are made by the two princes, her brothers" (ib. ii. 220). Campbell, who was only ten years old at the time of this performance, but may have seen her in the part at a later date, says: "Mrs. Siddons was peculiarly happy in Imogen. She gave greatness to the character without diminishing its gentleness" (Life of Mrs. Siddons, ii. 103, ed. 1834). He believes, what is quite probable, that a feeling of rivalship with Mrs. Jordan was not quite unconcerned. "In tragic acting she had palpably defeated the Yates and the Crawford; and though Miss Farren still shewed herself in the 'Winter's Tale' as *Hermione*, she had no tragic popularity that could in the least alarm Mrs. Siddons. But Mrs. Jordan had admirers absurd enough to predict her greatness in tragedy; and she had played Bellario and Imogen, with no small celebrity, in the preceding season. By acting Imogen only once, our great actress put a stop to Mrs. Jordan's competition with her on the graver stage. Imogen having to repulse Cloten, and to reprove Iachimo, requires not only sweetness, but dignity of demeanour. Of the latter princely quality the lovely and romping Mrs. Jordan had not a particle" (ib. ii. 103). A letter from Mrs. Siddons to "Mr. Hamilton," a painter, assumably William Hamilton, asks him for a sketch for a boy's dress, to conceal the person as much as possible, and adds: "The dress is for Imogen, but Mrs. Siddons does not wish to have it known." During the season of 1786–87 Cymbeline was frequently played. Before it was again revived another alteration was published in 8vo in 1793. This is by Ambrose Eccles, an Irishman, who aimed at nothing more than the transposition of scenes, and treated in similar fashion King Lear and the Merchant of Venice. His "transpositions" do not seem to have commended themselves to the managers, and his adaptations remained unacted.

On 13th May, 1800, at Covent Garden, Mrs. Pope played Imogen for her benefit, her husband being the Iachimo, Holman the Posthumus, Murray Belarius, and H. Johnston Guiderius. The Monthly Mirror says that Mrs. Pope played the Imogen "with much feeling and propriety" (ix. 366).

Kemble once more revived Cymbeline at Drury Lane, 12th Feb. 1801. Genest pays little heed to this revival, and does not even mention it in his index. It was, however, on a somewhat elaborate scale. Few Shakespearian revivals had received more liberal embellishment. The scene of Imogen's bedchamber, following minutely the picture given of it by Iachimo, was described at the time as one of the most magnificent ever painted for the stage; while of the last scene it is said: "If it were transferred to the canvas by a skilful painter . . . it would form as striking a composition, and as eloquent a specimen of pictorial art, as has ever been produced in this country" (the Monthly Mirror, xi. 197). Kemble's Posthumus is described by the same writer as "dignified, discriminative, and highly impassioned." Mrs. Siddons was not in all respects the Imogen of Shakespeare. Majesty and solemn grandeur were hers, but she failed to show the "softness, delicacy, affectionate tenderness, and interesting distress of Imogen," or to give "an idea of 'that divineness no elder than a boy,'" which interests the young mountaineers. Of the

boy's dress it is said, "a more ill-fancied, not to say disgusting suit of *man-womanish* attire was surely never seen" (ib. xi. 195). Barrymore's Iachimo was respectable, Wroughton was Belarius, Charles Kemble Guiderius, and R. Palmer Cloten.

On this occasion Kemble is believed to have first used an amended version for which he is responsible, in which he changed the name of Belarius to Morgan, Guiderius to Polydore, and Arviragus to Cadwal, and assigned the French gentleman the name of Lewis. On the revival at Covent Garden, 18th Jan. 1806, these names appear on the bill. Kemble had a mania for changing names. The cast of this performance deserves preservation. It is as follows:—

Posthumus = Kemble.	Cloten = Farley.
Iachimo = Cooke.	Pisanio = Claremont.
Polydore = H. Johnston.	Cymbeline = Cresswell.
Cadwal = Brunton.	Lewis = Treby.
Morgan = Murray.	Imogen = Miss Smith.

Queen = Mrs. Saint Leger.

The name of the actor who played Lewis was Tebay, but Kemble, in the exercise of his whim, insisted on calling him Treby. For Young's benefit at Covent Garden, 3rd June, 1812, that actor appeared as Iachimo to Kemble's Posthumus, C. Kemble's Polydore, and Mrs. H. Johnston's Imogen. Kemble and Young reappeared in these parts at the same house, 29th May, 1816, when Terry for the first time was Morgan, Liston for the first time Cloten, and Miss Stephens for the first time Imogen, Egerton and his wife being respectively Cymbeline and the Queen.

When, for Farley's benefit, 2nd June, 1825, Cymbeline was again given at Covent Garden, Charles Kemble was Posthumus, and Miss Foote Imogen. On 9th Feb. 1829, at Drury Lane, Young was Posthumus, Cooper Iachimo, and Miss Phillips for the first time Imogen.

Macready had essayed Posthumus in Newcastle in the season of 1811–12. His first appearance in it in London took place at Covent Garden, 30th June, 1818, for the benefit of "Sally" Booth, who played Imogen. His own comment on his performance is simply that as a Shakespearian character added to his list it was firm ground to him (Reminiscences, ed. Pollock, i. 168). He repeated the performance at Drury Lane, 10th May, 1826, to the Iachimo of Bennett and the Imogen of Miss Foote, and played it in Edinburgh in 1829, Miss Smithson, afterwards Madame Berlioz, being, assumably, the Imogen, and the houses being "empty" (Dibdin, Annals of the Edinburgh Stage, p. 328). On 16th October, 1833, at Covent Garden, he acted Posthumus "with freedom, energy, and truth, but there must have been observable an absence of all finish" (Diary in Reminiscences, ii. 388). Later, 18th May, 1837, upon a performance in which Miss Helen Faucit was the Imogen, he writes: "Acted Posthumus in a most discreditable manner, undigested, unstudied. Oh, it was most culpable so to hazard my reputation! I was ashamed of myself. I trust I shall never so commit myself again. The audience applauded, but they knew not what they did. They called for me with Miss Faucit, I refused to go on," &c. (ib. ii. 68).

Considerable interest was felt in a revival of Cymbeline at Drury Lane, 22nd January, 1823, which Genest inexplicably omits from his index. Kean and Young played together: the former as Posthumus, the latter as Iachimo. A Miss Williams made as Imogen her first appearance on the stage, was a failure, and was replaced on the 29th by Mrs. W. West, who was little better. A critic, probably Talfourd, in the New Monthly, says that Kean's Posthumus was "fitful, passionate and wayward;—with occasional touches of tender thought and pathetic remorse. His suppressed passion where Iachimo first questions Imogen's virtue was finely portrayed: though his best exertions were reserved for the scene where the scoffer returns apparently triumphant. Here the transitions from indifference to rage, from rage to listening anxiety: from suspense to the agony of conviction, with the relapses into hope and love, were 'hit fiery off indeed'" (vol. ix. p. 106). Young's Iachimo is declared admirable: "The cool dry sarcasms were given with most appropriate voice and gesture; and the descriptions of Imogen, with a poetic fervour which seemed to redeem a part morally despicable, and to cast an in-

tellectual glory around ineffable meanness of purpose and of action" (ib.).

Cymbeline was not one of Charles Kean's Shakespeare revivals. It is probable that he, in common with most actors of his own, previous, and immediately succeeding times, took the character in the course of tuition or of varied experience.

With Cymbeline Phelps opened his third season at Sadler's Wells. Phelps was Leonatus; Geo. Bennett, Belarius; Henry Marston, Iachimo; H. Mellon, Cymbeline; Hoskins, Guiderius; Miss Laura Addison and Mrs. Marston, Queen. This was one of the most successful of the Shakespearian revivals, and won the high praise of Charles Dickens and John Forster. The former wrote from Broadstairs to thank Phelps for the delight he had received from the representation, and praised the "excellent sense, taste, and feeling manifested throughout" (Phelps and Forbes Robertson's Life of Phelps, 389).

In the memories of the older play-goers of to-day the character of Imogen is associated with Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), in whose repertory it remained, and who repeated it during most of her appearances at Drury Lane until 1866. She was indeed during many years an ideal exponent of the part, showing alike the dignity and worth of the character and its sweet feminine seduction and allurement. George Vandenhoff says of this fine actress that "her expression of love is the most beautifully confiding, trustful, self-abandoning in its tone that I have ever witnessed in any actress; it is intensely fascinating (Reminiscences, p 40), words that exactly characterize her Imogen. Cymbeline was played at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, in April, 1872, with Mr. Rignold as Posthumus, Mr. Ryder as Iachimo, Mr. H. Marston as Belarius, Mr. Lewis Ball as Cloten, and Miss Henrietta Hodson (Mrs. Labouchere) as Imogen, a part in which she acted pleasingly and discreetly without making it her own.

There are few of our less-known tragedians, from Cobham downwards, who have not in Britain or in the United States been seen as Leonatus. With no representative, however, since Kemble is the part intimately associated, and Imogen is the solitary possession of Miss Faucit. Of actors whom we must resign to America the elder Booth was the best Posthumus. His performance of it at Covent Garden, 15th March, 1817, with Miss Costello from Cheltenham as Imogen, attracted much attention in consequence of this being a part in which Kean, whom Booth was said to emulate, had not at that time been seen. The Theatrical Inquisitor spoke of it as "fraught with every blemish, obnoxious to the most aggravated correction . . . beyond amendment" (x. 225). A portrait of Booth as Posthumus given by it next month, shows that the impersonation had caused some impression. More favourable verdicts were, however, delivered. "Many passages he gave with great and appropriate energy, some with much dignity, and several in a tone of sarcasm that told with great effect" (quoted in Mrs. Booth's life of Booth, the elder and the younger, p. 42). Boston, 1882. Cooke played Iachimo without adding to his reputation. Miss Foote was also at Covent Garden, 20th March, 1817, a representative of Imogen.

It is perhaps worthy of brief mention that a version of Cymbeline was played at Hackney School on April 24, 27, and 29, 1786, Mr. Dalrymple being Posthumus; Lord H. Fitzroy, Iachimo; Mr. Pelham, Guiderius; Mr. Vere, Pisanio; and Mr. Ponsonby, a name known through many generations in connection with similar entertainments, Philario. A prologue and an epilogue by George Keats were delivered.—J. K.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Although strictly a Comedy, Cymbeline has not inaptly been termed a Tragedy with a happy ending. It has indeed all the elements of a tragedy except the catastrophe, and the pervading seriousness of tone is seldom exchanged for a lighter vein; but for all this the boundary line which marks it off from the great tragedies is unmistakable. It has nothing of the concentration of a Lear or of an Othello, nothing of the awful rapidity of a Macbeth: we seem to be moving in a different atmosphere, and instead of hurrying along

with our eyes intent upon the one all-engrossing object in front of us, we can breathe more freely and look about us, like those who have time to enjoy their journey. For Cymbeline has all the variety of interest and picturesqueness of incident that constitutes a romance; as we advance fresh beauties rise before us, fresh surprises are in store for us, till the last scene we are duly kept in suspense, and the conclusion is all that we can desire. When we come to analyse the play we note that there are three distinct threads of interest, skilfully intertwined it is true, but still distinct: there is the quarrel between Britain and Rome, the story of Imogen and Posthumus, and the story of Belarius and the stolen princes; while as subsidiary topics we have the conjugal thraldom of Cymbeline, and the blustering incompetence of Cloten. In a play thus constructed, it will be evident that we cannot expect the interest to be sustained with the same dramatic intensity as in one with greater unity of plot, and a certain diffusiveness, or perhaps we should rather say freedom, of workmanship will be inevitable. But it is just this freedom which compensates for the loss of intensity. Not wholly occupied with depicting the workings of some masterful human passion, or paralysing human weakness, the poet has time for the elaboration of such scenes as those which describe the life of the outlaws in their mountain home, and the supposed death of Fidele; while amid the fresh cool breezes of the Welsh uplands he allows us to forget for a while the treachery of the crafty Italian and the frenzied agony of his victim.

Yet the play is not merely a series of beautiful pictures, or interesting episodes, such as we are accustomed to find in the productions of dramatists of less renown. Here, as elsewhere in Shakespeare, everything is subservient to the development of character. From this point of view every scene contributes its share to the dénouement, nor is there any falling off observable in the power of the artist; the master-hand is as discernible in these latest creations as in those of any earlier period. And he has put forth all his strength on the central figure of the drama, the matchless Imogen, to speak of whom is to sing one long pæan of praise, and whose very name is as full of music as her voice. In her is to be found everything that makes woman lovable, and there is no situation in which she is placed which does not reveal some fresh beauty in her character. Adversity, instead of crushing her, only serves to make her still more beautiful. Compare her demeanour in the hour of trial with that of Posthumus; *he* bursts forth into a paroxysm of rage against the whole race of woman, *her* first thought is pity for the man who has injured her, and her first fear is that the apostasy of the noble Posthumus will in future cause even the goodly and gallant to be suspected. Shakespeare showed in this how well he understood the difference between the impatience of a man's heart and the patience of a woman's. But impatient and precipitate as he is, Posthumus is a noble character: had he not been so we may be sure that the princess, who knew so well how to put aside the unwelcome overtures of the clownish Cloten, would never have stooped to him; and indeed in the very opening scene Shakespeare takes care that we shall be left in no uncertainty as to what manner of man he is: he would not have us even at the outset cast the slightest reflection on his heroine, and we are assured that though below her in rank, Posthumus was in every respect worthy of her choice. And so he remains to the end; never until he receives what he believes to be convincing proof of the contrary, does he entertain the slightest suspicion of his wife's fidelity, indeed so full of confidence is he that he even accepts a proposal that it should be put to the test, and permits Iachimo to start on his insidious errand. Of the result he clearly has no fear, and only waits for the baffled adventurer's return in order to punish him both in pocket and in person for the insult he had offered to his lady's reputation. But he is outwitted by the Italian, and, as we have seen, the shock brings with it a revulsion of feeling in which hatred and suspicion are as marked as love and confidence had been before, and there is no vengeance short of the death of the supposed offender which can satisfy him. But in time remorse does its work; in calmer moments the form of

"the noble Imogen" rises before him, and when we meet him again, in the fifth act, the one wish of his penitent heart is to expiate his crime by his death. In all this he presents a striking parallel to Othello, and indeed the resemblance between the two stories must strike the most casual reader. Like Posthumus, Othello is frank, noble, and unsuspicious; like him he is deceived, and like him he takes a terrible vengeance: in both, jealousy, when once aroused, works the same dire results, but here the resemblance ceases. Othello's is the stronger nature, and therefore the less easily unhinged; it requires all the art of so accomplished a villain as an Iago to sow the seeds of suspicion and to foster its growth. Of riper years than Posthumus, and of less impulsive temperament, he would never, we may be sure, have become a party to a wager in which his wife's honour was at stake; but on the other hand he would have had a sterner faith in the justice of his vengeance, and we may doubt whether he would have ever relented so long as he believed in the guilt of his victim. At the same time, he would never had the same powerful incentives to repentance as Posthumus: though his love for Desdemona was as great as that of Posthumus for Imogen, he could never have regarded her with the same veneration. Beautiful as Desdemona is, she is not to be compared to Imogen in strength of character, and it is the recollection of the real worth of the Imogen he had known so well that gives its sting to her husband's remorse. Nor had Othello, like Posthumus, any ground for taking upon himself the blame of his wife's transgression. Posthumus, in the anguish of his soul, reflects that it was himself who had given the tempter his opportunity: had he never allowed Iachimo to start upon his fatal enterprise, Imogen would never have fallen, and even now, but for his own guilty rashness, she might have been alive to repent (v. i. 7–11):

> Gods! if you
> Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
> Had liv'd to put on this: so had you sav'd
> The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
> Me, wretch more worth your vengeance.

We could scarcely have had a more striking testimony to her supreme influence for good than this triumph of Imogen over a husband who yet believed her to have been false.

But this is not all; her presence is a spell, which even her would-be seducer is unable to resist, and he too becomes a prey to remorse for his sins against her. As Posthumus of Othello, so is Iachimo a reflection of Iago; but here too the contrast is as marked as the resemblance. Iago, the most complete and most unredeemable villain that Shakespeare ever drew, requires little or no provocation. With a delight in evil for its own sake, and a thorough disbelief in human virtue, he pursues his designs with a mastery of his craft that has something almost splendid in its thoroughness, and his end is as hardened and unrepentant as his life. Iachimo is a villain less accomplished, and his villany is less studied. A gay man of the world, of careless life, with a successful intriguer's estimate of feminine virtue, he at last finds, to his astonishment, a woman who is proof against his advances. Thus baffled, what is he to do? Too vain and too selfish to own himself beaten, he resolves to gain his point by treachery, and defame an honest lady's reputation rather than lose his wager. But, unlike Iago, he is not utterly callous, he is not yet wholly enslaved by vice; and even before he leaves the scene of his knavery the qualms of conscience are awakened (ii. 2. 49, 50):

> I lodge in fear;
> Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

So in the end he too is brought to repentance, and compelled to own the strength of that goodness which he had belied, and that the misgivings with which the very first glimpse of Imogen had inspired had been more than realized (i. 6. 15–18):

> All of her that is out of door most rich!
> If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
> She is alone th' Arabian bird; and I
> Have lost the wager.

And again (v. 5. 147–149)—

> That paragon, thy daughter,—
> For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
> Quail to remember.

A fine study this, the victory of a noble-hearted

woman over two such opposite characters as Posthumus and Iachimo!

It is Imogen who forms the link between the scenes in Wales and the rest of the play. In all her wanderings and disguises she still draws all hearts to her. We note the affection with which she is regarded by the faithful Pisanio, the brotherly love with which she inspires the youthful princes, and the warm regard felt for her by her master Lucius. The fact that the two princes were really her brothers is of course intended by Shakespeare as a partial explanation of their love for her, and the same instinct of affinity, if the expression may be pardoned, is felt by Cymbeline when he looks upon his daughter in her page's dress near the close of the play,—but this is an unconscious influence, and it was above all her personal graces which secured her the welcome which she found in the cave. These scenes before the cave of Belarius are some of the most carefully finished in the play, and among the most beautiful in Shakespeare. In them the poet has borne testimony to his belief in the paramount influence of birth, and the inability of circumstances to eradicate hereditary instincts. The spirit of the two young mountaineers is constantly asserting itself in spite of their rude education and humble surroundings. At the first we see them fretting under the restraints imposed upon them by their foster-father, and eager for other adventures than those which a hunter's life could offer, until, when the noise of the Roman invasion reaches them, they succeed in compelling the old man to join their countrymen in arms, and by their valour turn the fortune of the fight.

In the Queen, Shakespeare has recurred to a type of character which he had already depicted at greater length in Lady Macbeth, and the resemblance is of the closest. Both dominate over the weaker nature of their husbands, both have sacrificed everything to a selfish ambition, nor do either of them shrink from any crime which may help them to gratify it. But in both their physical temperament is too weak to carry them through: powerful as is their determination that evil shall win, and that their hearts shall be steeled against remorse, they are unable to stifle the terrors of the imagination, and both break down under an accumulation of horrors. But while success was fatal to Lady Macbeth, it is the failure of her schemes, consequent upon the loss of her son, that deprives Cymbeline's Queen of the power of combating any longer the tortures of the mind inflicted by her crimes. Unrepentant, and regretting with her last breath that her evil purposes were not effected, she ended (v. 5. 31-33)—

> With horror, madly dying, like her life;
> Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
> Most cruel to herself.

We know not to what nation she belonged, but her wickedness is of a darker and more insidious type than that of the Scottish Queen: she deals in poisonous drugs like the crafty intriguers of the South, and gloats with a fiendish vindictiveness over their effects upon her victims. Unlike Lady Macbeth she has no love for her husband, and the only person for whom she manifests any regard is the son in whom her ambitious schemes are bound up. She and her son perish unpitied and unwept, and their tragic endings are the only shadow which is cast upon the happy picture of reconciliation and forgiveness in which the story culminates.

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!—(Act i. 1 125.)

CYMBELINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods[1]
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king's.
Sec. Gent. But what's the matter?
First Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son—a widow
That late he married—hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.
Sec. Gent. None but the king?
First Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.
Sec. Gent. And why so?
First Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banish'd—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare:—I do not think
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.
Sec. Gent. You speak him far.
First Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself;[2]
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.
Sec. Gent. What's his name and birth?
First Gent. I cannot delve him to the root: his father

[1] *Bloods*, dispositions, temperaments.

[2] *Within himself*, without reaching the limit of his virtues.

Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour[1]
Against the Romans with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success,—
So gain'd the sur-addition Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bedchamber;
Puts to him all the learnings that his time[2]
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was minister'd;
And in 's spring became a harvest; liv'd in court—
Which rare it is to do—most prais'd, most lov'd;
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature
A glass that feated them;[3] and to the graver
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price[4]
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

Sec. Gent. I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

First Gent. His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eld'st of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour no guess in knowledge[5]
Which way they went.

Sec. Gent. How long is this ago?

First Gent. Some twenty years.

Sec. Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd![6]
So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

First Gent. Howsoe'er 't is strange,
Or that[7] the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

Sec. Gent. I do well believe you.

First Gent. We must forbear: here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of[8] most stepmothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you 're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint.—For you, Posthúmus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 't were good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril.—
I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.
[*Exit.*

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserv'd my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,

[1] *His honour*, his honourable name. [2] *Time*, age.
[3] *Feated them*, made them feat or neat, fashioned them. [4] *Price*, value.
[5] *No guess in knowledge*, no guess leading to any certainty.
[6] *Convey'd*, carried off, stolen.
[7] *Or that*, or howsoe'er, *i.e.* in whatever degree.
[8] *After the slander of*, according to the slanderous repute of.

But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.
Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.—[*Aside*] Yet I 'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;[1]
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*
Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!
Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How, how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up[2] my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here [*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on! And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I 'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.
[*Putting a bracelet upon her arm.*
Imo. O the gods!
When shall we see[3] again?
Post. Alack, the king!

[1] *To be friends*, in order to be friends again.
[2] *Sear up*, close up.
[3] *See*, see each other.

Enter CYMBELINE *and Lords.*

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught[4] the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I 'm gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair[5] my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:
I 'm senseless of[6] your wrath; a touch more rare[7]
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.
Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.[8]
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthúmus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me[9]
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What, art thou mad!
Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!
Cym. Thou foolish thing!—

[4] *Fraught*, load, burden. [5] *Repair*, restore.
[6] *Senseless of*, insensible to.
[7] *A touch more rare*, a sorrow more refined.
[8] *Puttock*, a kite.
[9] *Overbuys me*, buys me too dearly.

Re-enter Queen.

They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience.—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.[1]

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly!

[*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*

Queen. Fie! you must give way.

Enter PISANIO.

Here is your servant.—How now, sir! What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together;
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command: he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me: you shall at least
Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Advice*, reflection.

SCENE II. *The same. A public place.*

Enter CLOTEN *and two Lords.*

First Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.[2]—Have I hurt him?

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No, faith; not so much as his patience.

First Lord. Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass,[3] if he be not hurt: it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

First Lord. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] As many inches as you have oceans.—Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] So would I, till you had measur'd how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.

First Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign,[4] but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

[2] *Then to shift it*, then only it would be necessary to shift it.

[3] *A passable carcass*, a body that can be run through, and yet not hurt, a thoroughfare for steel.

[4] *She's a good sign*, she has a good outward appearance.

Clo. You 'll go with us?
First Lord. I 'll attend your lordship.
Clo. Nay, come, let 's go together.
Sec. Lord. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?
Pis. It was, "His queen, his queen!"
Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?
Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.
Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?
Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.
Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.[1]
Pis. Madam, so I did.
Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd them, but[2]
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of space[3] had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.[4]
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest[5] and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming[6] words, comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.
Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.
Pis. Madam, I shall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in Philario's house.*

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note;[7] expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled[8] by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter—wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.[9]

[1] *Ere left to after-eye him*, ere you ceased looking after him. [2] *But*, merely.
[3] *The diminution of space*, the diminution of his image caused by space. [4] *Vantage*, opportunity.
[5] *Mine interest*, my rights to his affection.
[6] *Charming*, working with a charm, magical.
[7] *A crescent note*, a rising reputation.
[8] *Tabled*, set down in a tablet or memorandum.
[9] *Words him a great deal from the matter*, describes him as something very different from what he really is.

French. And then his banishment,—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours,[1] are wonderfully to extend[2] him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality.[3] But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton: let him be so entertained amongst you as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing,[4] to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story[5] him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone[6] my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance[7] of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunn'd to go even with what I heard[8] than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment,—if I offend not to say it is mended,—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded[9] one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 't was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses;[10] this gentleman at that time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified,[11] and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in France, I would abate her nothing,[12] though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.[13]

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison[14]—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I prais'd her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.[15]

Iach. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she 's outpriz'd[16] by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

[1] *Under her colours*, under her banner, on her party.
[2] *Extend*, magnify.
[3] *Without less quality*, without any quality.
[4] *Knowing*, experience.
[5] *Story*, give an account of him, praise him.
[6] *Atone*, set at one, reconcile.
[7] *Importance*, import, matter.
[8] *Shunn'd to go even with what I heard*, avoided conforming to the opinions of others.
[9] *Confounded*, destroyed.
[10] *Fell in praise of our country mistresses*, fell to praising the mistresses of our own countries.
[11] *Qualified*, having all good qualities.
[12] *Abate her nothing*, deduct nothing from her merits
[13] *Friend*, lover.
[14] *A kind of hand-in-hand comparison*, a comparison where the two things compared go hand in hand, or keep pace.
[15] *Enjoys*, possesses.
[16] *Outpriz'd*, exceeded in value.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so your brace of unprizable[1] estimations; the one is but frail, and the other casual;[2] a cunning thief, or a that way accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince[3] the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?
Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe.—(Act i. 4. 136–138.)

have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave[4] here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back,[5] even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd[6] in too bold a persuasion;[7] and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What 's that?

[1] *Unprizable*, invaluable. [2] *Casual*, liable to accident.
[3] *To convince*, as to vanquish.
[4] *Leave*, leave off, cease. [5] *Go back*, give way.
[6] *Abus'd*, deceived. [7] *Persuasion*, opinion.

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more,—a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation[1] of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage[2] against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: but I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue;[3] you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo[4] what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—let there be covenants drawn between 's: my mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here 's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.[5]

Iach. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours;—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduc'd, —you not making it appear otherwise,—for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand,—a covenant: we will have these things set down by lawful counsel,[6] and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve:[7] I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Britain. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers;
Make haste: who has the note of them?

First Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Dispatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam: [*Presenting a small box.*
But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers[8] of a languishing death;
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is 't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in

[1] *Approbation*, making good. [2] *Wage*, wager.
[3] *A custom in your tongue*, a piece of your usual braggadocio.
[4] *Undergo*, undertake. [5] *Lay*, wager.
[6] *By lawful counsel. i.e.* by lawyers.
[7] *Starve*, perish with the cold.
[8] *Movers*, causers.

Other conclusions?[1] I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging,—but none human,—
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues and effects.
Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
But noisome and infectious.
Queen. O, content thee.—
[*Aside*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio!—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.
Cor. [*Aside*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.
Queen. [*To Pisanio*] Hark thee, a word.
Cor. [*Aside*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.
Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.
Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*
Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in time
She will not quench,[2] and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee on the instant thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater,—for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being[3]
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes comes to decay

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam.
—(Act i. 5. 5.)

A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be[4] depender on a thing that leans,[5]—
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
[*The Queen drops the box: Pisanio takes it up.*
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:

[1] *Conclusions*, experiments. [2] *Quench*, cool down.
[3] *His being*, the place where he is.
[4] *To be*, in being.
[5] *Leans*, leans over, and so threatens to fall.

It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—nay, I prithee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her; do 't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still,—to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee: I 'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit Pisanio.*
A sly and constant knave;
Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master;
And the remembrancer of her to hold
The hand-fast[1] to her lord.—I 've given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of leigers[2] for her sweet;[3] and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Re-enter PISANIO *and Ladies.*

So, so;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,
Bear to my closet.—Fare thee well, Pisanio;
Think on my words.
[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do:
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself: there 's all I 'll do for you.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd;[4]—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stol'n,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that 's glorious:[5] bless'd be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.[6]—Who may this be? Fie!

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you,[7] madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.
[*Presents a letter.*
Imo Thanks, good sir:
You 're kindly welcome.
Iach. [*Aside*] All of her that is out of door most rich!
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.
Imo. [*Reads*] "He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him[8] accordingly, as you value your trust—
LEONATUS."
So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What, are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd[9] stones
Upon the number'd[10] beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles[11] so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

[1] *Hand-fast*, contract, *i.e.* her marriage vow.
[2] *Leigers*, ambassadors.
[3] *Her sweet*, *i.e.* Posthumus.
[4] *Banish'd*, *i.e.* in banishment.
[5] *Glorious*, desirous of glory, ambitious.
[6] *Which seasons comfort*, which gives a zest to happiness.
[7] *Change you*, do you change colour?
[8] *Reflect upon him*, look upon him.
[9] *Twinn'd*, like as twins.
[10] *Number'd*, rich in numbers, *i.e.* covered with numerous stones.
[11] *Spectacles*, organs to see with, eyes.

Imo. What makes your admiration?[1]
Iach. It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows[2] the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour,[3] would
Be wisely definite: nor i' th' appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter, trow?
Iach. The cloyed will,—
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running,—ravening[4] first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.
Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps[5] you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks, madam; well.—[*To Pisanio*] Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.[6]
Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*
Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, beseech you?
Iach. Well, madam.
Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord, I mean—laughs from 's free lungs, cries "O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,[7]
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be—will 's free hours languish for
Assured bondage?"
Imo. Will my lord say so?
Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter:
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman. But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he: but yet heaven 's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 't is much;
In you,—which I account his beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. I am one, sir?
You look on me: what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace[8]
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.
Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.
Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul

[1] *Admiration*, astonishment.
[2] *Mows*, wry faces.
[3] *Favour*, features.
[4] *Ravening*, ravenously devouring.
[5] *Raps*, transports.
[6] *Strange and peevish*, a stranger and foolish.
[7] *Proof*, experience.
[8] *Solace*, take delight.

To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here;—should I—damn'd then—
Slaver with lips[1] as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as
With labour; then by-peeping[2] in an eye
Base and illustrious[3] as the smoky light
That 's fed with stinking tallow;—it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.
Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.
Imo. Let me hear no more.
Iach. O dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick! A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery[4]
Would make the great'st king double, to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self exhibition[5]
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil[6] from your great stock.
Imo. Reveng'd!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart that[7] both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,[8]—if it be true,
How should I be reveng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Live, like Diana's priest,[9] betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,[10]

[1] *With lips*, by lips.
[2] *By-peeping*, peeping between whiles.
[3] *Illustrious*, lacking lustre.
[4] *Empery*, sovereignty.
[5] *That self exhibition*, that same allowance.
[6] *Recoil*, degenerate.
[7] *That*, object of *abuse*.
[8] *Abuse*, deceive.
[9] *Priest*, priestess.
[10] *Variable ramps*, various leaps.

In your despite, upon your purse?[11] Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close[12] as sure.
Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!
Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st,—as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart[13]
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us,—he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!—
Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:
The credit[14] that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit.—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance[15]
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd

[11] *Upon your purse*, at your expense.
[12] *Close*, secret.
[13] *Mart*, traffic.
[14] *Credit*, good opinion.
[15] *Affiance*, confidence, faith.

To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err: the love I bear him
Made me to fan[1] you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.
Imo. All's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours.
Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot

Iach. Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure.—(Act i. 6. 135, 136.)

T' entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.
Imo. Pray, what is't?
Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—
The best feather of our wing—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious,[2] being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?
Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.
Iach. They are in a trunk,

[1] *Fan*, winnow, try.
[2] *Curious*, careful, scrupulous.

Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.
Imo. O, no, no.
Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose and on promise
To see your grace.
Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!
Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood[1] my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.
Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You're very welcome.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Britain. Court before Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter CLOTEN *and two Lords.*

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the jack upon an up-cast,[2] to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

First Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is dispos'd to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths, ha?[3]

Sec. Lord. No, my lord; [*aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vex'd more at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?[4]

Sec. Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion[5] that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

Sec. Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

First Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on't!

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

First Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

First Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

Sec. Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You are a fool granted; therefore your issues,[6] being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: what I have lost to-day at bowls I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

Sec. Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and First Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman that

[1] *Outstood*, outstayed.
[2] *An up-cast*, a throw or cast at bowls.
[3] *Ha?* eh? [4] *Sayest thou?* what do you say?
[5] *Companion*, fellow. [6] *Issues*, actions.

Bears all down with her brain; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou dívine Imogen, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots, a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he 'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou mayst stand,
T' enjoy thy banish'd lord and this great land!
[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace: a trunk in one corner of it.*

IMOGEN *in bed, reading; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who 's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours, then: mine eyes are weak:
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I prithee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps. Iachimo comes from the trunk.*
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,[1]
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' enclosed lights, now canopied
Under these windows,[2] white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.[3]—But my design,
To note the chamber: I will write all down:—
Such and such pictures;—there the window;—such
Th' adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such and such;—and the contents o' the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, t' enrich mine inventory:—
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'T is mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip: here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I 've pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more. To what end?
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory?—she hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus: here the leaf 's turn'd down
Where Philomel gave up.[4]—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.—
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare[5] the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three,—Time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. Scene closes.*

[1] *Cytherea*, Venus.

[2] *Windows*, i.e. the eyelids.
[3] *Tinct*, dye.
[4] *Gave up*, yielded.
[5] *Bare*, open.

SCENE III. *The same. An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments in the same.*

Enter CLOTEN *and Lords.*

First Lord. Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

First Lord. But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

First Lord. Day, my lord.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded—(Act ii. 2. 11-14.)

Clo. I would this music would come: I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say it will penetrate.—

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune: if you can penetrate her with your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd[1] flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds[2] begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

Clo. So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider[3] your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs and calves'-guts,[4] nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

[1] *Chalic'd*, cup-shaped.
[2] *Mary-buds*, marigolds.
[3] *Consider*, requite.
[4] *Horse-hairs and calves'-guts*, *i.e.* the fiddle-bow and fiddle-strings.

Sec. Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early; he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE *and Queen.*

Good morrow to your majesty and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?
Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assail'd her with musics,[1] but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits,[2] and be friended
With aptness of the season; make denials
Increase your services; so seem as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless! not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent[3] on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
T' employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen. [*Exeunt all except Cloten.*

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, ho!— [*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands? 'T is gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 't is gold
Which makes the true-man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime hangs both thief and true-man: what
Can it not do and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.—
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?[4]

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There is gold for you;
Sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand. [*Exit Lady.*

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me:[5]
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

---

[1] *Musics*, musicians. [2] *Solicits*, solicitations.
[3] *Forespent*, previously bestowed.

[4] *Ready*, dressed.
[5] *'T were as deep with me*, 't would make as much impression on me.

Clo. This is no answer.
Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing[1]
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.
Clo. To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin:
I will not.
Imo. Fools cure not mad folks.
Clo. Do you call me fool?
Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal:[2] and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,—
To accuse myself,—I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than make 't my boast.
Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,—
One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,—it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties—
Yet who than he more mean?—to knit their souls—
On whom there is no more dependency[3]
But brats and beggary—in self-figur'd[4] knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement[5] by
The consequence[6] o' the crown; and must not foil[7]
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery,[8] a squire's cloth,
A pantler,[9] not so eminent.
Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
Comparative for[10] your virtues, to be styl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd[11] so well.
Clo. The south-fog rot him!
Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.

Enter PISANIO.

How now, Pisanio!
Clo. "His garment!" Now, the devil—
Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—
Clo. "His garment!"
Imo. I am sprited[12] with a fool;
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—go bid my woman
Search for a jewel that too casually[13]
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; shrew me,
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw 't this morning: confident I am
Last night 't was on mine arm; I kiss'd it:
I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.
Pis. 'T will not be lost.
Imo. I hope so: go and search.
[*Exit Pisanio.*
Clo. You have abus'd me:—
"His meanest garment!"
Imo. Ay, I said so, sir:
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.
Clo. I will inform your father.
Imo. Your mother too:
She 's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So, I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*
Clo. I 'll be reveng'd:—
"His meanest garment!"—Well. [*Exit.*

[1] *Knowing*, experience. [2] *Verbal*, outspoken.
[3] *No more dependency*, nothing more dependent.
[4] *Self-figur'd*, tied by themselves.
[5] *Enlargement*, liberty.
[6] *Consequence*, succession. [7] *Foil*, defeat, mar.
[8] *A hilding for a livery*, a menial only fit for a livery.
[9] *Pantler*, pantry-man.
[10] *Comparative for*, i.e. a comparative estimate of.
[11] *Preferr'd*, promoted. [12] *Sprited*, haunted.
[13] *Casually*, accidentally.

SCENE IV. *Rome. An apartment in Philario's house.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.
Phi. What means do you make to him?
Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: in these fear'd[1] hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.
Phi. Your very goodness and your company
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do's commission throughly: and I think
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.
Post. I do believe—
Statist[2] though I am none, nor like to be—
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in Gallia sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when Julius Cæsar
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline
Now mingled with their courages will make known
To their approvers[3] they are people such
That mend upon the world.[4]
Phi. See! Iachimo!

Enter IACHIMO.

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.
Phi. Welcome, sir.
Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.
Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I've look'd upon.
Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.
Iach. Here are letters for you.
Post. Their tenour good, I trust.
Iach. 'T is very like.
Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, t' enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.
Post. The stone's too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.
Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make't apparent[5]
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength

[1] *Fear'd*, mingled with fear.
[2] *Statist*, statesman, politician.
[3] *Approvers*, those who make trial of them, their foes.
[4] *Mend upon the world*, get the upper hand of their neighbours.
[5] *Apparent*, evident.

I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bedchamber,—
Where, I confess, I slept not; but profess
Had that was well worth watching,—it was hang'd
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—
Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me
Or by some other.
Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.
Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.
Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece
Chaste Dian bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves:[1] the cutter
Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.
Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.
Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending[2] on their brands.
Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted you have seen all this,—and praise
Be given to your remembrance,—the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.
Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*

[1] *To report themselves*, to speak and give an account of themselves. [2] *Depending*, leaning.

Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—
And now 't is up[3] again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I 'll keep them.
Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir,—I thank her,—that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell[4] her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me, and said
She priz'd it once.
Post. May be she pluck'd it off
To send it me.
Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?
Post. O, no, no, no! 't is true. Here, take this too; [*Gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't.—Let there be no honour
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage[5] be, to where they 're made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!
Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 't is not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stol'n it from her?
Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't.—Back my ring:
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stol'n.
Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.
Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.
'Tis true,—nay, keep the ring,—'tis true: I 'm sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn and honourable:—they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance[6] of her incontinency

[3] *Up*, put up, put away. [4] *Outsell*, exceed in value.
[5] *Bondage*, binding force, obligation.
[6] *Cognizance*, badge.

Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!
Phi. Sir, be patient:
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuaded well of.[1]

Post. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!—(Act ii. 4. 147.)

To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more?
Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!
Iach. I'll be sworn—
Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.
Iach. I'll deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father:—I 'll do something— [*Exit.*
Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let 's follow him, and pervert[2] the present wrath
He hath against himself.
Iach. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Of one persuaded well of,* of one we have a good opinion of.

[2] *Pervert,* avert.

SCENE V. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards:
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, vengeance!—
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency[1] so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first?—perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cried, "O!"[2] and mounted; found on opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard.—Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion[3]
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be 't lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides,[4] disdain,
Nice[5] longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,[6]
Detest them, curse them:—yet 't is greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.
[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Britain. A room of state in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter in state CYMBELINE, *Queen*, CLOTEN, *and Lords at one door; and at another* CAIUS LUCIUS *and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar—whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever—was in this Britain
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,—
Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it,—for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with

---

[1] *Pudency*, modesty.

[2] *O!* the grunt of a boar is intended.

[3] *Motion*, impulse.

[4] *Change of prides*, capriciously changing one extravagance for another.

[5] *Nice*, squeamish.

[6] *Write against them*, put down my name on the side opposed to them, and so protest against them.

The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of "Came, and saw, and overcame:" with shame—
The first that ever touch'd him—he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; [and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks:] for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglet[1] Fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's-town[2] with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. [Come, there 's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no moe such Cæsars: other of them may have crook'd noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.—] Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,—
[Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world,—against all colour,[3] here]
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. and Lords. We do.

Cym. Say, then, to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws,—whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise[4]
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;—[Mulmutius made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.]

Luc. I 'm sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath moe kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—war and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

[*Cym.* Thou 'rt welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek[5] of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance.[6] I am perfect[7]
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms,—a precedent
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.]

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there 's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain[8] is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

Enter PISANIO, *with a letter.*

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster 's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection

[1] *Giglet*, fickle, like a giglet or harlot.
[2] *Lud's-town*, London.
[3] *Against all colour*, contrary to all show of right.
[4] *Franchise*, free exercise.
[5] *To seek*, seeking.
[6] *Keep at utterance*, defend to the uttermost.
[7] *Perfect*, well informed.
[8] *Remain*, remainder.

Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal! No:
She 's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,[1]
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in[2] some virtue.—O my master!
Thy mind to[3] her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact[4] comes to? [*Reading*] "Do't: the letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:"—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee! Senseless bauble,
Art thou a fedary[5] for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without?—Lo, here she comes.—
I 'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio!

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord,—Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He 'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him,—
Some griefs are med'cinable;[6] that is one of them,
For it doth physic love;—of his content
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—bless'd be
You bees that make these locks of counsel![7] Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:
Though forfeiters[8] you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.[9]—Good news, gods! [*Reads.*

"Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love, LEONATUS POSTHUMUS."

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio,—
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—
O, let me bate,[10]—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind;—O, not like me;
For mine 's beyond beyond,—say, and speak thick,[11]—
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,
To the smothering of the sense,—how far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
T' inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, t' excuse:—but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I 've heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf:—but this is foolery:—
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She 'll home to her father: and provide me presently

[1] *Undergoes*, bears up against.
[2] *Take in*, subdue.
[3] *To*, compared to.
[4] *Fact*, evil deed.
[5] *Fedary*, accomplice.
[6] *Med'cinable*, medicinal.
[7] *Counsel*, secrecy.
[8] *Forfeiters*, those who forfeit their sealed bond.
[9] *Tables*, tablets, letters.
[10] *Bate*, qualify what I say.
[11] *Thick*, fast.

A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's[1] housewife.
Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.
Imo. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS; *then* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how t' adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet[2] through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun. — Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.
Gui. Hail, heaven!
Arv. Hail, heaven!
Bel. Now for our mountain sport: up to yond hill,
Your legs are young; I 'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off;
And you may then revolve what tales I 've told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
[This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;]
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded[3] beetle in a safer hold[4]
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. [O, this life
Is nobler than attending[5] for a check,[6]
Richer than doing nothing for a babe,
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk:
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book[7] uncross'd: no life to ours.]
Gui. Out of your proof[8] you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' the nest, nor know not
What air 's from[9] home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.[10]
Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We are beastly;[11] subtle as the fox for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain[12] that only seems to seek out danger
I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act; nay, many times
Doth ill deserve[13] by doing well; what 's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure:—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name

[1] *A franklin*, a yeoman. [2] *Jet*, strut.
[3] *Sharded*, provided with shards, or wing-cases.
[4] *Hold*, stronghold.
[5] *Attending*, doing service. [6] *Check*, reproof.
[7] *His book*, *i.e.* his ledger.
[8] *Out of your proof*, from your experience.
[9] *From*, away from.
[10] *To stride a limit*, to overpass his bound.
[11] *Beastly*, beast-like.
[12] *A pain*, a labour or trouble.
[13] *Deserve*, get as its reward, earn.

Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings,[1] nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favou
Bel. My fault being nothing,—as I 've tol you oft,—
But that two villains, whose false oaths pre vail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbelin I was confederate with the Romans: so,

Bel. But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language:—he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast—(Act iii. 3. 73-75.)

Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all
The fore-end[2] of my time.—But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language:—he that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;

And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I 'll meet you in th valleys. [*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragu*
How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they 're mine; and, though train' up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thought do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,-

[1] *Hangings*, i.e. fruit. [2] *Fore-end*, earlier part.

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, who
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I 've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, "Thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on 's neck;" even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,—
Once Arviragus,—in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving. — Hark, the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven and my conscience knows
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,
At three and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father.—The game is up.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. Near Milford-Haven.*

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! man!
Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender! If 't be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he 's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy tongue
May take off some extremity,[1] which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*Reads*] "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet [in my bed]; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal."

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 't is slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that 's false to 's bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false! Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour 's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:

[1] *Extremity, i.e.* of pain.

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I'm richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! [All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villany; not born where 't grows,
But worn a bait for ladies.
Pis. Good madam, hear me.
Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took[1] pity
From most true wretchedness: so thou, Post-húmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on[2] all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd
From thy great fail.—] Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 't is empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: do his bidding; strike.
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.
Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: 'gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here 's my heart:—
Something 's afore 't: — soft, soft! we 'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Post-húmus,
That didst set up[3]
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows,[4] shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage,[5] but
A strain of rareness:[6] and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou tir'st on,[7] how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Prithee, dispatch
The lamb entreats the butcher: where 's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding
When I desire it too.
Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this business
I have not slept one wink.
Imo. Do 't, and to bed then
Pis. I 'll wake mine eyeballs blind first.
Imo. Wherefore, then
Didst undertake it? [Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action,[8] and thine own? our horses' labour
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court
For my being absent, whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand
Th' elected deer before thee?]
Pis. But[9] to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have consider'd of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.
Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak
I 've heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound
Nor tent to bottom that.[10] But[9] speak.
Pis. Then, madam
I thought you would not back again.
Imo. Most like
Bringing me here to kill me.
Pis. Not so, neither
But if I were as wise as honest, then

[1] *Took*, took away.
[2] *Lay the leaven on*, vitiate, corrupt.
[3] *Set up*, instigate.
[4] *Fellows*, equals.
[5] *Common passage*, ordinary occurrence.
[6] *A strain of rareness*, a rare impulse or disposition.
[7] *That now thou tir'st on*, on whom thou art now so eagerly set.
[8] *Action*, exertion.
[9] *But*, only.
[10] *Nor tent to bottom that*, nor probe that to the bottom.

My purpose would prove well. It cannot be
But that my master is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.
Imo. Some Roman courtezan.
Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
I should do so: you shall be miss'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.
Imo. Why, good fellow,

Imo. look!
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.—(Act iii. 4. 68-70.)

What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?
Pis. If you 'll back to the court,—
Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, nothing noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.
Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest: prithee, think
There 's livers out of Britain.
Pis. I 'm most glad
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise

That which, t' appear itself, must not yet be
But by self-danger,[1] you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view; yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthúmus,—so nigh at least
That though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.[2]

Pis. Well, then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience[; fear and niceness[3]—
The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman it[4] pretty self—into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
As quarrelous as the weasel; nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan;[5] and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims,[6] wherein
You made great Juno angry].

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit—
['T is in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them:] would you, in their serving,[7]
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season,[8] 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you 're happy,[9]—which you 'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music,—doubtless
With joy he will embrace you; for he 's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy.[10] Your means abroad,
You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.[11]

[1] *Self-danger*, danger to itself.
[2] *Adventure*, run the risk.
[3] *Niceness*, coyness.
[4] *It*, its.
[5] *Titan*, the sun.
[6] *Trims*, dresses.
[7] *In their serving*, with the help they give.
[8] *Season*, period of ripeness, age.
[9] *Happy*, gifted.
[10] *Holy*, virtuous.
[11] *Supplyment*, continuance of supply.

Imo. Thou 'rt all the c
The gods will diet me with. [Prithee,
There 's more to be consider'd; but we'
All that good time will give us:] this a
I 'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a
farewell,
Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My
mistress,
Here is a box; I had it from the queer
What 's in 't is precious; if you 're sick
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of
Will drive away distemper.—To some
And fit you to your manhood:—may t
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee. [*E*

SCENE V. *The same. A room in Cymb
palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, *Queen*, CLOTEN, LU
and Lords.

[*Cym.* Thus far; and so, farewell.

Luc. Thanks, ro
My emperor hath wrote, I must from
And am right sorry that I must repor
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for our
To show less sovereignty than they
needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir: I desire
A conduct overland to Milford-Haven.
Madam, all joy befall your grace!

Queen. An

Cym. My lords, you are appointed f
office;
The due of honour in no point omit.—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, n

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from th
forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the eve
Is yet to name the winner: fare you w

Cym. Leave not the worthy Luciu
my lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!
[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*
Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us
That we have given him cause.
Clo. 'T is all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.
Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely[1]
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.
Queen. 'T is not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily and strongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: she looks us[2] like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We've noted it.—Call her before us; for
We've been too slight in sufferance.[3]
[*Exit an Attendant.*
Queen. Royal sir,
Since th' exile of Posthúmus, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer'd?
Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer
That will be given to the loudest noise we make.
Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.
Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*
Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.
Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.
Queen. Go, look after. [*Exit Cloten.*
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd Posthúmus: gone she is
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son!
Clo. 'T is certain she is fled.
Go in and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.
Queen. [*Aside*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of[4] the coming day!
[*Exit.*
Clo. I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal,
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all,—I love her therefore: but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is chok'd; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools
Shall—

[1] *Ripely*, urgently (the time being ripe for it).
[2] *Us*, to us.
[3] *Too slight in sufferance*, too careless in permitting it.
[4] *Forestall him of*, prevent him living to see, deprive him of.

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What, are you packing,[1] sirrah?
Come hither: ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou 'rt straightway with the fiends.
Pis. O, good my lord!—
Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—
I will not ask again. Close[2] villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
[From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.]
Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in Rome.
Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.
Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!—
Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word,—no more of "worthy lord;"
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.
Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*
Clo. Let 's see 't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.
Pis. [*Aside*] Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this
May prove his travel, not her danger.
Clo. Hum!
Pis. [*Aside*] I'll write to my lord she 's dead.
O Imogen,
Safe mayest thou wander, safe return agen!
Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pis. Sir, as I think.
Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 't.—
Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but
do me true service, undergo[3] those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee
with a serious industry,—that is, what villany soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.
Pis. Well, my good lord.
Clo. Wilt thou serve me? [—for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine,—wilt thou serve me?]
Pis. Sir, I will.
Clo. Give me thy hand; here 's my purse.
Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?
Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.
Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.
Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*
Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven!—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember 't anon:—even there, thou villain Posthumus will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment[4] ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so prais'd,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?
Pis. Aye, my noble lord.
Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

[1] *Packing*, making off, running away.
[2] *Close*, secret.
[3] *Undergo*, undertake.
[4] *Insultment*, triumph over my foe.

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford: would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true.

[*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for, true to thee
Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st.—Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her!—This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed!

[*Exit.*

Scene VI. *The same. Wales: before the cave of Belarius.*

Enter Imogen, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I've tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think
Foundations[1] fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is[2]
A punishment or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorer[3] than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou 'rt one o' the false ones: now I think on thee
My hunger 's gone; but even before,[4] I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to 't: 't is some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness[5] ever
Of hardiness[6] is mother.—Ho! who 's here?

Imo. Ho!—No answer? then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
—(Act iii. 6. 24-26.)

If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho!—No answer? then I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on 't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Goes into the cave.*

[1] *Foundations*, fixed places.
[2] *'T is*, *i.e.* the afflictions are.
[3] *Sorer*, a heavier crime.
[4] *Even before*, just before.
[5] *Hardness*, hardship.
[6] *Hardiness*, hardihood, bravery.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,[1] and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:[2]
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
Will make what 's homely savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty[3] sloth
Finds the down-pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st[4] thyself!
Gui. I 'm throughly weary.
Arv. I 'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we 'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.
Bel. Stay; come not in. [*Looking into the cave.*
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.
Gui. What 's the matter, sir?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
T' have begg'd or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stol'n naught; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd i' the floor. Here 's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal; and parted[5]
With prayers for the provider.
Gui. Money, youth?
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 't is no better reckon'd, but of[6] those
Who worship dirty gods.
Imo. I see you 're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.
Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Milford-Haven.
Bel. What 's your name?
Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I 'm fall'n in[7] this offence.
Bel. Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.
[*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom in honesty:
I bid for you as I do buy.]
Arv. [I 'll make 't my comfort
He is a man;] I 'll love him as my brother:—
And such a welcome as I 'd give to him[8]
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.
Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers.—[*Aside*] Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize[9]
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus.
Bel. He wrings at some distress.
Gui. Would I could free 't!
Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!
Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*
Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them,—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—
Could not out-peer[10] these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I 'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.
Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt.[11]—Fair youth, come in:

[1] *Woodman*, hunter. [2] *Match*, agreement.
[3] *Resty*, disinclined to move, lazy.
[4] *Keep'st*, guardest. [5] *Parted*, departed. [6] *Of*, by.
[7] *In*, into. [8] *To him*, i.e. to my brother.
[9] *My prize*, i.e. the prize Posthumus had in me.
[10] *Out-peer*, surpass.
[11] *Our hunt*, i.e. the game killed in hunting.

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've supp'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.
Gui. Pray, draw near.
Arv. The night to th' owl, and morn to the lark, less welcome.
Imo. Thanks, sir.
Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE VII. *Rome. A public place.*

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

First Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ,—
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off[1] Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute[2] commission. Long live Cæsar!
First Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?
Sec. Sen. Ay.
First Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?
First Sen. With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplíant:[3] the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their dispatch.
First Tri. We will discharge our duty.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Britain. Wales: the forest near the cave of Belarius.*

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather—saving reverence of the word—for 't is said a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber—I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services,[4] and more remarkable in single oppositions:[5] yet this imperseverant[6] thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before her face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father; who may happily be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Before the cave of Belarius.*

Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Bel. [*To Imogen*] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. [*To Imogen*] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I'll abide with him.

[1] *Fall'n-off*, revolted.
[2] *Absolute*, unconditional, with full powers.
[3] *Suppliant*, auxiliary.
[4] *Services*, i.e. military services.
[5] *Single oppositions*, single combats.
[6] *Imperseverant*, undiscerning.

Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton[1] as
To seem to die ere sick: so please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal[2] course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I'm ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me; society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:
I'll rob none but myself[;] and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.
Bel. What? how! how!
Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason: the bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,
"My father, not this youth."
Bel. [*Aside*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I'm not their father; yet who this should be,
Doth miracle itself,[3] lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.]
Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wish ye sport.
Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.[4]
Imo. [*Aside*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I've heard!
Our courtiers say all's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!
[Th' imperious seas breeds monsters; for the dish
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.]
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.
[*Gui.* I could not stir him:[5]
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.
Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said after
I might know more.]
Bel. To the field, to the f
We'll leave you for this time: go in ar
Arv. We'll not be long away.
Bel. Pray, be n
For you must be our housewife.
Imo. Wel
I am bound to you.
Bel. And shalt be ev
[*Exit Imogen into t*
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears l had
Good ancestors.
Arv. How angel-like he si
Gui. But his neat cookery! he cut ou in characters;[6]
And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had be
And he her dieter.
[*Arv.* Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh,—as if the sigh
Was that it was for not being such a s
The smile mocking the sigh, that it wo
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.
Gui. I do
That grief and patience, rooted in him
Mingle their spurs together.
Arv. Grow, pa
And let the stinking elder, grief, untw
His perishing root with[7] the increasing
Bel. It is great morning.[8] Come, a
Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates; t lain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.
Bel. "Those runa
Means he not us? I partly know him;
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear so bush.
I saw him not these many years, and
I know 'tis he.—We're held as o hence!

[1] *So citizen a wanton*, such a town-bred child of luxury.
[2] *Journal*, daily.
[3] *Doth miracle itself*, doth make itself a miracle, is incomprehensible.
[4] *So please you, sir* (spoken to Belarius).
[5] *Stir him*, move him to tell his story.
[6] *In characters*, in the shape of letters.
[7] *With*, from, so as to be no more twined
[8] *Great morning*, broad day.

Gui. He is but one: you and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.
[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*
Clo. Soft!—What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I've heard of such.—What slave art thou?
Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A "slave" without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.—(Act iv. 2. 74, 75.)

A law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence, then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I'm loth to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious[1] thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.
Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'T would move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere[2] confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

[1] *Injurious*, insolent. [2] *Mere*, absolute.

Gui. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, —the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death:
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's-town set your heads:
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt fighting.*

Re-enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.
Arv. None in the world: you did mistake him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell:—long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute[1]
'T was very Cloten.
Arv. In this place we left them:
[I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.
Bel. Being scarce made up,[2]
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension[3]
Of roaring terrors; for th' effect of judgement
Is oft the cause of fear.—] But, see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,—
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head as I do his.
Bel. What hast thou done?
Gui. I'm perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after[4] his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in,[5]
Displace our heads where—thank the gods!—they grow,
And set them on Lud's-town.

[1] *Absolute*, certain. [2] *Made up*, grown up.
[3] *Apprehension*, conception, comprehension.
[4] *After*, according to. [5] *Take us in*, subdue us.

Bel. We're all undone.
Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then why should we be tender
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law?[6] [What company
Discover you abroad?
Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation,—ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head; the which he hearing—
As it is like him—might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in;[7] yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering:[8] then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail,
More perilous than the head.
Arv. Let ordinance[9]
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.[10]
Gui.] With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes he's the queen's son, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear 't will be reveng'd:
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though valour
Becomes thee well enough.

[6] *For we do fear the law!* because we are afraid of the law.
[7] *Fetch us in*, make us prisoners
[8] *Suffering*, permitting.
[9] *Ordinance*, that which is ordained.
[10] *Did make my way long forth*, did make my way forth from the cave seem long.

Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: [I would revenges,
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.]
Bel. Well, 't is done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there 's no profit. I prithee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.
Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I 'll willingly to him: to gain his colour[1]
I 'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,[2]
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*
Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st[3]
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it 's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where 's my brother?
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*
Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!
[*Gui.* Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence even now.]
Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. [The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.]
Is Cadwal mad?
[*Bel.* Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms
Of what we blame him for!]

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *with* IMOGEN *as dead, bearing her in his arms.*

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,
T' have turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
[My brother wears thee not th' one half so well
As when thou grew'st thyself.]
Bel. [O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare[4]
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,[5]
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—]
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at;[6] his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought he slept; [and put
My clouted brogues[7] from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.]
Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he 'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.
Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack

[1] *To gain his colour*, to restore the colour to his cheeks.
[2] *Let blood*, shed the blood of, slay.
[3] *Blazon'st*, proclaimest.
[4] *Crare*, a small trading vessel.
[5] *But I*, *i.e.* but I know.
[6] *Being laugh'd at*, and was being laughed at.
[7] *Clouted brogues*, heavy patched shoes.

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath [: the ruddock[1] would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!—bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse].

Gui. Prithee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration[2] what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be 't so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We 'll speak it, then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's sons, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid[3] for that [: though mean and mighty rotting
Together have one dust, yet reverence—
That angel of the world—doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low]. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit Belarius.*

[*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th' east;
My father hath a reason for 't.

Arv. 'T is true.

Gui. Come on, then, and remove him.

Arv. So.—Begin.]

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,

Arv. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder-stone;

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash;

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign[4] to thee, and come to dust.

[*Gui.* No exorciser[5] harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation[6] have;
And renowned be thy grave!]

Re-enter BELARIUS *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We 've done our obsequies: come, lay him down.

Bel. Here 's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight, more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—[Upon their faces.—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.—]
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

[1] *Ruddock*, redbreast.
[2] *Admiration*, wonder mingled with veneration.
[3] *Paid*, paid out, requited.
[4] *Consign*, subscribe, submit.
[5] *Exorciser*, raiser of spirits.
[6] *Consummation*, summing up, end.

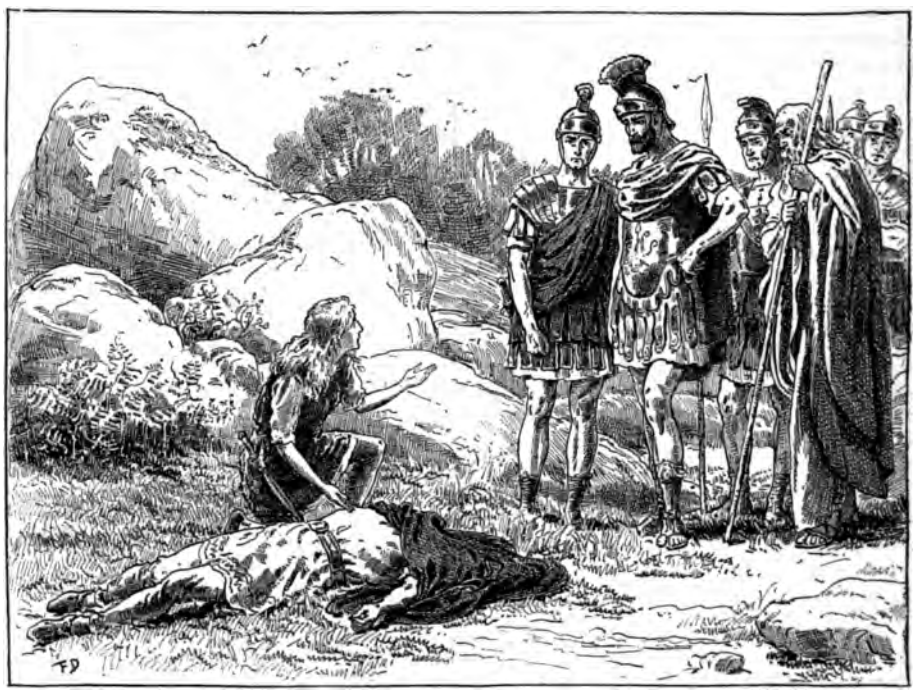
The ground that gave them first has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.
[*Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*
Imo. [*Awaking*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! can it be six mile yet?—
I 've gone all night:—faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O gods and goddesses! [*Seeing the body of Cloten.*
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't.[1]—I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,[2]
And cook to honest creatures: but 't is not so;
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthúmus!
[I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns[3] of Hercules: but his Jovial face—]
Murder in heaven?—How!—'T is gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irregulous[4] devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top![—O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where 's that? Ay me! where 's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
'T is he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here.] O, 't is pregnant,[5] pregnant!
The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!
[*Throws herself on the body.*

Enter LUCIUS, *a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven with your ships:
They are in readiness.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the cónfiners[6]
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.
Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. [Command our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't.—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?
Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,—
I fast[7] and pray'd for their intelligence,—thus:
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spongy south to this part of the west,
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends—

[1] *On 't*, of it.
[2] *Cave-keeper*, dweller in a cave.
[3] *Brawns*, muscular arms.
[4] *Irregulous*, lawless, unprincipled.
[5] *Pregnant*, clear, evident.
[6] *Cónfiners*, those who live in confines, *i.e.* territories.
[7] *Fast*, fasted.

Unless my sins abuse[1] my divination—
Success to the Roman host.
Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—] Soft, ho! what trunk is here
Without his top? The ruin speaks that sometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let 's see the boy's face.
Cap. He 's alive, my lord.
Luc. He 'll, then, instruct us of this body.—
Young one,



Imo. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—(Act iv. 2. 368-370.)

Inform us of thy fortunes; for it seems
They crave to be demanded. Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,[2]
Hath alter'd that good picture? What 's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.
Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining than
Thy master in bleeding: [say his name, good friend.
Imo. Richard du Champ.—[*Aside*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?]

[1] *Abuse*, corrupt, pervert. [2] *Did*, did it, made it.

Luc. Thy name?
Imo. Fidele, sir.
Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,
No less belov'd. [The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer[1] thee:] go with me.
Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century[2] of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain[3] me.
Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.[4]—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.
[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE III. *The same. A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, *Lords*, PISANIO, *and Attendants.*

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 't is with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
[*Exit an Attendant.*
A madness, of which her life's in danger,—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.
Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.
First Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he 's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection[5] loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will,[6] no doubt, be found.
Cym. The time is troublesome.—
[*To Pisanio*] We'll slip you[7] for a season; but our jealousy[8]
Does yet depend.[9]
First Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast; with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.
Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!—
I am amaz'd[10] with matter.
First Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront[11] no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you 're ready:
The want is, but to put those powers in motion
That long to move.
Cym. I thank you. Let 's withdraw;
And meet the time as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away!
[*Exeunt all but Pisanio.*
Pis. I heard no letter[12] from my master since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 't is strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise

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[1] *Prefer*, recommend. [2] *A century*, a hundred.
[3] *Entertain*, employ, take into service.
[4] *Arm him*, take him in your arms.
[5] *Subjection*, service. [6] *Will*, i.e. he will.
[7] *Slip you*, let you go. [8] *Jealousy*, suspicion.
[9] *Does yet depend*, is still in a state of suspense.
[10] *Amaz'd*, bewildered.
[11] *Affront*, bring to the encounter.
[12] *No letter*, not a syllable.

To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all:—the heavens still must work.
Wherein I 'm false I 'm honest: not true, to be true:
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king,[1] or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Wales: before the cave of Belarius.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
[*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? This way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts[2]
During their use,[3] and slay us after.
Bel. Sons,]
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death—we being not known, not muster'd
Among the bands—may drive us to a render[4]
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.
Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.
Arv. It is not likely
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd[5] fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,[6]
To know from whence we are.
Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserv'd my service nor your loves;
[Who[7] find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty[8] of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy[9] your cradle promis'd,
But to be still[10] hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.]
Gui. [Than be so,
Better to cease to be.] Pray, sir, to th' army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be question'd.
Arv. By this sun that shines,
I 'll thither: [what thing[11] is 't that I never
Did see man die! scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison!
Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel!] I am asham'd
[To look upon the holy sun,] to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.
Gui. By heavens, I 'll go:
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!
Arv. So say I,—Amen.
Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys!
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I 'll lie:
[Lead, lead.—[*Aside*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn,[12]
Till it fly out, and show them princes born.]
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *To the note of the king*, so that the king shall take note of it.
[2] *Revolts*, revolters.
[3] *During their use*, as long as they have any use for us.
[4] *A render*, an account.
[5] *Quarter'd*, *i.e.* burning in their quarters.
[6] *Upon our note*, in taking note of us.
[7] *Who*, *i.e.* you who.
[8] *The certainty*, the certain consequence.
[9] *Courtesy*, kindly treatment, gentle nurture.
[10] *To be still*, doomed to be still.
[11] *What thing*, *i.e.* what a thing.
[12] *Thinks scorn*, disdains the thought of anything else.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Britain. The Roman camp.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I am wish'd[1]
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves
For wrying[2] but a little!—O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on[3] this: so had you sav'd
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that 's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,
And make me blest t' obey!—I am brought hither
Among th' Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 't is enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I 'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose: I 'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I 'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I 'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I 'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion,—less without and more within.
[*Exit.*

[1] *I am wish'd*, I am possessed by the wish.
[2] *Wrying*, going astray.
[3] *To put on*, to instigate.

SCENE II. *The same. A field between the Roman and British camps.*

Enter, from one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, IMOGEN, *and the Roman Army; from the other side, the British Army;* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I 've belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me; or could this carl,[4]
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
[If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.]
[*Exit.*

[*The battle continues; the Britons fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken: then enter, to his rescue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us but
The villany of our fears.
Gui. Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the Britons: they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and all exeunt. Then re-enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

[4] *Carl*, churl, peasant.

Iach. 'T is their fresh supplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes
Let 's re-enforce, or fly.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Another part of the field.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a British Lord.*

[*Lord.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?
Post. I did:
Though you, it seems, came from the fliers.
Lord. I did.
Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought: the king himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue[1] with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.
Lord. Where was this lane?
Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country:—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings,—lads more like to run
The country base[2] than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd or shame,[3]—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,
But to look back[4] in frown: stand, stand!"—
These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file when all
The rest do nothing,—with this word, "Stand, stand,"
Accommodated by the place, more charming[5]
With their own nobleness,—which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance,—gilded pale looks,
Part[6] shame, part[6] spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd coward
But by example,—O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon
A rout, confusion-thick: forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd[7] eagles; slaves,
The strides they victors made: and now our cowards—
Like fragments in hard voyages—became
The life o' the need: having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound!
Some slain before; some dying; some their friends
O'er-borne[8] i' the former wave: ten, chas'd by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those that would die or e'er resist are grown
The mortal bugs[9] o' the field.
Lord. This was strange chance,—
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys!
Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
"Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane."
Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.
Post. 'Lack, to what end?

[1] *Lolling the tongue*, i.e. panting, out of breath.
[2] *The country base*, the game, prisoner's base.
[3] *Shame*, modesty.
[4] *But to look back*, merely by looking back.
[5] *More charming*, having more (magic) power.
[6] *Part*, partly. [7] *Stoop'd*, pounced.
[8] *O'er-borne*, overwhelmed.
[9] *Bugs*, bugbears, terrors.

Who dares not stand[1] his foe, I'll be his friend;
For if he 'll do as he is made to do,
I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You 've put me into rhyme.
Lord. Farewell; you 're angry.]
Post. [Still going? [*Exit Lord*] This is a lord! O noble misery![2]
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me!]
To-day how many would have given their honours
To have sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,
And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd,[3]
Could not find death where I did hear him groan,

Post. Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
"Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men."—(Act v. 3. 23, 24.)

Nor feel him where he struck: being an ugly monster,
'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war. Well, I will find him:
Fortune being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I 've resum'd again
The part I came in: fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the answer[4] be
Britons must take: for me, my ransom's[5] death;
On either side I come to spend my breath;
Which neither here I 'll keep nor bear agen,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains and Soldiers.

First Cap. Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'T is thought the old man and his sons were angels.

[1] *Stand*, face.
[2] *O noble misery!* O miserable piece of nobility.
[3] *Charm'd*, protected as by a charm.
[4] *Answer*, retaliation.
[5] *Ransom*, expiation, atonement.

Sec. Cap. There was a fourth man, in a silly[1] habit,
That gave th' affront with them.
First Cap. So 't is reported:
But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who is there?
Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answer'd him.
Sec. Cap. Lay hands on him; a dog!—
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here:—he brags his service
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

[*Enter* CYMBELINE, *attended;* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *Soldiers, and Roman Captives. The Captains present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A prison.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and two Gaolers.*

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you 've locks upon you;
So graze as you find pasture.
Sec. Gaol. Ay, or a stomach.
[*Exeunt Gaolers.*
Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: yet am I better
Than one that 's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
By the sure physician, death; who is the key
T' unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument[2] to pick that bolt,
Then free for ever! Is 't enough I 'm sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?[3]
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desir'd more than constrain'd. To satisfy?[4]
If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
No stricter render[5] of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that 's not my desire:
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;[6]
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit,[7] take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds.—O Imogen!
I 'll speak to thee in silence. [*Sleeps.*

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with music before them: then, after other music, follow the two young* LEONATI, *brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.
Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw?
I died whilst in the womb he stay'd
Attending nature's law:
Whose father then, as men report
Thou orphans' father art,
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.
Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthúmus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!
Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserv'd the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

[1] *Silly*, simple, rustic.
[2] *Penitent instrument*, instrument of penitence, *i.e.* a penitential death.
[3] *Repent*, do penance.
[4] *To satisfy?* *i.e.* Must I satisfy?
[5] *No stricter render*, no more restricted surrender.
[6] *Stamp*, coin.
[7] *Take this audit*, accept this statement of accounts.

First Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel;
Or fruitful[1] object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem[2] his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become[3] the geck[4] and scorn
O' th' other's villany?

Sec. Bro. For this, from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

First Bro. Like hardiment Posthúmus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd[5]
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest
Against thy deity.

Both Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering bank of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is; you know 't is ours.
Whom best I love I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted.[6] Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

First Gaol. You shall not now be stol'n, you 've locks upon you; So grass as you find pasture.—(Act v. 4. 1, 2.)

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine:[7]
And so, away! no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.
[*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath

[1] *Fruitful*, rich in good qualities.
[2] *Deem*, estimate.
[3] *And to become*, *i.e.* and suffer Posthumus to become.
[4] *Geck*, dupe.
[5] *Adjourn'd*, deferred.
[6] *Delighted*, delightful.
[7] *Confine*, state precisely.

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us:[1] his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys[2] his beak,
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.
[*The Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: but—O scorn!—
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born:
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:[3]
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book?[4] O rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled[5] world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise. [*Reads.*

"Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."

'T is still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter First Gaoler.

First Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

First Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cook'd.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

First Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir. But the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty,—the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light being drawn[6] of heaviness: of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor[7] but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die than thou art to live.

First Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

First Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head, then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know; or jump[8] the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink and will not use them.

First Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

[1] *To foot us*, to seize us in his talons.
[2] *Cloys*, strokes with his claw.
[3] *Swerve*, go astray, err.
[4] *A book*, the tablet of line 109.
[5] *Fangled*, fond of finery.
[6] *Drawn*, drawn off, emptied.
[7] *Debitor and creditor*, account-book.
[8] *Jump*, skip.

Post. Thou bringest good news,—I am call'd to be made free.

First Gaol. I'll be hang'd, then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Messenger.*

First Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.[1] Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in 't.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. Cymbeline's tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepp'd before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.
[*Bel.* I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd naught
But beggary and poor looks.
Cym. No tidings of him?]
Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*
By whom I grant she lives. 'T is now the time
To ask of whence you are:—report it.
Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boast were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add we 're honest.
Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise my knights o' the battle: I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS *and Ladies.*

[There 's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.]
Cor. Hail, great king!
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.
Cym. [Who worse than a physician
Would this report become? But I consider
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—] How ended she?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. [What she confess'd
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.
Cym. Prithee, say.
Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your person.
Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand[2] to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.
Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more?
Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, lingering,
By inches waste you: in which time she purpos'd,

[1] *Prone*, eager for the gallows.

[2] *Bore in hand*, pretended.

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; and in time,
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But, failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite[1]
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,
Despairing, died.
Cym. Heard you all this, her women?
First Lady. We did, so please your highness.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!]

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.
Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
For my peculiar[2] care. This one thing only
I will entreat; my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions,[3] true,
So feat,[4] so nurse-like: let his virtue join
With my request, which I 'll make bold your highness
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.
Cym. I've surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, wherefore,
To say "Live, boy:" ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I 'll give it;
Yea, though thou demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.
Imo. I humbly thank your highness.
Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imo. No, no: alack,
There 's other work in hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.
Luc. [The boy disdains me,]
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
[Why stands he so perplex'd?]
Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more
What 's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?
Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,
Am something nearer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?
Imo. I 'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.
Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What 's thy name?

[1] *Despite*, defiance. [2] *Peculiar*, personal.
[3] *Tender over his occasions*, keenly awake to his wants.
[4] *Feat*, neat, trim.

Imo. Fidele, sir.
Cym. Thou 'rt my good youth, my page;
I 'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.
[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*
Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?
Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?
Gui. The same dead thing alive.
[*Bel.* Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I 'm sure
He would have spoke to us.
Gui. But we saw him dead.
Bel. Be silent; let 's see further.
Pis. [*Aside*] 'T is my mistress:
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.]
[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*
Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—[*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, [and the grace of it,
Which is our honour,] bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.
Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.
Post. [*Aside*] What 's that to him?
Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.
Cym. How! me?
Iach. I 'm glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which tórments me to conceal. By villany
I got this ring: 't was Leonatus' jewel;
Whom thou didst banish; and—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me—a nobler sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember—Give me leave; I faint.
Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.
Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accurs'd
The mansion where!—'t was at a feast,—O, would
Our viands had been poison'd, or at least
Those which I heav'd to head!—the good Posthúmus—
[What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak; for feature,[1] laming
The shrine[2] of Venus, or straight-pight[3] Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,[4]
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye,—]
Cym. [I stand on fire:]
Come to the matter.
[*Iach.* All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthúmus,
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd,—therein
He was as calm as virtue,—he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.[5]
Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.]
Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.

[1] *Feature*, shape. [2] *Shrine*, image.
[3] *Straight-pight*, well set up, erect.
[4] *Condition*, character.
[5] *Unspeaking sots*, fools incapable of speech.

He spake of her, as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple[1] of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
[And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car.] Away to Britain
Post I in this design:—well may you, sir,
Remember me at court; where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villanous. [Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent:]
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd
That I return'd with simular[2] proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus and thus; [averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person,] that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon—
Methinks, I see him now—

Post. [*Coming forward*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend!—Ay me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That 's due to[3] all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she[4] herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthúmus Leonatus; and
Be villany less than 't was!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall 's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her; she falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help!
Mine and your mistress!—O, my lord Posthúmus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now. — Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How comes these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

[*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur[5] on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: "If Pisanio
Have," said she, "given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat."

Cym. What 's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease

[1] *Scruple*, doubt. [2] *Simular*, probable.
[3] *Due to*, appropriate to, bad enough to describe.
[4] *She*, virtue.
[5] *Stones of sulphur*, *i.e.* thunderbolts.

The present power of life; but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.
Bel. My boys,
There was our error.
Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.]
Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*
Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!
Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?
Imo. Your blessing, sir. [*Kneeling.*
[*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;
You had a motive for 't.
[*To Guiderius and Arviragus.*]
Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.
Imo. I 'm sorry for 't, my lord.
Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how nor where.
[*Pis.* My lord,
Now fear is from me, I 'll speak troth.[1] Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket; which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour; what became of him
I further know not.]
Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

[1] *Troth*, truth.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
[I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: prithee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.
Gui. I 've spoke it, and I did it.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!—(Act v. 5. 263, 264.)

Cym. He was a prince.]
Gui. A most incivil one: the wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I 'm sorry for thee:

By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our law: thou 'rt dead.
[*Imo.* That headless man
I thought had been my lord.
Cym.] Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.
Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.[1]—[*To the Guard*] Let his arms alone;
They were not born for bondage.
Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?
[*Arv.* In that he spake too far.
Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.
Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove[2] that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.
Arv. Your danger 's ours.
Gui. And our good his.
Bel. Have at it then, by leave.
Thou hadst, great king, a subject who
Was call'd Belarius.
Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.
Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.
Cym. Take him hence:
The whole world shall not save him.
Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I 've receiv'd it.
Cym. Nursing of my sons!]
Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: here 's my knee:
[Ere I arise, I will prefer[3] my sons;
Then spare not the old father.] Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How! my issue!
Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:
Your pleasure was my mere offence,[4] my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes—
For such and so they are—these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have as I
Could put into them[; my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to 't;
Having receiv'd the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: their dear loss,
The more of you 't was felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them]. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.
Cym. [Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st.] I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.
[*Bel.* Be pleas'd awhile.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand
Of his queen-mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.
Cym.] Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:

[1] *Had ever scar for*, had ever shown any evidence of meriting.
[2] *But I will prove*, if I do not prove.
[3] *Prefer*, promote.
[4] *My mere offence*, all my offence.

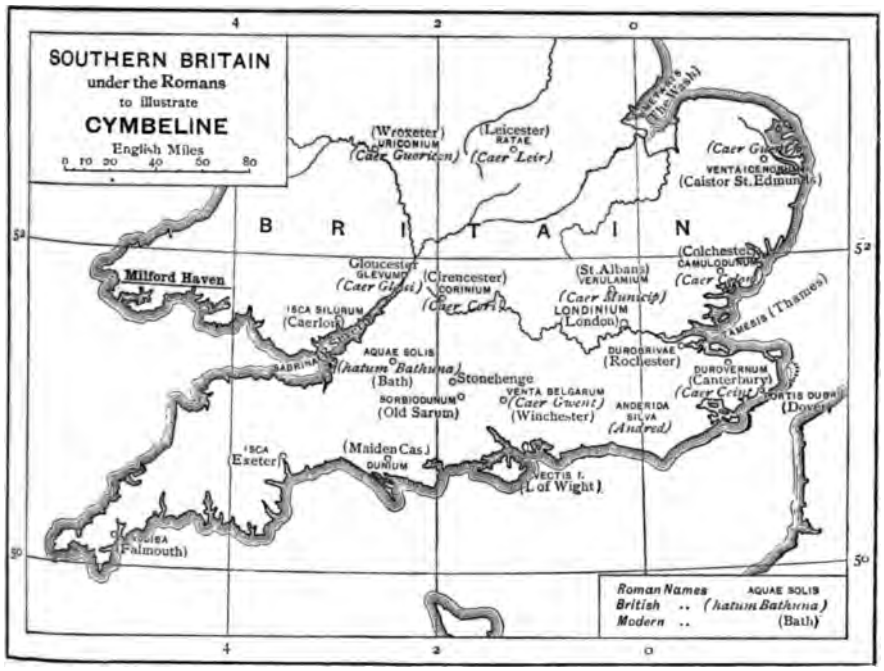
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. [O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more.—] Bless'd pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord;
I've got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.
[*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Gui. And at first meeting lov'd;
Continu'd so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.]
Cym. O rare instinct!
[When shall I hear all through? This fierce[1] abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction[2] should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded;
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance: but nor the time nor place
Will serve our long interrogatories. See,
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange[3]
Is severally in all.—Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—]
[*To Belarius*] Thou art my brother; so we 'll hold thee ever.
Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.
Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
[*Imo.* My good master,
I will yet do you service.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym.] The fórlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.
Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.
Iach. I am down again: [*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you,
Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.
Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you is to spare you;
The malice towards you to forgive you: live,
And deal with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd!
We 'll learn our freeness[4] of a son-in-law;
Pardon 's the word to all.
[*Arv.* You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we that you are.
Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer: as I slept, methought
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can

[1] *Fierce*, passionate, impetuous.
[2] *Distinction*, a more detailed statement
[3] *Counterchange*, reciprocation.
[4] *Freeness*, liberality.

Make no collection of it:[1] let him show
His skill in the construction.
Luc. Philarmonus,—
Sooth. Here, my good lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.
Sooth. [*Reads*] "Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopp'd branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty."
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:
[*To Cymbeline*] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife; [*To Posthumus*] who,[2] even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.
Cym. This hath some seeming.
Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:—and, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd; which foreshow'd our princely eagle,
Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.]
Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blest altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's-town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify[; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there]!—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *No collection of it,* no inference from it.
[2] *Who, i.e.* you who.



NOTES TO CYMBELINE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. Our knowledge of the history of Britain during the hundred years which elapsed between the departure of Julius Cesar in 54 B.C. and the invasion of Aulus Plautius in 43 A.D. is of the scantiest description, and is chiefly derived from coins. It appears that for some years previous to the latter date the most powerful prince in Britain was CUNOBELINOS, or CYMBELINE, whose capital was Camulodunum (Colchester), but little or nothing is known of him, except that he had a son called Adminius, who surrendered himself to Caligula in the year 40, and two others called Caratacos and Togodumnos, who were defeated by Plautius. Shakespeare drew his history, as usual, from Holinshed, but the invasion of the Romans under Caius Lucius, as well as the whole story of Belarius and the young princes, is an addition of his own. The following is Holinshed's account of Cymbeline: "After the death of Cassibelane [Cassivelaunos], Theomantius or Tenantius the yoongest sonne of Lud, was made King of Britaine. . . . Theomantius ruled the land in good quiet, and paid the tribute to the Romans which Cassibellane had granted, and finalie departed this life after he had reigned 22 yeares, and was buried at London. . . . Kymbeline or Cimbeline the sonne of Theomantius was of the Britains made king after the deceasse of his father. . . . This man (as some write) was brought vp at Rome and there made knight by Augustus Cesar, under whome he served in the warres, and was in such fauour with him, that he was at libertie to pay his tribute or not. . . . Touching the continuance of the yeares of Kymbelines reigne, some writers doo varie, but the best approoued affirme, that he reigned 35 yeares and then died, and was buried at London, leaving behind him two sonnes, Guiderius and Aruiragus. But here it is to be noted, that although our histories doo affirme, that as well this Kymbeline, as also his father Theomantius, liued in quiet with the Romans, and continuallie to them paied the tributes which the Britains had couenanted with Iulius Cesar to pay, yet we find in the Romane writers, that after Iulius Cesars death, when Augustus had taken vpon him the rule of the empire, the Britains refused to paie that tribute: whereat as Cornelius Tacitus reporteth, Augustus (being otherwise occupied) was contented to winke, howbeit, through earnest calling vpon to recover his right by such as were desirous to see the vttermost of the British Kingdome; at length, to wit, in the tenth yeare after the death of Iulius Cesar, which was about the

thirteenth yeare of the said Theomantius, Augustus made prouision to passe with an armie ouer into Britaine, & was come forward upon his iournie into Gallia Celtica: or as we maie saie, into these hither parts of France. . . . [He was, however, called away by a rebellion of the Pannonians and Dalmatians (act iii. 1. 73–75).] But whether this controversie which appeareth to fall forth betwixt the Britains and Augustus, was occasioned by Kymbeline, or some other prince of the Britains, I haue not to auouch: for that by our writers it is reported, that Kymbeline being brought vp in Rome, & knighted in the court of Augustus, euer shewed himselfe a friend to the Romans, & chieflie was loth to breake with them, because the youth of the Britaine nation should not be depriued of the benefit to be trained and brought vp among the Romans, whereby they might learne both to behaue themselues like ciuill men, and to atteine to the knowledge of feats of warre."

2. CLOTEN. Holinshed calls Mulmucius (act iii. 1. 55) "the sonne of Cloton."

3. POSTHUMUS LEONATUS. Malone suggests that Shakespeare got the name of Leonatus from Sidney's Arcadia. It is there the name of the son of the blind king of Paphlagonia, whose story Shakespeare had already drawn upon in writing King Lear. Steevens notes that the name Leonato had been used in Much Ado, where, it may be added, the old stage-direction prefixed to act i. scene 1 couples it with that of Imogen; see Mr. Marshall's note *ad loc.* vol. iv. p. 224.

4. IMOGEN. The name occurs in Holinshed's account of Brutus and Locrine. In the Tragedy of Locrine (1595), act i. scene 1, Brutus addresses his son Camber as,

> The glory of mine age,
> And darling of thy mother Imogen.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

5. Lines 1–3:

> *our bloods*
> *No more obey the heavens than our courtiers*
> *Still seem as does the king's.*

Our bloods, i.e. our dispositions, subject as they are to the weather ("to all the skyey influences," Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 9), are not more entirely ruled by it than our courtiers are ruled by the king's disposition, to which they are careful to accommodate their looks, and when he frowns they frown. That this is the meaning is clear from lines 13, 14:

> Although they wear their faces to the bent
> Of the king's looks.

The late Dr. Ingleby (Shakespeare's Cymbeline: The Text Revised and Annotated by C. M. Ingleby, LL.D. London, 1886;—I wish at once to express my obligations to this scholarly edition, frequent references to which will be found in the course of these notes) quotes Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 32, 33:

> If you will jest with me, know my aspect
> And fashion your demeanour to my looks.

And Steevens, Greene's Never Too Late (1590): "if the King smiled, every one in the court was in his jollitie; if he frowned, their plumes fell like peacock's feathers: so that their outward presence depended on his passions."

Boswell was the first editor who explained this rightly: previous editors were misled by the punc of the Folio:

> Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
> Then our Courtiers:
> Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

6. Lines 6, 7:

> *hath* REFERR'D *heres*
> *Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wed*

i.e. has put herself under his protection; has, wedded him. The expression is quite in accordar the "picked" enigmatical style of the speaker, a is no need to change it into *preferr'd*, as Ingleby

7. Lines 25–27:

> *I do* EXTEND *him, sir, within himself;*
> *Crush him together, rather than unfold*
> *His measure duly.*

So far from exaggerating his merits, I rather un them: the measure of his praises might be extend further; or, as Johnson concisely puts it, "my prai ever *extensive*, is *within* his merit." For *extend*, c i. 4. 19–21: "the approbation of those that we lamentable divorce . . . are wonderfully to him."

8. Lines 30, 31: *Cassibelan . . . Tenantius.*—See

9. Line 31: *But had his titles by Tenantius.*—' though he had joined the party of the usurper [Cass he was forgiven and honoured by the rightful king

10. Line 46: *And in's spring became a harvest.*— compares Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 86–88 (wit bald's emendation of *autumn* for *Anthony*):

> For his bounty,
> There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was
> That grew the more by reaping.

11. Lines 48, 49:

> *A sample to the youngest; to the more matu*
> *A glass that* FEATED *them.*

He was a perfect model to the younger, while eve people could not fail to gain some graces and acco ments from him. *Feat* (to make neat, fashion elsewhere used as a verb in Shakespeare, but we as an adjective in v. 5. 85–88:

> never master had
> A page so kind, so duteous, diligent, . . .
> So *feat*, so nurse-like;

and Tempest, ii. 1. 272, 273:

> And look how well my garments sit upon me;
> Much *feater* than before.

For the thought Steevens compares II. Henry I 21, 22:

> he was indeed the glass
> Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

12. Line 58: *Mark it.*—The Cowden Clarkes "Shakespeare's dramatic art uses this expedien rally introduced into the dialogue, to draw specia tion to a circumstance that it is essential should b in mind, and which otherwise might escape notic course of the narration."

13. Line 63: *That a king's children should be so* CONVEY'D!—So Two Gent. of Verona, iii. 1. 35–37, the duke fearing that his daughter will be stolen from him, lodges her in a tower,

> The key whereof myself have ever kept;
> And thence she cannot be *convey'd* away.

The word was also used as a cant term for *steal:* Merry Wives, i. 3. 30–34:

> *Nym.* The good humour is to steal at a minim's rest.
> *Pist.* "*Convey*," the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase!

14. Line 70: Enter the *Queen*, *Posthumus*, and *Imogen*.—The Folio begins *Scena Secunda* here, as do Capell, Malone, and others; Rowe was the first to continue scene 1 as in the text.

15. Lines 86–88:

> *I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—*
> *Always reserv'd my holy duty—what*
> *His rage can do on me.*

I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty (Johnson).

16. Lines 104, 105:

> *I never do him wrong,*
> *But he does buy my injuries, to be friends.*

He pays me for the wrongs I do him by some new kindness, in order to be friends with me again; although the injured party, he is the first to make advances towards a reconciliation. We have here our first hint of the weakness of Cymbeline's character.

17. Lines 116, 117:

> *And* SEAR UP *my embracements from a next*
> *With* BONDS OF DEATH!

The *bonds of death* are the cere-cloths, or cerements (Hamlet, i. 4. 48), in which the dead are swathed; but *cere-cloth* was also written *sear-cloth*, and *sear up* will therefore be the same as *cere up* (which Steevens suggested and Grant White printed), *i.e.* close up. It is probable, however, that, as the Cowden Clarkes suggest, the other sense of *sear* = burn up, wither up, was also present to the writer's mind. Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 187, 188:

> *Ensear* thy fertile and conceptious womb,
> Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!

18. Lines 117, 118:

> *Remain, remain* THOU *here*
> *While sense can keep* IT *on!*

Pope altered *it* to *thee*, but the change of person is not very uncommon; compare iii. 3. 103–105:

> Euriphile,
> Thou wast their nurse; they took *thee* for their mother,
> And every day do honour to *her* grave;

and iv. 2. 216–218:

> If he be gone, he 'll make *his grave* a bed;
> With female fairies will *his tomb* be haunted,
> And worms will not come to *thee*.

19. Line 124: *When shall we* SEE *again?*—Dyce remarks that the very same words are addressed by Cressida to Troilus, Troilus and Cressida, iv. 3. 59. So Henry VIII. i. 1. 1, 2:

> Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
> Since last we *saw* in France?

20. Line 126: *If after this command thou* FRAUGHT *the court.*—Shakespeare generally uses *fraught* as a participle = laden, as we do exclusively at the present day; but we find *fraughted* in The Passionate Pilgrim, 269, 270:

> O cruel speeding,
> *Fraughted* with gall;

and *fraughting* in The Tempest, i. 2. 13:

> The *fraughting* souls within her.

21. Line 128: *And bless the good remainders of the court!*—There is a slight touch of irony here, which it may not be thought impertinent to point out. Posthumus prays for a blessing on the good people left at the court, when it was relieved of the burden of his unworthiness.

22. Lines 131–133:

> *O disloyal thing,*
> *That shouldst repair my youth, thou heapest*
> *A year's age on me!*

Instead of making me young again, as a daughter would who was a comfort to her father, you make me feel a year older than I really am, in fact, you shorten my life.

23. Lines 145–147:

> *he is*
> *A man worth any woman; overbuys me*
> *Almost the sum he pays.*

The price he has paid for me is himself; and he is worth so much more than I am,—worth, in fact, *any woman*,—that the overplus, beyond what he ought to have paid, nearly amounts to the whole sum paid. A very small portion of his worth would have been enough. Ingleby says: "Imogen adopts her husband's metaphor in lines [119, 120:

> As I my poor self did exchange for you,
> To your so infinite loss],

but in turning it against herself, increases the extravagance of the self-depreciation. She says, in effect, that in marrying her, Posthumus gets almost nothing in return for what he gives, his worth being so much greater than hers."

24. Line 167: *I would they were in Afric both together.*—"That is," as Rolfe remarks, "where no one would be at hand to part them." He well compares Coriolanus, iv. 2. 23–25:

> I would my son
> Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
> His good sword in his hand.

25. Lines 177, 178:

> I *pray you, speak with me: you shall at least*
> *Go see my lord aboard: for this time leave me.*

This is Capell's arrangement of the broken lines in the Folio; *I* is his insertion.

ACT I. Scene 2.

26. "This scene is introduced," says Ingleby, "to show up Cloten in a character which—to judge of his subsequent conduct—he hardly deserves, that of a conceited coward. The First Lord flatters him too grossly for human credulity, and the Second Lord, by 'asides,' lampoons him, for the benefit of the groundlings. The allusions are obscure and the quibbles poor. It would be a relief to know that Shakespeare was not responsible for either this scene, or the first in act ii."

27. Lines 1–5: *Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; . . . where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so* WHOLESOME *as that you vent.*—This seems to mean—the air that exhales from a man's person is again inhaled, and there is no air so wholesome as that which comes from you, therefore to keep up its purity change your shirt.

28. Lines 10–12: *his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt; it is a throughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.*—The best comment is Ariel's defiance, cited by Ingleby, Tempest, iii. 3. 61–65:

> the elements,
> Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
> Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
> Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
> One dowle that 's in my plume.

Cloten, says the First Lord, had run Posthumus through and through so effectively that his body must be a thoroughfare for steel, if he be not hurt; it must be capable of being pierced, like water, without being wounded.

29. Lines 13, 14: *His steel was in debt; it went o' the backside the town.*—Cloten paid off no scores with his steel, but kept out of harm's way, as a debtor might do to avoid arrest in a town (Ingleby).

30. Lines 32–34: *she 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.*—The metaphor is from the sign of a house, almost all of which, says Steevens, formerly had a motto or some attempt at a witticism underneath them. Malone quotes i. 6. 15–17, where Iachimo says of Imogen,

> All of her that is out of door most rich!
> If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
> She is alone th' Arabian bird.

ACT I. Scene 3.

31. Lines 2–4:

> *if he should write,*
> *And I not have it, 't were a paper lost,*
> *As offer'd mercy is.*

Capell explains this by reference to the pardon of a condemned criminal; but this is surely unnecessary. Ingleby well says, "Why strain the passage to mean more than it says? Imogen is simply declaring that Posthumus' letter would be to her as an offer of mercy, alleviating her present anxiety on his account; and if the letter be lost, the offer of mercy is lost also."

32. Lines 8–10:

> *for so long*
> *As he could make me with* THIS *eye or ear*
> *Distinguish him from others.*

The Folio has "*his* eye, or eare;" which, in spite of Ingleby's attempt, it seems impossible to make decent sense of. Coleridge conjectured "with *the* eye," first printed by Keightley. *With this* is Warburton's conjecture, adopted by most editors; and *with this* may easily have passed into *with his* in the compositor's memory.

33. Lines 14–16:

> *Thou shouldst have made him*
> *As little as a* CROW, *or less, ere left*
> *To after-eye him.*

Compare Lear, iv. 6. 13, 14 (quoted by Steevens):

> The *crows* and choughs that wing the midway air
> Show scarce so gross as beetles.

34. Lines 34, 35:

> *that parting kiss which I had set*
> *Betwixt two* CHARMING *words.*

The word *charming* had not yet been weakened to its modern sense, in which it is merely a synonym for *lovely* or *delightful;* it meant working with, or affecting with a charm, and although in such a passage as Twelfth Night ii. 2. 19,

> Fortune forbid my outside have not *charm'd* her!

we see it on its way to its modern use, it always has, as Schmidt remarks, some trace of its primary signification. Ingleby says, "The two *charming words* are certainly not what Warburton fixed upon—'Adieu, Posthumus'—nor any mere words of farewell. Hudson rightly explains them 'to be words which as by the power of enchantment should guard his heart against the assaults of temptation' (Harvard ed.); and there is, not improbably, an allusion to some custom of Shakespeare's own day."

35. Lines 36, 37:

> *And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,*
> *Shakes all our buds from growing.*

Not the fair bud of their adieus only, but *all* their buds the whole promis'd crop of their loves is *shaken* and beat to the ground by this "tyrannous breathing" (Capell).

ACT I. Scene 4.

36. Lines 4, 5: *but I could then have look'd on him without the help of admiration.*—Staunton and Ingleby have stumbled at these words, and the latter even calls them "very difficult." They are, however, perfectly simple to any one who reads the passage naturally: "without the help of admiration" is merely an ironical expression for "without admiration." Iachimo means that he did not in those days see anything in Posthumus which would have compelled him to call in the help of admiration in order to form a proper estimate of him.

37. Line 18: *And then his banishment.*—The Frenchman would have added, "has won him sympathy" (Ingleby).

38. Lines 19–21: *the* APPROBATION *of* THOSE *that were this lamentable divorce . . .* ARE *wonderfully to extend him.*—An instance of what Abbott (Shaks. Gram. § 412) calls the "confusion of proximity," the verb are agreeing with *those* rather than its proper subject *approbation.* So Julius Cæsar, v. 1. 33:

> The *posture* of your *blows are* yet unknown.

39. Lines 21–24: *be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without less quality.*—This is one of those passages in which the meaning is clear enough, but which defy the rules of logical construction. Compare Coriolanus, i. 1. 13–15:

> *Mar.* Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?
> *First Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he,
> That 's lesser than a little.

There, as well as in the passage before us, we should have expected *more* instead of *less,* but several other instances will be found in Schmidt (Shaks. Lex. 1420) of "this colour

able variation of the double negative" as Ingleby well terms it. Thus, Merchant of Venice, iv. i. 161-163, "let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation;" and Macbeth, iii. 6. 8–10:

> Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
> It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
> To kill their gracious father?

"Such irregularities," adds Schmidt, "may be easily accounted for. The idea of negation was so strong in the poet's mind that he expressed it in more than one place, unmindful of his canon that 'your four negatives make your two affirmatives' [Twelfth Night, v. 1. 24, 25]. Had he taken the pains of revising and preparing his plays for the press, he would perhaps have corrected all the quoted passages. But he did not write them to be read and dwelt on by the eye, but to be heard by a sympathetic audience. And much that would blemish the language of a logician, may well become a dramatic poet or an orator."

40. Lines 29: *gentlemen of your* KNOWING.—Gentlemen of your experience in society; so ii. 3. 102, 103:

> one of your great *knowing*
> Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

41. Lines 39, 40: *which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.*—Malone quotes All 's Well, iii. 7. 16, 17:

> Which I will over-pay and pay again,
> When I have found it;

and Sonnet XXX. 12:

> Which I new pay as if not paid before.

42. Lines 47, 48: TO GO EVEN WITH *what I heard.*—For *to go even with*, *i.e.* accord, agree with, compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 246:

> Were you a woman, as the rest *goes even.*

Posthumus means, that so far from acquiescing in the opinions of others, he rather set himself to oppose them, and was therefore easily drawn into a quarrel,—one, however, which even yet, on maturer consideration, he does not consider so trivial as his friend appears to.

43. Line 50: *if I offend* NOT *to say it is mended.*—So Rowe. F. 1 omits *not.*

44. Lines 64, 65: *wise, chaste,* CONSTANT, QUALIFIED.—For *qualified* (=endowed with qualities) Ingleby quotes The Taming of the Shrew, iv. 5. 66, 67, speaking of Bianca:

> Beside, so *qualified* as may beseem
> The spouse of any noble gentleman;

and Davenant, Unfortunate Lovers, i. 1:

> But why, Rampino, since this lady is
> So rarely *qualified.*

And what Iachimo afterwards calls Imogen (v. 5. 166, 167):

> A shop of all the *qualities* that man
> Loves woman for:

Capell removed the comma between *constant* and *qualified*, and in his notes (vol. i. p. 104) he hyphens the words *constant-qualified*, a reading which has been adopted by most modern editors, but to the detriment of the passage.

45. Lines 73, 74: *I would abate her nothing, though I* PROFESS *myself her adorer, not her* FRIEND.—Even supposing I profess myself merely her worshipper, and not her lover; "one who looks up to her," says Ingleby (who would read *profess'd*), "as to a superior being, with the worship of a votary, rather than with the jealous affection of a lover. He means, in fact, to assert for her a real objective excellence, apart from her private relation to him." The word *friend* was used in a special sense to mean lover, paramour, sweetheart.

46. Lines 75–77: *As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in* BRITAIN.—"As fair and as good," *i.e.* as any lady in Italy: the assertion is nominative to "had been something," &c.; "hand-in-hand comparison" = a comparison where the two things compared go hand in hand, or keep pace. Iachimo denies that any lady in Britain could be as fair and as good as any of his countrywomen (Ingleby). *Britain* is Johnson's correction for *Britanie* of the Folio.

47. Lines 77–82: *If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld,* I COULD NOT BUT BELIEVE *she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.*—The Folio has *I could not believe;* Warburton omitted *not*, and read *I could believe;* Malone inserted the *but* before *believe*, and has been followed by Dyce and most modern editors; for it seems impossible to extract satisfactory sense without some change. Malone paraphrases his reading of the passage as follows: "If she surpassed other women that I have seen in the same proportion that your diamond out-lustres *many* diamonds that I have beheld, I could not but acknowledge that she excelled *many* women; but I have not seen the *most* valuable diamond in the world, nor you the most beautiful woman; *and therefore I cannot admit she excels all.*"

48. Lines 90, 91: *if there were wealth enough for the purchase.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has "*or* if there were wealth enough for the *purchases.*"

49. Lines 104, 105: *to* CONVINCE *the honour of my mistress.*—For this use of *convince* (=overcome) compare Macbeth, i. 7. 63, 64:

> his two chamberlains
> Will I with wine and wassail so *convince.*

50. Line 122: *herein too.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 have *heerein to.*

51. Lines 134, 135: *the* APPROBATION *of what I have spoke.*—For this use of *approbation* (=proof) compare Henry V. i. 2. 18–20:

> For God doth know how many now in health
> Shall drop their blood in *approbation*
> Of what your reverence shall incite us to.

52. Line 146: *You are* AFRAID, *and therein the wiser.*—*Afraid* was first printed by Theobald on the suggestion of Warburton, and has been adopted by most editors. The Folio has *a Friend*, but the attempts which have been made to explain the passage without alteration are unsatisfactory. Ingleby conjectured *her friend* "=her lover, and therefore know her well, and how much you can wager on her honour." The conjecture *afraid*, which gives much the same sense, has the advantage of being the less violent change of the two.

53. Line 160: *If I bring you no sufficient testimony,* &c.—The Cowden Clarkes well observe, "This is in accordance

with Iachimo's designing manner. He affects to state the terms of the wager on both sides; but he, in fact, proposes them so that they shall suggest, either way, Posthumus's winning."

54. Lines 166, 167: *provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.*—Provided I am furnished with such an introduction from you as will ensure me a more hospitable reception than I should otherwise be entitled to expect.

55. Lines 179, 180: *lest the bargain should catch cold and starve.*—Lest it should fall through, if we did not strike while the iron is hot; we will therefore lose no time in acting upon it.

ACT I. Scene 5.

56. Lines 17, 18:

> *That I did amplify my judgment in*
> *Other* CONCLUSIONS.

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 357–359:

> her physician tells me
> She hath pursu'd *conclusions* infinite
> Of easy ways to die.

57. Lines 56, 57:

> *And every day that comes comes to decay*
> *A day's work in him.*

I suppose this to mean, every day that comes now to him only serves to destroy the work a past day had done for him in giving him health and prosperity; in other words, he is now daily going downhill as fast as he formerly went uphill.

58. Line 68: *Think what a* CHANCE *thou* CHANGEST *on.*—Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service (Steevens). Rowe printed, "what a *chance* thou *chancest* on;" and Theobald, "what a *change* thou *chancest* on."

59. Line 80: *Of* LEIGERS *for her sweet.*—Spelt in the Folio *Leidgers*. In the only other place in which the word is used by Shakespeare it is spelt *leiger;* Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 57–59:

> Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
> Intends you for his swift ambassador,
> Where you shall be an everlasting *leiger.*

Leiger is connected with the verb to *lie*, and a *leiger* ambassador was one who lay or remained some time at a foreign court. Compare the word *ledger*, a book that *lies* always ready. Ingleby rightly explains, "shall deprive her of Pisanio, the only resident at court who safeguards the interests of her absent husband."

ACT I. Scene 6.

60. Lines 1–9: *A father cruel, &c.*—Ingleby thinks these lines are either rough notes for a speech, or the remains of a speech cut down for representation. "The abrupt transition," he remarks, "to the splendour of Iachimo's speeches is exceedingly striking," and he finds the same peculiarity in several other speeches in the play—a mark of unfinished work which he thinks may help to explain the play's position at the end of the Folio; the editors having admitted it as an afterthought. The reader must judge for himself; but in the present case at any rate the lines as they stand seem to me quite appropriate meditative mood of Imogen before she is interru the arrival of a stranger.

ACT I. Scene 6.

61. Lines 4, 5:

> *My supreme crown of grief! and those repeat*
> *Vexations of it!*

"My supreme crown of grief" = the greatest and cr sorrow of that grief, whose lesser tributaries are th just specified: cruelty, falsity, and folly = "*those r* vexations of it" (Ingleby).

62. Lines 6–9:

> *but most miserable*
> *Is the* DESIRE *that's* GLORIOUS: *bless'd be th*
> *How mean soe'er, that have their honest will*
> *Which seasons comfort.*

The heart which is capable of the most exalted de susceptible of the keenest grief at disappointme happier are those worthy souls, however mea station, whose ambition is limited, and who in the tion of their wishes find that satisfaction which happy life its zest,—"which *seasons comfort.*" F *desires;* F. 2 *desire.* For *glorious* = desirous of glor pare Pericles, Prologue, 9:

> The purchase [gain] is to make men *glorious.*

63. Line 17: *She is alone th'* ARABIAN BIRD Phœnix. So Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2. 12:

> O Antony! O thou *Arabian bird!*

64. Lines 22–25: "*He is one of the noblest note, t kindnesses I am most infinitely tied.* REFLECT UP *accordingly, as you value your* TRUST—LEONA Imogen apparently reads only an extract from the l probably the very second sentence, says Malone—a signature: for *trust* (that which she has accepted marriage-bond), Ingleby refers to lines 156–159 bel

> O happy Leonatus! I may say:
> The credit that thy lady hath of thee
> Deserves thy *trust;* and thy most perfect goodness
> Her assur'd credit.

Monck Mason, assuming it to be the conclusion letter which is read, proposed *your truest* Leonatus, was adopted by Steevens, Dyce, and others. *Reflect* properly meaning shine upon, is here nearly = look The word is not used by Shakespeare in its modern of cogitate.

65. Line 28: *and* TAKES *it thankfully.*—So Pope. Folios have *take.*

66. Lines 32–36:

> *Hath nature given them eyes*
> *To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop*
> *Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt*
> *The fiery orbs above, and the* TWINN'D STONES
> *Upon the number'd beach!*

Some of the eighteenth-century commentators hav gled strangely over this passage; even Johnson could nothing of *twinn'd stones*, afterwards correctly expl by Capell and Steevens. Ingleby's note is a good "Those 'spectacles so precious,' says the Italian, c

two very different things: can see the whole hemisphere of the heavens above and the vast compass of the sea and land beneath; and also can distinguish between any two objects, either in the heavens (as stars), or on the shore (as stones) which are to the casual observer so much alike that they might be taken for twins." On the class of adjectives to which *number'd*, = rich in numbers, belongs, see Schmidt, p 1417. Theobald printed *unnumber'd*, which Dr. Brinsley Nicholson prefers as harmonizing with the references to the innumerable sands of the sea in Scripture, and particularly with Jeremiah xxxiii. 22, where Iachimo's similes occur exactly: "As the host of heaven cannot be numbered, neither the sand of the sea measured."

67. Line 37: SPECTACLES *so precious.*—Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 110–113:

> And even with this I lost fair England's view,
> And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
> And call'd them blind and dusky *spectacles*,
> For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

68. Lines 44–46:

> *Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,*
> *Should make desire vomit emptiness,*
> *Not so allur'd to feed.*

Desire, however sharp set, would not be allured to feed on sluttery when presented as a rival to such neat excellence, it would rather be seized with a fit of nausea, and vomit without having fed. This is substantially Johnson's explanation; he adds characteristically, in a subsequent note that *to vomit emptiness* is "to feel the convulsions of eructation without plenitude." Malone remarks that no one who has ever been sick at sea can be at a loss to understand the expression.

69. Line 47: *What is the matter,* TROW?—To *trow*, formed from *true*, is to believe, suppose. Schmidt says, *I trow*, or *trow* alone, "is added to questions, expressive of contemptuous or indignant surprise (nearly = I wonder)."

70. Lines 50, 51:

> *What, dear sir,*
> *Thus* RAPS *you?*

The verb to *rap* = to snatch, carry away,—a word of Scandinavian origin, and distinct from *rap* = to knock,—is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare, except in the participle, which was popularly connected with the Latin *raptus*, and always spelt *rapt;* so Macbeth, i. 3. 142: "Look, how our partner 's *rapt.*"

71. Lines 53, 54:

> *he*
> *Is strange and* PEEVISH.

"He is a foreigner and easily fretted," says Johnson; but *peevish* in Shakespeare's time usually meant childish, silly, and it is in this sense that he generally uses it; Steevens quotes Lilly's Endymion (1591): "Never was any so *peevish* to imagine the moon either capable of affection or shape of a mistress." It may, however, mean here "childishly wayward, capricious," as in Merchant of Venice, I 1. 83–86:

> Why should a man . . . . .
> Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
> By being peevish?

72. Line 79: *In himself, 't is much.*—If he merely regarded his own character, without any consideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable (Malone). Capell has a note to the same effect.

73. Lines 98, 99:

> *discover to me*
> *What both you* SPUR *and* STOP.

Compare Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 185–187:

> now, from the oracle
> They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
> Shall *stop* or *spur* me.

74. Line 104: FIXING *it only here.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *Fiering.*

75. Line 105: SLAVER WITH *lips as common as the stairs.*—*Slaver*, to be smeared with spittle (*i.e.* to bear the traces of disgustful kisses); "*with* lips" = *by* lips (Schmidt).

76. Lines 106–108:

> *join gripes with hands*
> *Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood, as*
> *With labour.*

Hourly falsehood and inconstancy has made these hands incapable of the pressure of true affection, has in fact made them as hard as those of the honest labourer are made by his work: the metaphor is a very forcible one.

77. Lines 108–110:

> *then* BY-PEEPING *in an eye*
> *Base and* ILLUSTRIOUS *as the smoky light*
> *That 's fed with stinking tallow.*

The Folio has *by peeping;* the hyphen was inserted by Knight. Ingleby explains the expression as "= peeping, apart from or between the more serious occupations of his debauch," and compares Webster, Cure for a Cuckold, iii. 2. (end):

> Some win by play, and others by *by-betting.*

So in I Henry IV. iii. 3. 84 we have *by-drinkings*, *i.e.* drinkings between meals. Rolfe less probably interprets, "giving sidelong glances." Rowe printed, "then glad my self *by peeping*" without the shadow of authority. Johnson conjectured, *lye peeping.*

After much hesitation I have thought it better to retain the Folio reading *illustrious*, in the sense of "wanting lustre." Schmidt compares such forms as *facinerious* (All 's Well, ii. 3. 35), *robustious* (Hamlet, iii. 2. 10), and *dexteriously* (Twelfth Night, i. 5. 66). Steevens quotes *lack-lustre eye* from As You Like It, ii. 7. 21. Rowe printed *unlustrous*, followed by most editors; Ingleby, *ill-lustrous.*

78. Lines 113–115:

> *Not I,*
> *Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce*
> *The beggary of his change.*

I do not bring this news, because I felt any pleasure in being the bearer of it.

79. Line 122: *that self* EXHIBITION.—Only used by Shakespeare in this sense, "allowance, pension;" so Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 3. 68, 69:

> What maintenance he from his friends receives
> Like *exhibition* thou shalt have from me.

80. Lines 123–125: *diseas'd ventures . . . boil'd stuff.*—Those who have gone through the ordeal of "The tub-fast and the diet," Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 85–87 (Ingleby).

81. Lines 127, 128:

and you
RECOIL *from your great stock.*

Compare Macbeth, iv. 3. 19, 20:

A good and virtuous nature may *recoil*
In an imperial charge;

(*i.e.* degenerate).

82. Line 133: *like Diana's* PRIEST, BETWIXT, &c.; *i.e.* Diana's priestess; so Pericles, v. 1. 243:

There, when my maiden *priests* are met together.

Hanmer printed *priestess 'twixt.*

83. Line 134: *Whiles he is vaulting variable* RAMPS.—Shakespeare does not use the word *ramp* as a subst. elsewhere. The verb he uses in the participial form *ramping*=rampant, leaping up; hence it is most natural to give the word the sense of *leaps* here—a sense in which it is used by Milton (referred to by Nares), Samson Agonistes, 138, 139:

The bold Ascalonite
Fled from his lion *ramp.*

Some commentators, however, explain it as meaning a harlot, a use of which Nares quotes three instances.

84. Line 147: SOLICIT'ST *here.*—The Folio has *Solicites.* Abbott (Sh. Gr. § 340) says: "In verbs ending with *-t, -test* final in the second person sing. often becomes *-ts* for euphony." So in iii. 3. 103 below the Folio has *refts* for *reft'st.*

85. Line 167: *That he enchants societies into him.*—He enchants not only persons, but societies, so that they come within his magic circle (Ingleby).

86. Line 169: *He sits 'mongst men like a* DESCENDED *god.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *defended.* Malone compares Hamlet, iii. 4. 58, 59:

A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.

87. Lines 182–184:

for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

So Rowe; F. 1 has a colon at *concerns;* Dyce has a comma at *lord,* and explains, "for it concerns your lord, myself, and other noble friends, *who* are partners in the business."

ACT II. Scene 1.

88. Lines 2, 3: *when I* KISS'D THE JACK *upon an up-cast, to be hit away!*—The *jack,* formerly also called the *mistress,* is the small bowl at which the players aim; when a player's bowl lies so close to the jack as to touch it, it is said to "kiss the jack." Cloten had managed to do this, but had been hit away by the bowl of another player. An up-cast is a technical term of the game for the delivery of the bowl. Steevens quotes Rowley, A Woman never Vexed, 1632 (Hazlitt's Dodsley, xii. 165): "This city bowler has *kissed the mistress* at first cast."

89. Lines 14, 15: *nor* CROP *the ears of them.*—Punning on Cloten's use of *curtail.*

90. Line 16: *I* GIVE.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *I gaue.*

91. Line 18: *To have* SMELT *like a fool.*—Another pun, on Cloten's *my rank;* Steevens quotes another instance of the same from As You Like It, i. 2. 113, 114:

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my *rank,*—
Ros. Thou losest thy old *smell.*

92. Lines 25, 26: *You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.*—More wit. Capell suggests a play on *capon,* i.e. *cap on,* meaning with your coxcomb (fool's cap), as the words *with your comb on* certainly imply. It would not do, I suppose, to suggest yet another little joke,—your comb on and your "come on!" Ingleby says Cloten is called a capon merely for his fatness.

93. Line 36: *court to-night?*—"Court to night," F. 2; F. 1 "court night."

ACT II. Scene 2.

94. —The Folio has here the curious stage-direction: "*Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.*" The bed was pushed on to the stage from behind the curtains at the back.

95.—The commentators have been struck with the frequency with which in this scene we are reminded of certain passages in the second act of Macbeth. Ingleby gives the following list of them:—

Line 2: Macbeth, ii. 1. 1–3:

Ban. How goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.
Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Lines 7–10: Macbeth, ii. 1. 6–9:

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
. . . . Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

Lines 11, 12: Macbeth, ii. 2. 38: "sore labour's bath."

Lines 12–14: Macbeth, ii. 1. 55, 56:

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

Lines 22, 23: Macbeth, ii. 3. 118:

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood.

Line 31: Macbeth, ii. 3. 81:

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit.

The resemblances are striking, but they do not warrant any further inference than that for some reason or other, such as a recent perusal or performance of the play, the second act of Macbeth was fresh in the author's mind at the time the present scene was written.

96. Lines 12, 13:

Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the RUSHES.

Shakespeare has transferred to Rome the custom of strewing floors with rushes, which prevailed in his own day. Steevens quotes the same anachronism from The Rape of Lucrece, 318:

He takes it [a glove] from the *rushes* where it lies.

97. Line 18: *How dearly they* DO 'T!—*Do't* is a common expression of the day, and may mean anything; *i.e.* do what they are doing, which in this case is *kiss each other*, as closed lips always do (Ingleby).

98. Lines 22, 23:

Under these WINDOWS, *white and azure, lac'd*
With blue of heaven's own tinct.

Shakespeare several times applies the term *windows* to eyelids; thus, Venus and Adonis, 482:

Her two blue *windows* faintly she up-heaveth.

For the colour Steevens aptly quotes Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 120, 121:

violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes.

Imogen's pale blue eyelids are laced with veins of darker blue.

99. Lines 48, 49:

Swift, swift, you DRAGONS OF THE NIGHT, *that dawning*
May BARE THE RAVEN'S EYE!

F. 1 has *beare; bare* was first conjectured by Theobald, as an improvement on Pope's *ope*. Theobald, however, retained *bear* in his text, and defends it as follows: "For the Dawn to *bear the Raven's Eye*, is, as Mr. *Warburton* ingeniously observ'd to me, a very grand and poetical Expression. It is a Metaphor borrow'd from *Heraldry*; as, again, in *Much Ado* about *Nothing*.

So that if he have Wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear *it for a difference between himself and his Horse.*

That the Dawn should *bear the Raven's Eye*, means, that it should rise and shew That Colour. Now the Raven's Eye is remarkably *grey:* and *grey-ey'd*, 'tis known, is the Epithet universally join'd to the Morning" (ed. 1733, vol. vi. p. 371). Hanmer printed *bare its raven-eye;* Steevens, *bare the raven's eye*, as in the text. But why the *raven's eye!* Heath replies that the raven is a very early bird; this I believe is correct, but the raven is now a *rara avis* in England, and its habits are not so familiar as they must have been in Shakespeare's time. For *dragons of the night* see Midsummer Night's Dream, note 205.

100. Line 51: *One, two three,—Time, time!*—Malone complains of the inconsistency of the notes of time in this scene: "Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed by her it was *almost midnight*. Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes." But as Mr. P. A. Daniel observes: "Stage time is not measured by the glass, and to an expectant audience the awful pause between the falling asleep of Imogen and the stealthy opening of trunk from which Iachimo issues would be note and mark of time enough" (New Shakspere Society's Transactions, 1877-79, p. 242, note). *Time, time!* as Ingleby remarks, means that "four" has struck, the hour at which Helen was to call her mistress.

ACT II. Scene 3.

101. Lines 13, 14: *they say it will* PENETRATE.—It may be noticed that this word, and its congeners *penetrable* and *penetrative*, are always used figuratively in Shakespeare, *i.e.* with reference to the feelings.

102. Line 21: *Hark, hark! the* LARK *at* HEAVEN'S GATE *sings.*—Steevens quotes Sonnet xxix. 11, 12:

Like to the *lark* at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at *heaven's gate;*

and Reed, Lilly, Alexander, Campaspe, and Diogenes (printed 1584):

who is't now we hear;
None but the *lark* so shrill and clear;
Now at *heaven's gates* she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark.

103. Lines 23, 24:

His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that LIES.

It is hardly necessary to explain that this refers to the sun's drinking up the early dew on the flowers. *Lies* for *lie* may be an instance of the singular verb following a relative, although the antecedent is in the plural; see Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 247; but compare § 333, where the theory of a third person plural in *-s* is advocated, "which may well have arisen from the northern E.E. third person plural in *-s*." Whatever the truth may be, there is no doubt that this apparent solecism is very common in the Folio; thus in iii. 3. 27-29 we find:

we poore vnfledg'd
Haue neuer wing'd from view o' th' nest; nor *knowes* not
What Ayre's from home;

and in iv. 2. 35:

Th' emperious Seas *breeds* Monsters.

Steevens quotes Venus and Adonis, 1127, 1128:

She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness *lies;*

here, as in the text, *lies* is required by the rhyme.

104. Lines 25, 26:

And winking MARY-BUDS *begin*
To ope their golden eyes

Mr. Ellacombe (Plant-Lore and Garden-craft of Shakespeare, p. 120) identifies the *Mary-bud* with the garden marigold (*Calendula officinalis*): "The two properties of the Marigold—that it was always in flower, and that it turned its flowers to the sun and followed his guidance in their opening and shutting—made it a very favourite flower with the poets and emblem writers."

105. Line 27: *With every thing that pretty* IS.—Hanmer unnecessarily altered *is* to *bin* for the sake of a rhyme.

106. Lines 32, 33: *if it do not, it is a* VICE *in her ears.*—So Rowe; the Folio has *voyce*. Ingleby notes that the same misprint occurs in Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 81, where F. 1 has:

There is no *voice* so simple, but assumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts.

107. Line 34: *calves'-guts.*—Altered by many editors to *cat's-guts* or *cat-guts;* but see A. Smythe Palmer, Folk-Etymology, p. 54: "CATGUT, the technical name for the material of which the strings of the guitar, harp, &c. are made. It is really manufactured from *sheep*-gut (*vide* Chappell's History of Music, vol. i. p. 26)."

108. Line 35: *amend.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *amed*.

109. Line 44: *I have assail'd her with* MUSICS.—Altered

by most editors to *music;* but compare All 's Well, iii. 7. 39, 40:

> Every night he comes
> With *musics* of all sorts.

110. Line 52: *To orderly* SOLICITS.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *solicity.* Sidney Walker quotes Shirley, Arcadia, v. ii. (Gifford and Dyce, vol. vi. p. 245):

> tir'd with his *solicits*
> I had no time to perfect my desires
> With his fair daughter.

111. Line 64: *his goodness forespent on us; i.e.* his kindness having been previously bestowed on us.

112. Lines 73–75:

> *yea, and makes*
> *Diana's rangers* FALSE *themselves, yield up*
> *Their deer to the* STAND O' THE STEALER.

Editors have followed Steevens' suggestion that *false* is a verb here; see Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 95, and Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 182, with Mr. Marshall's notes; but it may very well be an adjective as usual: Diana's nymphs are false, if they are untrue to their mistress and her principles. The *stand o' the stealer* is the position the poacher takes up to shoot the deer as they pass.

113. Lines 102, 103:

> *one of your great knowing*
> *Should learn, being taught, forbearance.*

A man of your experience should have the sense to learn forbearance when he is taught it.

114. Line 106:

> Imo. *Fools* CURE *not mad folks.*
> Clo. *Do you call me fool?*

The Folio has "Fooles *are* not mad Folkes." Theobald, to whom the correction is due, remarks, "But does she really call him Fool? The soundest Logician would be puzzled to find it out, as the [Folio] Text stands. The reasoning is perplex'd in a slight Corruption; and we must restore, as Mr. *Warburton* likewise saw, *Fools* cure *not mad folks.*"

115. Lines 110, 111:

> *You put me to forget a lady's manners,*
> *By being so verbal.*

You make me so far forget a lady's manners as to speak out in plain words what is generally left to be understood by implication.

116. Lines 114, 115:

> *And me so near the lack of charity,—*
> *To accuse myself,—I hate you.*

Imogen is accusing herself in telling Cloten that she is so uncharitable as to hate him (Ingleby).

117. Line 126: *and must not* FOIL.—The Folio has *'foyle* with the point inverted: Ingleby thinks that this may be an error for 'fyle or 'file = defile. But *foil* in the sense of *defeat* is common, and this may be a figurative use: compare Pass. Pilgrim, 99:

> She framed the love, and yet she *foil'd* the framing;

and in Othello, i. 3. 270, where the Folio has *seel* the Quartos have *foyles.* Hanmer, followed by most, if not all, subsequent editors, printed *soil.* So in Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 24 the *foyles* (= blemishes) of the Folio has been changed into *soils.*

118. Lines 130, 131:

> *Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more*
> *But what thou art besides;*

i.e. and at the same time no better man than you are at present.

119. Lines 133–135:

> *if 't were made*
> *Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd*
> *The under-hangman of his kingdom.*

If the post of under-hangman was considered an adequate recognition of your virtues in comparison with his.

120. Lines 138–141:

> *His meanest garment,*
> *That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer*
> *In my respect than all the hairs above thee,*
> *Were they all made such men.*

That seems to mean, that she respects her husband's meanest garment more than the lives of a thousand Clotens (Ingleby).

121. Line 142: "*His* GARMENT!"—So F. 2; F. 1 has *Garments.*

122. Line 146: *too casually.*—"By an accident," says Schmidt, "to which it ought not to have been exposed, and which is a reproach to me."

123. Line 149: *Of any* KING'S.—So Rowe, ed. 2; F. 1 has *Kings.*

124. Lines 158, 159:

> *She 's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,*
> *But the worst of me.*

That is, as Ingleby explains, how deeply I detest the thought of my union with you.

ACT II. Scene 4.

125. Line 6: *in these* FEAR'D HOPES.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *hope.* For the use of the adjective compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 97, 98:

> Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore
> To a most dangerous sea;

i.e. full of guile; and Schmidt, Shaks. Lex. p. 1417. Dyce, following a conjecture of Tyrwhitt's in his copy of the second Folio now in the British Museum, printed "these *sear'd* hopes;" and so the Globe. Knight made the same alteration.

126. Line 18: *The* LEGIONS *now in Gallia.*—Theobald's correction of the *Legion* of the Folio.

127. Lines 23, 24:

> *their discipline*
> *Now* MINGLED *with their courages.*

So F. 2; F. 1 has "*wing-led* with."

128. Line 37: PHI.—So Capell. The Folio gives this speech to *Posthumus.*

129. Lines 41, 42:

> *If I* HAVE *lost it,*
> *I should have lost the worth of it in gold.*

To make the sentence regular Dyce printed "If I *had* lost it," but see Abbott, §371: "The consequent does not always answer to the antecedent in mood or tense." Iachimo means *If I* HAVE *lost it* (as you seem to be so certain I have).

130. Lines 58–61:

> *if not, the foul opinion*
> *You had of her pure honour gains or loses*
> *Your sword or mine, or masterless* LEAVES *both*
> *To who shall find them.*

This is another of those passages which defy logical analysis, although the general sense is clear enough. Posthumus of course means that in the duel *à l'outrance*, by which Iachimo's foul opinion of his lady must be expiated, one of them will be killed or both: one of them in fact will gain the sword of the other, or leave both swords on the field, for the first comer to pick up. *Leaves* is Rowe's correction for *leaue* of F. 1.

131. Lines 82, 83:

> *never saw I figures*
> *So likely to report themselves;*

i.e. to speak, and tell us who they were. Compare Timon of Athens, i. 1. 30–34, where a portrait is thus commended:

> Admirable: how this grace
> *Speaks his own standing!* . . . to the dumbness of the gesture
> One might interpret.

132. Lines 83–85:

> *the cutter*
> *Was as another Nature, dumb; outwent her,*
> *Motion and breath left out.*

The *sculptor* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb;* he gave everything that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech* (Johnson)

133. Lines 107, 108:

> *It is a basilisk unto mine eye,*
> *Kills me to look on't.*

See II. Henry VI. note 185. For the *basilisk* or cockatrice the reader may perhaps be gratified by the following quotation from Chambers's Encyclopædia (ed. 1888, vol. i. p. 775), where an engraving of the creature may be seen. "The fabulous BASILISK . . . was by ancient and medieval authors believed to be hatched by a serpent from an egg laid by a cock. It inhabited the deserts of Africa, and, indeed, could inhabit only a desert, for its breath burned up all vegetation; the flesh fell from the bones of any animal with which it came in contact, and its very look was fatal to life; but brave men could venture into cautious contest with it by the use of a mirror, which reflected back its deadly glance upon itself. Trevisa calls it the 'king of serpents that with smile and sight slayeth beasts.' It is described as about a foot long, with a black and yellow skin, and fiery red eyes; and its blood was supposed to be of great value to magicians. The weasel alone could contend with it, curing and reinvigorating itself during the combat by eating rue."

134. Line 116: *Who knows if one* OF *her women.*—So F. 2; F. 1 omits *of*.

135. Line 135: *Worthy the pressing.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has "*her* pressing," which Capell defends as "a very delicate compliment."

ACT II. Scene 5.

136. Line 13: *As chaste as unsunn'd snow.*—New-fallen snow has a purity of whiteness which it soon loses after exposure to the sun's rays (Ingleby).

137. Line 16: *Like a full-acorn'd boar, a* GERMAN *one.*—*German* in F. 1 and F. 2 is spelt *I armen;* in F. 3 and F. 4 *Jarmen*. The forests of Germany were, and in some parts still are, famous for their wild boars.

138. Line 25: *change of* PRIDES.—For *pride*, in the sense of extravagance, compare Lucrece, 862–864:

> So then he hath it [gold] when he cannot use it,
> And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
> Who in their *pride* do presently abuse it.

Sumptuous dresses, to which Ingleby thinks the *prides* refer, would of course be included in their extravagances.

139. Line 27: *All faults that may be nam'd.*—This is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 has "All Faults that name." Dyce conjectured (but did not print in his text) "All faults that have a name;" and Sidney Walker, "All faults that *man can* (or *may*) name."

140. Line 32: *I 'll* WRITE *against them.*—I will take up my testimony against them, protest against them (*not*, write a treatise against them!); in this sense *write* = subscribe, as in Merry Wives, i. 1. 9: "who *writes* himself armigero." Compare Much Ado, iv. 1. 57:

> Out on thy seeming! I will *write* against it.

ACT III. Scene 1.

141. Line 5: *Cassibelan, thine* UNCLE.—Cassibelan was the youngest brother of Lud, the grandfather of Cymbeline, and was therefore Cymbeline's *great-uncle:* see note on Dramatis Personæ.

142. Lines 6, 7:

> *Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less*
> *Than in his feats deserving it.*

Not at all less famous in the praises Cæsar bestowed on him than his exploits deserved.

143. Line 14: *For wearing our own noses.*—Ingleby thinks the allusion is to contrast between the British and Roman noses, the snub and the crook,—a subject to which Cloten returns (line 37): "other of them may have *crook'd* noses."

144. Line 18: *The natural* BRAVERY *of your isle.*—According to Schmidt *bravery* here means "state of defiance," as in Othello, i. 1. 100, 101:

> Upon malicious *bravery*, dost thou come
> To start my quiet.

If this is not the meaning, it must be equivalent to "splendour," "strength," as in Sonnet xxxiv. the sun is spoken of as hiding his *bravery* in smoke.

145. Line 20: *With* ROCKS *unscalable.*—So Hanmer; F. 1 has *Oakes*.

146. Line 27: *Poor ignorant baubles!*—*Unacquainted* with the nature of our boisterous seas (Johnson).

147. Lines 30, 31:

The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point—
. . . to master Cæsar's sword.

Malone points out that Shakespeare has here transferred to Cassibelan an incident which Holinshed relates of his brother Nenius (Historie of England, book iii. chap. xiii.): "The same [British] historie also maketh mention of one Belinus that was generall of Cassibellanes armie, and likewise of Nenius brother to Cassibellane, who in fight happened to get Cesar's sword fastened in his shield by a blow which Cesar stroke at him."

148. Line 32: *Made Lud's-town with rejoicing fires bright.*—Holinshed (iii. xvi.) says that "after his [Cæsar's] comming a land, he was vanquished in battell, and constrained to flee into Gallia with those ships that remained. For ioy of this second victorie (saith Galfrid) Cassibellane made a great feast at London, and there did sacrifice to the gods."

149. Lines 53, 54:

a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be
Clo. AND LORDS. *We do.*
Cym. *Say then to Cæsar.*

Thus the Globe editors. Dyce omits *and Lords*, following Collier's MS. The Folio assigns the whole to Cymbeline, and has:

Our selues to be, we do. Say then to *Cæsar.*

Ingleby prints, "be. We do! say."

150. Lines 60, 61:

Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown.

The title of the 1st chapter of book iii. of Holinshed's England is: "Of Mulmucius, the first king of Britaine who was crowned with a golden crowne, his lawes, his foundations, with other his acts and deeds." Holinshed in this chapter says of Mulmucius: "He also made manie good lawes, which were long after used, called Mulmucius lawes. . . . After he had established his land, and set his Britains in good and convenient order, he ordeined him by the advise of his lords a crowne of golde, and caused himselfe with greate solemnitie to be crowned, according to the custom of the pagan lawes then in use: and bicause he was the first that bare a crowne heere in Britaine, after the opinion of some writers, he is named the first king of Britaine, and all the other before rehearsed are named rulers, dukes, or governors."

151. Lines 72, 73:

Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep AT UTTERANCE.

Which honour, he seeking to get from me again, it perforce becomes me to keep *à outrance*, at the extremest point of defiance, *i.e.* ready to defend to the uttermost. Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 71, 72:

Rather than go, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to th' *utterance!*

This is certainly the most natural explanation. Ingleby, however, who says the phrase admits of no doubt, explains *at utterance* as = ready to be put out, or staked, like money at interest, and, therefore, ready to be championed and fought for; *utterance* being a word used to express the putting out of money to interest.

ACT III. Scene 2.

152. Line 2: *What monster's her* ACCUSER?—This is Capell's correction, although, as usual, the later eighteenth-century editors did not give him the credit of it. The Folios have, "What Monsters her *accuse.*"

153. Line 5: *As poisonous-tongu'd as handed.*—Whose speech is as ready to slander as his hands to administer poison (Ingleby). Hunter (New Illustrations, ii. 293) remarks that a great opinion prevailed in England in Elizabeth's time of the skill possessed by the Italians in the art of poisoning.

154. Lines 7–9:

and UNDERGOES,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would TAKE IN *some virtue.*

Ingleby illustrates *undergo* in this sense from John Davies of Hereford, Witte's Pilgrimage, No. 17 (Grosart, ii. p. 24):

And then though Atlas on him Heav'n impose,
He that huge Burden, staidly *undergoes.*

To *take in*, it may be necessary to remind the modern reader, had not yet arrived at our familiar colloquial sense, but means to conquer, subdue, as towns or kingdoms; for instance, Coriolanus, i. 2. 24: "To *take in* many towns;" we have it again in iv. 2. 120, 121, below:

Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore
With his own single hand he'd *take us in.*

155. Lines 10, 11:

Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.

As compared to her, thy mind is now as low as thy fortunes were in comparison with her rank.

156. Line 17: [Reading] "*Do't: the letter*, &c.—We have here in verse the substance of what is given afterwards in prose (iii. 4. 21–33), when the letter is read at length. Malone remarks that this is one of the proofs that Shakespeare did not contemplate the publication of his plays, for an inaccuracy which might easily escape the spectator could hardly fail to be noticed by an attentive reader.

157. Lines 20, 21:

Senseless bauble,
Art thou a FEDARY *for this act.*

A *fedary* is a confederate, accomplice, from the Latin *fœdus;* it occurs again in a difficult passage of Measure for Measure, see that play, note 105; and in The Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 89, 90, we have the variant *federary:*

More, she's a traitor and Camillo is
A *federary* with her.

158. Line 23: *I'm ignorant in what I am commanded*—I must appear as if these instructions had not been sent to me (Hunter).

159. Lines 35–39:

bless'd be
You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:

Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.

The bees are not blessed by the man who, forfeiting a bond, is sent to prison, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleasing office of sealing letters (Steevens). The bees are said to cast forfeiters into prison, because the wax seal was an essential part of the bond forfeited or broken.

160. Lines 40–43: *Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me,* AS *you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.*—I take this to mean,—your father could not do me so much harm by his cruelty, as you would do me good by a sight of you. Capell inserted *not* after *would* "to make the sentence grammatical;" Malone, who agreed with Capell, interpreted, "but that you, O dearest of creatures, would be able to renovate my spirits by giving me the happiness of seeing you;" Knight changed "*as* you" to "*an* you;" the Folio has a colon at *you;* and Ingleby explains, "Justice and your father's wrath, &c., are not capable of as much cruelty to me as yourself, for you can refuse to meet me," and suggests that the relative *who* should be understood immediately before *would.*

161. Lines 64–66:

and for the gap
That we shall make in time, FROM *our hence-going*
AND *our return;*

i.e. from our hence-going *to* our return; the one preposition *from* has to serve for both objects, though in sense it belongs only to the first. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 1. 240, 241:

He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end;

i.e. from where he should begin to where he should end.

162. Line 69: *How many* SCORE *of miles may we well* RIDE.—So F. 2; F. 1 has "How many *store* of Miles may we well *rid.*"

163. Lines 80, 81:

I see before me, man: nor here, NOR *here,*
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them.

I see the course that lies before me: no other whether here or there, nor what may follow, but is doubtful or obscure (Rolfe). For "nor here, *nor* here," F. 1 has "nor heere, *not* heere;" corrected in F. 2.

ACT III. Scene 3.

164. Line 2: STOOP, *boys.*—Hanmer's certain conjecture. F. 1 has "*Sleepe* Boyes."

165. Lines 5, 6:

that giants may JET *through*
And keep their impious turbans on.

The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen (Johnson). For *jet,* see Twelfth Night, note 136.

166. Lines 16, 17:

This service is not service, so being done,
But being so allow'd.

The doer of any particular service does not gain credit because he acted from good motives, but because he has happened to win the approval of the great.

167. Line 20: *The sharded beetle.*—The elytra or wing-cases of the beetle were termed *shards;* thus, Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2. 20:

They are his *shards,* and he their *beetle.*

168. Line 22: *attending for a check.*—Doing service only to get a rebuke for it (Rolfe).

169. Line 23: *Richer than doing nothing for a* BABE.—All the emendations proposed being more or less unsatisfactory, I have retained the reading of the Folio, although it cannot be said that the sense is satisfactory: "doing nothing for a *babe*" perhaps means, dangling about in attendance on a youthful prince, and Belarius says that he is more truly rich than if such were his occupation. Steevens suggested that the words referred to the custom of wardship; since court favourites were often intrusted with the guardianship of wealthy infants, and while they administered the estates of the orphans they often did nothing for their education; but this is a very forced interpretation. Capell says *babe* = bauble, *i.e.* a title "the too frequent reward of worthless services;" and Malone, a puppet or plaything, to gain which the courtier wastes his time. As to the extension of the meaning of *babe,* it should be remembered that in legal phraseology an *infant* is any person under the age of twenty-one. Rowe altered *babe* to *bauble,* and he is followed by the Cambridge editors; Hanmer, followed by Knight, Dyce, and others, printed *bribe,* which is explained to mean "such a life of activity is richer than that of the bribed courtier, even though he pocket his bribe without rendering any return." This again is rather elaborate.

170. Lines 25, 26:

Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine,
Yet keeps his book uncross'd.

Such fellows are saluted by their tailor, although they have not paid him, and he has therefore not crossed their debt out of his ledger. "Makes *'em*" is Capell's reading; the Folio has "makes *him.*"

171. Line 28: *nor* KNOW *not.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *knowes.*

172. Line 34: *A prison* FOR *a debtor.*—So Pope. F. 1 has "A Prison, *or* a Debtor."

173. Lines 42, 43:

our cage
We make a QUIRE.

Here of course the *quire* is the place; elsewhere in Shakespeare it means the company of singers or players.

174. Line 51: *I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the search.*—As Ingleby remarks, it is the fame and honour which dies in the search, though the grammatical antecedent is *the name.* Most editors put a semicolon at *honour,* as if *which* referred to "the toil o' the war," line 49.

175. Line 83: *I' the cave* WHEREIN THEY BOW.—Warburton's emendation; the Folio has *whereon the Bowe.*

176. Line 86: *This* POLYDORE.—Misspelt *Paladour* here in the Folio, which elsewhere spells *Polidore.*

177. Line 103: *reft'st.*—See note 84 on i. 6. 147.

178. Line 105: *to her grave.*—See note 18 on i. 1. 117, 118.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

179. Lines 12, 13:

If't be summer news,
Smile to't before.

Steevens compares Sonnet xcviii. 5–7:

Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any *summer's story* tell.

180. Line 39: *kings, queens, and* STATES.—According to Johnson *states* here signifies persons of the highest rank, a meaning it often bears.

181. Lines 51, 52:

Some JAY *of Italy,*
WHOSE MOTHER WAS HER PAINTING, *hath betray'd him.*

She owed all she had to boast of to painting, this was to her as a mother is to a virtuous woman; or, as Johnson explains it, she was "the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may not improperly be termed her *mother*," or as Ingleby says, "The courtesan had no mother-qualities but such as administered to her vicious calling." The expression is well illustrated by iv. 2. 81–83 below:

Clo. Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

In Henry V. iv. 6. 31, 32, on the other hand, the mother-qualities are tenderness and sympathy:

And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

Compare also Lear, ii. 4. 57, 58. The Cambridge editors, in note v. to this play, explain "whose mother aided and abetted her daughter in her trade of seduction," an interpretation resting upon a passage in Middleton, A Mad World, my Masters, i. 1:

See here she comes,
The close courtezan, whose *mother is her bawd;*

but, as Ingleby remarks, by no ingenuity is it possible to make "whose mother was her painting" mean "whose mother was her bawd." Hanmer changed *mother* to *feathers*, and the Collier MS. gave the ingenious emendation "who smothers her with painting," against which Mr. Halliwell-Phillips put forth a pamphlet (A Few Remarks on the Emendation, "Who smothers her with painting," in the play of Cymbeline, &c., 1852). For *jay* = harlot, compare Merry Wives iii. 3. 44: "we 'll teach him to know turtles from *jays*."

182. Lines 54, 55:

And, for I'm richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd.

Because I am a garment too valuable to be hung up on the wall and neglected, I must be ripped up (slain). Steevens has an interesting note to the effect that in old times clothes which had gone out of use were not given away, but hung up in a room devoted to the purpose, and while articles of inferior quality were left to go to pieces, the richer ones were ripped up for domestic uses: "when a boy, at an ancient mansion-house in Suffolk, I saw one of these repositories, which (thanks to a succession of old maids) had been preserved, with superstitious reverence, for almost a century and a half. . . . When Queen Elizabeth died, she was found to have left above three thousand dresses behind her; and there is yet in the wardrobe of Covent Garden Theatre, a rich suit of clothes that once belonged to King James I. When I saw it last, it was on the back of Justice Greedy, a character in Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts."

183. Lines 60–62:

True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear.

The faithlessness of Æneas made people so suspicious in his day that every honest man was thought to be as false as he was. The epithet of course alludes to his desertion of Dido. For Sinon and his weeping, see the Æneid, book ii., especially lines 195–198:

Talibus insidiis periurique arte Sinonis
Credita res, captique dolis lacrimisque coactis,
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.

184. Lines 63, 64:

so thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men.

Wilt infect and corrupt their good name (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass), and wilt render them suspected (Upton). Compare Hamlet, i. 4. 29, 30:

some habit, that too much *o'er-leavens*
The form of plausive manners.

185. Line 81: *Something's* AFORE'T.—So Rowe; F. 1 has *a-foot.*

186. Line 82: *Obedient as the scabbard.*—That is, if you stab me, my bosom shall offer no more resistance to the sword than would the scabbard (Ingleby).

187. Lines 89–91:

Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthúmus,
That didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father.

The Folio arranges these lines unmetrically, as follows:

Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
That didd'st set vp my disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, &c.

I have followed Ingleby's arrangement, who thinks that something has fallen out after *set up*, since Imogen accuses Posthumus of having occasioned her disobedience, without first stating that he had won her affections, and so wrought upon her as to set her in rebellion to her father. Capell, followed by most editors, inserted a second *thou*, and printed:

Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou Posthumus, thou that did'st set up
My disobedience, &c.

188. Line 92: *And* MAKE *me put.*—So Malone; F. 1 has *makes.*

189. Line 95: *A* STRAIN *of rareness.*—Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 213, 214:

praise his most vicious *strain*,
And call it excellent.

190. Lines 96, 97:

when thou shalt be disedg'd by her
That now thou TIR'ST *on.*

To *tire* was a word used of birds of prey, meaning to seize and feed ravenously; see III. Henry VI. note 76. For the figurative use compare Timon of Athens, iii. 6. 4, 5: "Upon that were my thoughts *tiring* when we encounter'd."

191. Line 104: *I'll* WAKE *mine eyeballs* BLIND *first.*—The word *blind* is not in the Folio, and was inserted by Hanmer. Compare The Revenger's Tragedy, 1608 (Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. x. p. 102), quoted by Steevens:

A piteous tragedy! able to *wake*
An old man's eyes blood-shot.

Johnson conjectured, "I'll wake mine eyeballs *out* first," in support of which Steevens quotes The Bugbears (MS. Lands, 807):

I doubte
Least for lacke of my slepe I shall *watche* my eyes oute;

Middleton, Roaring Girl, 1611, "I'll ride to Oxford and *watch* out mine eyes, but I'll hear the brazen head speak."

192. Line 111: *To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy* STAND.—*Stand* is used in the same sense as in ii. 3. 75 above; see note 112.

193. Lines 112, 113:

But to win time
To lose so bad employment.

It might be asked, why did Pisanio allow Imogen to leave the court at all on what he knew was a fool's errand? The answer of course is that as he had to send his master proof of Imogen's death, it was necessary to devise some means for getting her safely out of the way.

194. Line 118: *Nor* TENT *to bottom that.*—For *tent* compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 625–627:

I'll observe his looks;
I'll *tent* him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course;

and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 15–17:

but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the *tent* that searches
To the bottom of the worst.

195. Line 135: *With that harsh, nothing noble, simple nothing.*—This is Ingleby's admirable conjecture. The Folio has defectively:

With that harsh, noble, simple nothing;

but unless in irony, which would be strained after the word *harsh*, Imogen would certainly not call Cloten noble. Theobald printed:

With that harsh, noble, simple, Nothing, *Cloten;*

and so Capell and Dyce. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson conjectures:

With that harsh, ignoble noble, simple nothing.

196. Lines 140–142:

I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool a swan's nest.

Britain seems to belong to the world's volume, but hardly to be *in* it; it is divided from it by its position in the ocean, like a swan's nest in a great pool is divided from the land. Ingleby says, "Mr. P. A. Daniel speciously proposes to transpose 'of it' and 'in 't;' as if the following line repeated the same thought in a metaphor. But the 'great pool' stands for the ocean, and not for the world. Britain is 'in the world's volume,' but *seems* not to be so, being *divisa toto orbe* by the sea, as a swan's nest in a great pool is divided from the land."

197. Lines 146, 147:

now, if you could wear a MIND
DARK *as your fortune is.*

To wear a *dark mind* is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness* applied to the *mind* is *secrecy;* applied to the *fortune* is *obscurity* (Johnson).

198. Lines 149, 150:

you should tread a course
Pretty and FULL OF VIEW.

Does *full of view* mean commanding a good prospect, having a good look-out, as we say ("affording fair prospect of turning out happily"—Capell), or enabling you to see and observe ("with opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes"—Johnson)? The Globe marks line 150 as corrupt.

199. Line 160: *Woman* IT *pretty self.*—*It* here is the older form of *its;* which latter crept into English near the end of the sixteenth century. The possessive *it* is usual in the early Quartos, and is found sixteen times in F. 1, viz. in eleven plays, in five of which it occurs twice . . . The possessive *its* . . . occurs ten times in Shakespeare; but not once in King James's Bible (1611), where *his*, as in F. 1, commonly does duty for the possessive of *it* (Ingleby).

200. Line 162: *As quarrelous as the weasel.*—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 3. 81, 82:

A *weasel* hath not such a deal of *spleen*
As you are toss'd with.

201. Line 164: *but, O, the harder heart!*—Johnson and Capell refer the heart to Posthumus, but more probably it is Pisanio's own heart that he apostrophizes, as too hard applying such language to Imogen.

202. Lines 177, 178:

which YOU 'LL *make him know,*
If that his head have ear in music.

So Hanmer. F. 1 has "which *will* make him know," &c., a reading which Ingleby retains, explaining, "which will make him know whether he has an ear for music."

203. Lines 184–187:

but we 'll even
All that good time will give us: this attempt
I'M SOLDIER TO, *and will* ABIDE *it with*
A prince's courage.

We will keep pace with the time, and profit by all the advantage it gives us; I have enlisted myself like a soldier in this enterprise, and will undergo it with the courage befitting my birth. This is Warburton's explanation of *I'm soldier to*, and is much preferable to Malone's and

Steevens' "I am equal to this attempt, I am up to it." For *abide* = undergo, compare i. 1. 89, 90:

> And I shall here *abide* the hourly shot
> Of angry eyes.

ACT III. Scene 5.

204. Line 7: *So, sir: I desire of you.*—This is the pointing of the Folio. Dyce follows Capell in pointing, "So sir, I desire of you."

205. Line 9:

> *Madam, all joy befall your grace!*
> Queen. *And you!*

This is the arrangement of the Globe. The Folio has:

> Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.

Dyce, "with some hesitation," adopts Capell's emendation, "your grace, and *yours!*" Ingleby suggests that *sir* has fallen out at the end of the line, in which case *you* will of course refer to Cymbeline.

206. Line 32: *she* LOOKS US *like.*—So Johnson. F. 1 has "she *looke* vs like;" F. 2, "she lookes *as* like."

207. Line 35: *We've been too* SLIGHT *in sufferance.*—Cymbeline means he has taken his daughter's conduct too lightly (F. 2 has *light* for *slight*), has been too negligent; compare Timon of Athens, ii. 1. 16, 17:

> be not ceas'd
> With *slight* denial.

208. Line 40: *words are* STROKES.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *stroke;*, —.

209. Line 44: *That will be given to the* LOUDEST *noise we make.*—So the Globe. F. 1 has "to' th' *lowd of* noise;" Rowe, "to th' *loudest* noise;" Capell, "to the *loud'st of* noise."

210. Lines 50, 51:

> *but our great court*
> *Made me to blame in memory.*

Our important court business (with the Roman ambassador) made me forget it (Rolfe).

211. Line 72: *Than lady, ladies, woman.*—An elliptical climax, = (as Johnson explains) than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind. Tollet compares All 's Well, ii. 3. 202: "To any count,—to all counts,—to what is man."

212. Lines 73, 74:

> *and she, of all compounded,*
> OUTSELLS *them all.*

Compare ii. 4. 102 above:

> Her pretty action did *outsell* her gift.

213. Line 80: *What, are you packing, sirrah?*—In the foot-note I have explained *packing* in its commonest sense, *i.e.* running away; perhaps, however, it means *plotting*, as in Taming of the Shrew, v. 1. 121: "Here's *packing* . . . to deceive us all!"

214. Line 101: *Or this, or perish.*—I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten, or perish by his fury (Malone).

215. Lines 144, 145: *my speech of* INSULTMENT *ended on his dead body.*—The word *insultment* (spelt *insulment* in F. 1, *insultment* in F. 2) does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, and *insult* as a substantive does not occur at all; *insult* as a verb is common enough, but always with the idea of exulting or triumphing as a victor over an enemy.

ACT III. Scene 6.

216. Lines 7, 8:

> FOUNDATIONS *fly the wretched; such, I mean,*
> *Where they should be reliev'd.*

Places though as fixed as a haven, such as Milford, seem to fly away from the wretched who look for rest and relief in them. Schmidt is perhaps right in seeing a pun on *foundation* in the sense of a charitable establishment.

217. Lines 12, 13:

> *to* LAPSE *in fulness*
> *Is sorer than to lie for need.*

The verb *lapse* seems to have been specially used of the sin of lying; thus Coriolanus, v. 2. 17–19:

> For I have ever verified my friends—
> Of whom he 's chief—with all the size that verity
> Would without *lapsing* suffer.

218. Lines 21, 22:

> HARDNESS *ever*
> *Of hardiness is mother*

For *hardness*, in the sense of hardship, compare Othello, i. 3. 232–234:

> I do agnize
> A natural and prompt alacrity
> I find in *hardness.*

In v. 5. 431 below, the word has its usual sense of *difficulty.*

219. Lines 23, 24:

> *If any thing that 's civil, speak; if savage,*
> TAKE OR LEND.

The difficult words *take or lend* seem to mean, as Johnson explained them, take what I have to give for what I want, or *lend* it to me for future payment. Malone supports this interpretation by what Imogen says below, lines 47, 48:

> Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
> T' have begg'd or *bought what I have took.*

Ingleby suggests that *lend* has its common meaning of afford, grant, as in "*lend* me your ear," "*lend* me an arm;" but in this sense the verb is not used absolutely. It should be added that Johnson wished to make *take or lend* and *speak* change places. Schmidt proposes, "take or leave, *i.e.* destroy me or let me live;" but this will hardly commend itself to the student.

220. Line 27: *Such a foe, good heavens!*—Pope, and even Theobald, read, "Grant such a foe," which may be the meaning; perhaps, however, Imogen means, "Such a (harmless) foe as I am!" Capell has:

> Such a foe, *ye* good heavens!

The Folio begins *Scena Septima* here (after line 27), and our scene 7 is *Scena Octaua.*

221. Line 28: *You, Polydore, have prov'd best* WOODMAN.—Steevens points out that the common meaning of *woodman* was a hunter. Compare Lucrece, 580, 581:

> He is no *woodman* that doth bend his bow
> To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

222. Lines 34, 35:

when RESTY *sloth*
Finds the down-pillow hard.

The word *resty* has been misunderstood by Schmidt, who explains it "stiff with too much rest," as if it came from *rest* = repose. In point of fact it is a variant of *restive*, a form which does not occur in Shakespeare, and is derived from the French *rester*, to remain (Eng. *rest* = to remain, be left over, a distinct word from *rest* = repose), the meaning being, as Johnson gives it in his dictionary, "obstinate in standing still," that is, stubborn, refusing to move (Cotgrave has *restif*, restie, stubborn, drawing backward); and this meaning suits the other two passages in which Shakespeare uses the word, viz. Sonnet c. 9:

Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey;

and Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 261–263, Quarto 1609:

A Prince calld *Hector* . . .
Who in his dull and long continued truce,
Is *restie* growne: (The Folio has *rusty*.)

as well as the passage referred to by Schmidt in Edward III. iii. 3. 159–162:

Such as, but scant them of their chines of beefe
And take awaie their downie featherbeds,
And presently they are as *resty*-stiffe,
As twere a many overridden iades:

and the following, quoted by Ingleby, "I hope he is better than a *resty* lade that will not stir out of the stable."—Nicholas Breton, The Court and the Country, 1618 (Grosart, I, *u*. 9). So here "*resty* sloth" must = stubborn or lazy sloth, sloth which will not take the exercise necessary to enable it to "snore upon a flint." Nowadays we have confused *restive with restless*, but this seems to be quite a modern mistake, otherwise it would serve to explain our passage admirably.

223. Line 36: *Poor* HOUSE, *that* KEEP'ST THYSELF!—The best commentary on this line is As You Like It, iv. 3. 82, 83:

But at this hour *the house doth keep itself;*
There's none within.

224. Lines 69–71:

Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard BUT *be your groom in honesty:*
I bid for you as I do buy.

If you were a woman, I should woo hard to be (at any rate) your servant in an honourable way: I bid for your friendship on the same terms as I offer mine,—I hope to get as much as I give. The force of *but* is more easily appreciated than explained; perhaps the best suggestion is that of Dr. Abbott (Sh. Gr. § 126), that there is a confusion with the phrase, "It would go hard with me but . . ." Most modern editors remove the colon after "in honesty" and connect the words with the following line in the sense "in truth."

225. Lines 76–79:

Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! then had my PRIZE
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus.

If they had been really my brothers I should not have been the heir, and Posthumus would not have captured so valuable a prize in me, for my freight would have been less, and more of a counterbalance to his. Schmidt, comparing Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 183, 184:

Cæsar's no merchant, to make *prize* with you
Of things that merchants sold—

explains *prize* as = estimation.

226. Lines 85, 86:

laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes.

Putting aside as of no account the barren honour or empty praise awarded by the mass, who lack the perception of true worth, and do not agree about it (Ingleby). Steevens compares II. Henry IV. Induction 19:

The still-*discordant* wavering *multitude.*

227. Line 89: *Since Leonatus' false.*—So Dyce (after Walker) to mark the elision of *is*. F. 1 has *Since Leonatus false;* Rowe and The Globe, Leonatus's.

ACT III. Scene 7.

228. Line 6: *The* FALL'N-OFF *Britons.* – Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 93, 94:

Revolted Mortimer!
He never did *fall off*, my sovereign liege.

229. Lines 8–10:

to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he COMMANDS
His absolute commission.

Theobald, at the suggestion of Warburton, changed *commands* to *commends*, and so Dyce and the Globe; but compare iii. 5. 157 above: "that is the second thing I have *commanded* thee."

ACT IV. Scene 1.

230. Lines 12, 13: *alike conversant in* GENERAL SERVICES, *and more remarkable in* SINGLE OPPOSITIONS.—The meaning of *single oppositions* will depend upon the meaning we assign to *general services*. If "conversant in general services" might be explained as = a man generally serviceable, able to make himself generally useful, as the advertisements say, we might adopt Schmidt's interpretation of "single oppositions" as = when compared as to particular accomplishments; but if the former expression = versed in military affairs in general, "single oppositions" will be, as usually explained, = single combats. Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 99–101:

In *single opposition*, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.

231. Lines 15, 16: *yet this* IMPERSEVERANT *thing loves him in my despite.—Imperseverant* is the contrary of *perseverant*, a word which means discerning, while the corresponding substantive *perseverance* means discernment. Compare Greene, The Pinner of Wakefield, p. 261 (ed. Dyce, 1 vol. ed.):

Why, this is wondrous, being blind of sight,
His deep *perseverance* should be such to know us;

and Middleton, The Widow, iii. 2:

Methinks the words
Themselves should make him do't, had he but the *perseverance*
Of a cock-sparrow, that will come at Philip,
And can nor write nor read, poor fool!

Other instances of these words will be found quoted by W. R. Arrowsmith in Notes and Queries, April 23, 1853. Dyce unnecessarily changes the spelling to *imperceiverant*, a form which, as Rolfe remarks, is hardly an admissible derivative from *perceive*. Schmidt explains *imperseverant* as = giddy, flighty, thoughtless (as if it were the opposite of *persevering*), but this does not suit the context.

232. Line 19: *thy garments cut to pieces before* HER *face.* —So Hanmer. F. 1 has "before *thy* face," which Warburton, Capell, and Malone defend; but, as Dyce remarks, "Cloten could have no possible object in cutting to pieces the garments of Posthumus before his face, even if Posthumus had been alive to witness the dissection. Cloten wishes to cut them to pieces before the face of Imogen, as a sort of revenge for her having said to him [ii. 3. 138–141 above]—

> His meanest *garment*,
> That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
> In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
> Were they all made such men."

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

233. Line 8: *so* CITIZEN *a* WANTON.—*Citizen* = cockney-bred, effeminate. For *wanton* in the sense of a luxurious, effeminate person, compare King John, v. 1. 69, 70:

> shall a beardless boy,
> A cocker'd silken *wanton*, brave our fields?

234. Lines 17, 18:

> HOW MUCH *the quantity, the weight as much,*
> *As I do love my father.*

Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots, p. 450) proposes to punctuate,

> How much the quantity, the weight, as much
> As I do love my father;

and this is adopted by Ingleby. According to Schmidt *How much* = however much.

235. Line 35: *Th' imperious seas breeds monsters.*—So F. 1: changed in the later Folios to *breed*, but, it need hardly be observed, such false concords are very common both in Shakespeare and in contemporary writers.

236. Line 38: *I'll now taste of thy drug.*—Almost all modern editions make Imogen "drink" or "swallow" here. But evidently she does nothing of the kind. She retires into the cave to drink Pisanio's drugs (Ingleby). Rowe inserted the stage-direction, *Drinks out of the Viol.*

237. Lines 47, 48:

> *This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had*
> *Good ancestors.*

A confusion of two constructions, "He hath had, it appears, good ancestors," and "He appears to have had good ancestors" (Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 411).

238. Line 49: Gui. *But his neat cookery!* he CUT OUR ROOTS IN CHARACTERS.—So Capell. F. 1 has,

> *Gui.* But his neate Cookerie?
> *Arui.* He cut, &c.

For "he cut our roots in characters," Steevens compares Fletcher, The Elder Brother, act iv. sc. 1 (p. 117, ed. 1679), "a Bookish Boy that never knew a Blade above a Penknife, and how to *cut his meat in Characters.*"

239. Lines 57, 58:

> *That grief and patience, rooted in* HIM *both,*
> *Mingle their* SPURS *together.*

So Pope. F. 1 has "rooted in *them* both." The *spurs*, says Malone, are "the longest and largest leading roots of trees;" compare The Tempest, v. 1. 47, 48:

> and by the *spurs* pluck'd up
> The pine and cedar.

240. Line 58: *Grow,* PATIENCE!—So Theobald (Rowe, "Grow Patience"). F. 1 has "Grow *patient*,".

241. Lines 59, 60:

> *And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine*
> *His perishing root with the increasing vine!*

The increasing vine is patience, from which grief is to untwine its root, and so perish. Instances of this proleptic use of the adjective ("perishing root," "increasing vine") are collected by Schmidt, p. 1420.

242. Line 61: *It is great morning.*—The same expression occurs in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 3. 1. Steevens compares the French "grand jour."

243. Line 81: *Know'st me not by my clothes?*—Ingleby has an interesting note here: "It is doubtful whether Cloten, unmindful of his disguise, expects Guiderius to recognize him as the Queen's son; or whether he supposes a stranger would take him for Posthumus, because he wears Posthumus' clothes. Perhaps Shakespeare committed here the oversight he did in W[inter's] T[ale], iv. 4 [776], where the shepherd is made to say to his son, 'His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely;' the fact being that Autolycus was attired, not in Florizel's court suit, but in 'a swain's wearing.' Such oversights were easily committed, and not easily detected by an uncritical audience, who enjoyed the fun of the situation, without being curious as to the consistency of the plot."

244. Line 86: *Thou* INJURIOUS *thief.*—Compare Coriolanus, iii. 3. 69:

> Call me their traitor!—Thou *injurious* tribune!

245. Line 90: *I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad,* OR ADDER, SPIDER.—Capell omitted the words *or Adder, Spider*, for the sake of the metre.

246. Line 101: *No* COMPANY'S *abroad.*—So F. 3 and F. 4; F. 1 has *Companie's*, of which the Globe and other modern editors make *companies.*

247. Lines 105, 106:

> *the snatches in his voice,*
> *And burst of speaking, were as his.*

An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding (Johnson).

248. Lines 110–112:

> *he had not apprehension*
> *Of roaring terrors; for* TH' EFFECT *of judgement*
> *Is oft the* CAUSE *of fear.*

This is Theobald's reading, which is in harmony with the prevailing taste for antitheses, bringing out as it does the contrast between *cause* and *effect*. The inference of course is, that as Cloten had no judgment he had no fear.

The Folio has:

For *defect* of Iudgement
Is oft the *cause* of Feare—

which Ingleby retains; but I cannot but think his explanation, which is to the following effect, rather forced: "It is the *defect* of judgment, *i.e.* its defective exercise, not its total absence, which is the cause of fear; Cloten had no judgment at all, and the words 'defect of judgment' do not apply to him." But surely, according to any natural reading of the passage, nothing is clearer than that they do. Malone and Dyce adopted Hanmer's conjecture,

for *defect* of Iudgement
Is oft the *cure* of fear.

249. Line 122: THANK *the gods!*—So Steevens. F. 1 has "*thanks* the Gods."

250. Lines 128, 129:

Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear THE *law!*

i.e. because, forsooth, we are afraid of the law? F. 1 punctuates:

all himselfe?
For we do feare the Law.

F. 2 has a plausible correction, "For we do feare *no* Law."

251. Line 132: *Though his* HUMOUR.—So Theobald. F. 1 has *Honor.*

252. Line 141: *He'd* FETCH US IN.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 1. 12-14:

within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to *fetch him in.*

253. Line 170: *how thyself thou blazon'st.*—So Pope. F. 1 has *thou thy selfe thou.*

254. Line 186: *My* INGENIOUS *instrument!*—Spelt *ingenuous* in the Folio, but the words are used indiscriminately in the old editions. Joseph Hunter suggested that the Æolian harp is the instrument intended.

255. Lines 205, 206:

to show what coast thy sluggish CRARE
Might EASILIEST *harbour in!*

F. 1 has

thy sluggish *care*
Might'st easilest harbour in.

F. 2 has "Might *easilest.*" *Crare* was suggested by Sympson in a note on Fletcher's Captain (ed. 1750, vol. vi. p. 441), act i. sc. 2 (p. 48, ed. 1647):

Let him venture
In som decaid *Crare* of his owne,

and was first introduced into the text by Steevens. According to Heath (Revisal, p. 485) "a *crare* is a small trading vessel . . . I myself have met with the word in ancient records above a thousand times. It is called in the Latin of those middle ages, *crayera.*" Steevens quotes Heywood, Golden Age, 1611 (ed. 1874, vol. iii. p. 12):

Behold a forme to make your *Craers* and Barkes,
To passe huge streames in safety.

and Malone, Florio, Italian Dictionary, "*Furchio.* A hulke, a crayer, a lyter, a wherrie, or such vessel of burthen." Warburton suggested *carrack*, which is printed by Theobald and Hanmer.

256. Lines 207, 208:

Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!

Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, with great probability, conjectures, "but *ay!*" *i.e.* ah! the *I* of the Folio being the usual printing of *aye*, which word took the place of the original *ay* in the mind of the transcriber or compositor.

257. Lines 210, 211:

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at.

Smiling as if he had been tickled in his sleep by some fly and was laughing at it, not looking as if he had been smitten with death's dart.

258. Line 214: *My* CLOUTED BROGUES.—*Brogues*, properly speaking, are rough shoes made of untanned leather; but all that is intended here is a heavy shoe patched with leather, such as the Gibeonites wore in Joshua ix. 5: "old shoes and *clouted* upon their feet." Rolfe quotes Latimer, Sermons: "he should not have *clouting* leather to piece his shoes with."

259. Line 217: *With* FEMALE *fairies will his tomb be haunted.*—Why *female?* Douce (Illustrations, ed. 1839, p. 380) says, "harmless and protecting spirits, not fairies of a mischievous nature."

260. Line 218: *And worms will not come to* THEE.—For the change of person see note 18 on i. 1. 118.

261. Line 222: *The* AZUR'D HAREBELL, *like thy veins.*—Compare ii. 2. 22, 23, of the eyelid:

Under these windows, white and *azure*, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.

By *harebell* Shakespeare meant the wild hyacinth or bluebell (*Scilla nutans*) with its delicately veined flowers, called by Gerard "Blew English *Hare-Bells.*" The name is now given to the "Round-leafed Bell-flower" of Gerard, called in Scotland the *Bluebell* (*Campanula rotundifolia*).

262. Line 224: *the ruddock.*—Spelt *Raddocke* in F. 1. The word is used by Spenser, *e.g.* Epithalamion (p. 588 of Works, Globe ed.), quoted by Rolfe, "The *Ruddock* warbles soft."

263. Line 229: *To* WINTER-GROUND *thy corse.*—"To *winter-ground* a plant," says Steevens, "is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter season, by straw, dung, &c., laid over it. This precaution [known to gardeners as *mulching*] is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, represents her to be." Warburton, followed by Capell, substituted *winter-gown.* Ingleby conjectured *twine around*, or *wind around;* the last was also suggested by Elze. The notion of the redbreast covering dead bodies, best known from the ballad of the "Babes in the Wood," seems to be an old one; Reed quotes Thomas Johnson, Cornucopia, 1596: "The robin redbreast if he find a man or a woman dead, will cover all his face with mosse, and some thinke that if the body should remaine unburied that he would cover the whole body also;" and Steevens, Drayton, The Owl:

Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little red-breast teacheth charitie.

264. Line 237: *As once our mother.*—So Pope. F. 1 has "*to* our Mother."

265. Lines 247, 248:

REVERENCE—
That angel of the world.

Reverence, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world (Johnson).

266. Line 255: *we must lay his head to th' east.*—Rolfe refers the reader to Brand's Popular Antiquities, Bohn's ed. vol. ii. p. 295, ff.

267. Line 267: *To thee the reed is as the oak; i.e.*, as Ingleby explains, weakness and strength are matters of indifference to you, and therefore "Care no more to clothe and eat."

268. Line 275: *Consign to thee.*—For the thought Steevens aptly compares Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 113–115:

and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

269. Line 276: *No exorciser harm thee!*—See All's Well, note 201. It is hardly necessary to refer the reader to Collins's well-known Dirge, "To fair Fidele's grassy tomb," &c.

270. Line 280: *Quiet* CONSUMMATION *have.*—Steevens quotes Edward III. iv. 9. 41–43:

My soule should yeeld this Castle of my flesh,
The mangled tribute, with all willingness,
To darkenes, *consummation*, dust and Wormes.

271. Line 285: *Upon their faces.*—Cloten's clotpoll having been sent down the stream (line 184 above), Capell and Malone call attention to the fact that there was but one face on which the flowers could be strewed. Ingleby's gallant attempt to vindicate the poet's consistency by removing the period at *faces*, and explaining, "Upon the faces of the herbs you were as flowers now withered. Just so, these herblets, which we strew upon you, shall serve for flowers"—will commend itself to few. Even its author admits that "*shall* is an extraordinary ellipsis."

272. Line 290: *so* IS *their pain.*—So Pope. F. 1 has "so *are* their paine."

273. Line 311: *The* BRAWNS *of Hercules.*—For *brawn*, *i.e.* brawny arm, compare Coriolanus, iv. 5. 125, 126:

and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy *brawn*.

274. Line 316: HAST *here cut off my lord.*—So Pope. F. 1 has *Hath*.

275. Line 329: *This is Pisanio's deed and* CLOTEN'S.—So Pope. F. 1 has "and *Cloten*."

276. Line 336: *They are in readiness.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has "They are *heere* in readinesse,"—the *heere* of the previous line having been accidentally repeated.

277. Line 337: *The senate hath stirr'd up the* CONFINERS.—As *confines* in Shakespeare means a district or territory, Schmidt is perhaps right in explaining *confiners* to be the inhabitants of such a district. The word is usually explained to mean *borderers*, *i.e.* those who live on the confines or borders, but Shakespeare does not use *confines* in this sense.

278. Line 347: *I* FAST *and pray'd.*—For the omission of the *-ed*, not uncommon in verbs which end in *t*, compare Exod. xii. 8, "*roast* with fire;" Ps. xxiv. 7, "be ye *lift* up, ye everlasting doors."

279. Lines 399, 400:

And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave.

Ingleby, following Steevens, remarks: "Lucius intends to bury Cloten; but the event shows that, after all, the corse is only superficially protected 'from the flies.' Is there an oversight here?"

ACT IV. Scene 3.

280. Lines 22, 23:

We'll SLIP *you for a season; but our jealousy*
Does yet DEPEND.

For *slip*, a hunting term, compare The Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 52:

O, sir, Lucentio *slipp'd* me like his greyhound.

Depend perhaps contains the notions both of *impending* and *being in suspense:* for *depend* = impend, compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 21: "that, methinks, is the curse *dependant* on those that war for a placket."

281. Lines 29, 30:

Your preparation can AFFRONT NO LESS
Than what you hear of.

What does *affront* mean here? Johnson's note—"Your forces are able to *face* such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us"—fails to explain the words *no less*. Murray (New Eng. Dict.) interprets, "to face anticipatively; to prepare to meet; look out for;" and if this is correct, we must explain, "your preparations have been made on such a scale that they can be on the look-out for no smaller force than that which we hear is coming against us;" but Ingleby's interpretation gives the best sense—"*affront* = bring to the encounter;" *i.e.* you can bring no less a force into the field than the one we hear of. I regret that I can find no parallel use of the word.

282. Line 36: I HEARD *no letter from my master.*—I have not heard a syllable from him. Hanmer changed *I heard* into *I've had:* Mason conjectured *I had*, which Collier adopted. The original reading is supported by line 38: "Nor *hear I* from my mistress."

ACT IV. Scene 4.

283. Line 2: *find we.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *we finde*.

284. Line 6: *For barbarous and unnatural* REVOLTS.—*Revolts*, in the sense of revolters or deserters, occurs twice in King John, v. 2. 151: "you ingrate *revolts;*" and v. 4. 7:

Lead me to the *revolts* of England here.

285. Line 17: *the Roman horses.*—So Rowe. F. 1 has *their*.

286. Lines 21–30:

O, I am known
Of many in the army, &c.

This speech is a striking example of the compression of style so characteristic of Shakespeare's latest plays; compare Belarius' speeches in iv. 2. 130–145, 203–209, and 283–290.

287. Lines 26, 27:

Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The CERTAINTY *of this* HARD *life.*

Malone explains *certainty* as = the certain consequence of: can it mean the hard fact, stern necessity, of this kind of life? *Hard* is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 has *heard.*

288. Line 33: *and thereto so o'ergrown.*—And in addition to that so overgrown with hair. Dyce compares v. 3. 16, 17, speaking of Belarius:

who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to.

Compare also As You Like It, iv. 3. 107:

A wretched ragged man, *o'ergrown* with hair.

Schmidt, comparing Measure for Measure, i. 3. 22:

Even like an *o'ergrown* lion in a cave,

thinks it may possibly mean *grown old.*

ACT V. Scene 1.

289. Lines 1, 2:

Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I AM *wish'd*
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus.

So F. 1. Pope, followed by most editors, unnecessarily read *I wish'd.* The cloth is the "bloody sign" which Pisanio said he would send to Posthumus in iii. 4. 128.

290. Lines 13–15:

you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.

This is a very vexed passage, and the Globe editors mark line 15 as corrupt. Yet if the words are taken in their plain meaning they give satisfactory sense enough. "Each elder worse" must mean, each ill or crime worse than the one which had preceded it, the crime being termed *elder* because committed at a more advanced age. To make "each elder" refer to the ill-doer (the older every man gets the worse he gets) and not to the ill deed, is intolerably harsh. Rowe, without the shadow of an authority, substituted "each worse than other." We may then paraphrase the whole passage, with Monck Mason: "Some you snatch from hence for little faults; others you suffer to heap ills on ill, and afterwards make them dread their having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers." Theobald substituted *dreaded* for *dread it*, and took quite another view of the line, "which Enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in other kinds to their Advantage. Dignity, Respect, and Profit, accrue to them from Crimes committed with Impunity." Capell, who adopts Theobald's reading, explains, and "make the ills enormous and dreadful, to the great profit of those who do them."

291. Lines 32, 33:

To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion,—less without and more within.

Whereas the guise or fashion of the world is, more without and less within.

ACT V. Scene 3.

292. Lines 4, 5:

the king himself
Of his wings destitute, &c.

The commentators point out that this incident of the Roman army being stopped in a lane by Belarius and his foster-sons is borrowed from Holinshed's Scotland (p. 155), where it is related of a father and two sons, called Haie, as having happened during the reign of Kenneth, A.D. 976: "The Danes, perceiving that there was no hope of life, but in victorie rushed forth with such violence upon their adversaries, that first the right, and then after the left wing of the Scots, was constreined to retire and flee backe, the middle warde stoutly yet keeping their ground: but the same stood in such danger, being now left naked on the sides, that the victorie must needes have remained with the Danes, had not a renewer of the battell come in time, by the appointment (as it is to be thought) of almightie God.

"For as it chanced, there was in the next field at the same time an husbandman, with two of his sons busie about his worke, named Haie, a man strong and stiffe in making and shape of bodie, but indued with a valiant courage. This Haie beholding the king, with the most part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancie in the middle ward, now destitute of the wings, and in great danger to be oppressed with the great violence of his enimies, caught a plow-beame in his hand, and with the same exhorting his sonnes to doo the like hasted towards the battell. . . . There was neere to the place of the battell, a long lane fensed on the sides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enimies in heapes.

"Here Haie with his sonnes, supposing they might best staie the fight, placed themselves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they met fleeing, and spared neither friend nor foe: but downe they went all such as came within their reach, wherewith diverse hardie personages cried unto their fellows to returne backe unto the battell."

293. Lines 16, 17:

who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to.

That is, who showed by his valour that he had profited by such long experience (in arms) as his long white beard cited (Ingleby).

294. Line 20: *The country base.*—According to the New English Dict. either a specific use of *base*, the starting-place of a race, or a corruption of *bars.* This game is not unfrequently mentioned in the writers of Shakespeare's time.

295. Line 24: *"Our Britain's* HARTS *die flying, not our men."*—So Pope in his 2nd ed. (1728), following a suggestion made by Theobald in his Shakespear Restored (1726). The Folio has *hearts*, which Ingleby defends, but unsuccessfully, for where is the antithesis between *hearts* and *men*?

296. Line 42: *Chickens, the way which they* STOOP'D *eagles.*—F. 1 has *stopt;* Rowe, *stoopt.*

297. Lines 42, 43:

slaves,
The strides THEY *victors made.*

That is, retracing as slaves the onward strides they had made as victors (Rolfe). F. 1 has "*the* victors;" changed by Theobald to *they.*

298. Line 44: *fragments in hard voyages.*—Ingleby aptly illustrates by As You Like It, ii. 7. 39, 40:

> dry as the remainder biscuit
> After a *voyage*.

299. Lines 46–48:

> *heavens, how they wound!*
> SOME *slain before;* SOME *dying;* SOME *their friends*
> *O'er-borne i' the former wave.*

It is difficult to decide whether the three *somes* are nominatives or accusatives: the words "some their friends" would certainly seem to mean "some wound their friends" rather than "they wound some who were their friends," and therefore it is better perhaps to decide in favour of the nominative. The lines will then mean: heavens, how they wound! Some wound those slain before; some wound the dying; some wound their friends who had been overwhelmed in the former charge.

300. Line 64: *Still going? i.e.* you run away from me as you did from the enemy (Sidney Walker).

301. Lines 73–76:

> *Well, I will find him:*
> FORTUNE *being now a favourer to the Briton,*
> *No more a Briton, I've resum'd again*
> *The part I came in.*

The Folio has

> *For* being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,

the only sense that can be extracted from which reading seems to be: "I am determined to find death, for though I am now on the side of the Britons, I have resumed the part I came in (death being more likely to be found on the side of the Romans, who are now the vanquished party) and am a Briton no longer." Capell's attempt to make *favourer* refer to death will not do; as Ingleby remarks, "Death could not, with any propriety of speech, be said to *favour* the side he was *sparing*." *Fortune* is the conjecture of the late Mr. A. E. Brae, first printed by Ingleby (1886). In the words "No more a Briton," &c., Posthumus perhaps refers to his having resumed his "Italian weeds," which we must suppose him to wear when he is taken prisoner. In scene 2 he had been disguised as a "poor soldier" of the British army.

302. Line 78: *Once* TOUCH MY SHOULDER.—A token of arrest. Compare As You Like It, iv. 1. 47, 48: "it may be said of him that Cupid hath *clapp'd him o' the shoulder;*" *i.e.* taken him prisoner.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

303. Lines 1, 2:

> *You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon you;*
> *So graze as you find pasture.*

The wit of the Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg when he is turned to pasture (Johnson).

304. Lines 11–17:

> *Is't enough I'm sorry?*
> *So children temporal fathers do appease;*
> *Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?*
> *I cannot do it better than in gyves,*
> *Desir'd more than constrain'd. To satisfy?*
> *If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take*
> *No stricter render of me than my all.*

This very difficult passage does not seem to have been understood by any of the commentators before Ingleby, who found the key to it in the fact that Posthumus, who is here enlarging upon the means of repentance (the *penitent instrument*) which are to set him free, "is made to employ the language of the early divines, in distinguishing the three parts (primary, secondary, and 'main') of Repentance, as the condition of the Remission of Sins. 1. Attrition, or sorrow for sin: 'Is't enough, I am sorry?' 2. Penance; which was held to convert attrition into contrition, or godly sorrow: 'Must I repent?' 3. Satisfaction: 'Must I satisfy?' And he contends that as he has fulfilled the former requirements, he is willing to fulfil the last—to pay his debt, for having taken Imogen's life, by giving up his own." *To satisfy?* following *Must I repent?* = Must I satisfy? according to the usage familiar to all Shakespeare students, by which the *to* is omitted in the former of two clauses, and inserted in the latter (Abbott, § 350); so, to take one example out of many, Timon of Athens, iv. 2. 33, 34:

> Who 'd be so mock'd with glory? or *to* live
> But in a dream of friendship?

Here *would* is replaced by *to* in the second clause, just as *must* is replaced by *to* in the text. The *it* in "If of my freedom *'t* is the main part" refers to *satisfaction* implied in "To satisfy?" and the line means, if this satisfaction is the principal condition of my spiritual freedom, of my pardon and absolution. Then in the next line *stricter* does not mean "more severe," but "more restricted, less exacting." Posthumus does not want the gods to remit any part of his debt; he wishes them to take his all, *i.e.* his life; he does not ask for any abatement, such as vile men give their broken debtors. This interpretation was suggested to Ingleby by Mr. A. E. Brae in 1854, and independently by Mr. Jos. Crosby in 1876. The Cowden-Clarkes also (in their 3 vol. ed. of Shakespeare) believe this meaning to be "included" in *stricter*, and adduce the following illustration from Hooker, "As they took the compass of their commission *stricter* or larger, so their dealings were more or less moderate."

305. Lines 30–122: *No more, thou thunder-master, show,* &c.—Pope remarks, "Here follow a *vision*, a *masque*, and a *prophesy*, which interrupt the fable without the least necessity, and immeasurably lengthen this act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakespeare." The critics (Schlegel and Prof. A. W. Ward are exceptions) are almost unanimously of Pope's opinion. But before deciding to condemn these lines it will be well to see what the condemnation involves. When Posthumus wakes he finds on his breast a tablet, which he produces and has explained by the Soothsayer at the end of the play; now his possession of this tablet has to be explained somehow or other, and therefore, on the supposition that the masque is an interpolation, either all the lines referring to the vision and the tablet are an interpolation also, or the whole masque, the apparition of the ghosts and the descent of Jupiter, were intended by Shakespeare to be acted in dumb-show; for it would be absurd to suppose that in v. 5. 426, &c.,

Posthumus is describing any other slumber than that which now takes place before the eyes of the audience. On the other hand, such masques were suited to the taste of the time, and we need not go further than The Tempest to find another instance. It must also be noticed that this is not the first time that we hear of the parents and brothers of Posthumus; throughout the play their history has been known to the audience; in fact it is given, at sufficient length to make the masque intelligible, in i. 1. 28–40, where the birth and antecedents of Posthumus are detailed.

George Fletcher, a critic less known than he deserves, has an eloquent defence of these lines; he says (Studies of Shakespeare, 1847, p. 66): "The suppression [of the masque] deprives us of the solemnly pathetic effect of that simple chorus, which is plainly introduced in order, by recalling the whole tenor of the story, to remind the auditor that the hero is much more unfortunate than criminal, and to relieve our feelings by announcing an approaching deliverance from adversity,—at the same time that curiosity is kept alive by the mysterious terms in which the prediction is made. The attendant music adds to the soothing solemnity of the scene. How beautiful, too, is the plaintive simplicity of the ballad verses reciting his fortune, chanted by the apparitions of his deceased relatives, not one of whom he has seen in life. . . . In fact both the sufferings and the deserts of the hero have now reached their climax; nor could they be more affectingly recalled to us than by thus evoking the spirits of his kindred, whose deaths had left him, at his very birth, a brotherless orphan."

306. Line 67: *geck.*—Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 351:

> And made the most notorious *geck* and gull.

From the Ang. Sax. *geac;* we still use colloquially the forms *gowk* and *gawk*.

307. Line 81: *look out.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *looke, looke out.*

308. Line 118: *and* CLOYS *his beak.*—"Those who have kept hawks must often have observed the habit which they have of raising one foot, and whetting the beak against it" (Harting, Ornithology of Shakespeare, p. 31). The word *cloy* is said to be a variant of *cley* or *claw*, but no other instance is known. For *cleys* Steevens quotes Ben Jonson, Underwoods (p. 259, ed. 1640):

> to save her from the seize
> Of Vulture death, and those relentless *cleies*.

309. Line 134: *our* FANGLED *world.*—Malone says, "Perhaps this is the only instance in which the word occurs without *new* being prefixed to it,"—or understood, for Halliwell quotes from Gulpin, Skialetheia (1598):

> It is Cornelius, that brave gallant youth,
> Who is new printed to this *fangled* age.

The history of the word will be found in Skeat.

310. Lines 168–170: *of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord!*—So Dyce and the Globe editors. The Folio has "*Oh*, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: Oh the charity," &c.; the first *oh* having been evidently inserted by mistake, in consequence of the transcriber's or compositor's eye resting on the second one (Dyce).

311. Lines 171, 172: *you have no true* DEBITOR AND CREDITOR *but it.*—Compare Othello, i. 1. 28–32:

> And I . . . must be be-lee'd and calm'd
> By *debitor-and-creditor*, this counter-caster;
> He, in good time, must his lieutenant be.

Rolfe says the words "Debitor and Creditor" formed the title of certain old treatises on book-keeping.

312. Line 173: *your neck, sir, is.*—F. 2 has "necke sir is;" F. 1 "necke (Sis) is."

313. Line 187: *or* TO *take.*—See note on "To satisfy?" in line 15 above.

314. Line 215: *my wish hath a preferment in't.*—In a better state of society I should be better off.

ACT V. Scene 5.

315. Line 14: *the* LIVER, HEART, *and brain of Britain.*—The *liver* is the supposed seat of courage, as in Twelfth Night, iii. 2. 22: "to put fire in your *heart* and brimstone in your *liver;*" in i. 1. 37 of the same play it is the seat of the passions.

316. Line 31: *With horror, madly dying, like her life.*—The horror, the torture of the mind, that haunted her in her life, and which she had been powerless to dispel, haunted her in her death; therefore her death was like her life,—corresponded to it.

317. Line 50: *For you a* MORTAL MINERAL.—Rolfe quotes the late R. Grant White: "There can be little doubt that the slow poisons of the 16th and 17th centuries were all preparations of white arsenic, the *mortal mineral* still most effective for the poisoner's purposes."

318. Line 54: *O'ercome you with her show; and in time.*—So F. 1; F. 2 has "*yes* and in time." Keightley conjectured, "in due time."

319. Line 64: *that* HEARD *her flattery.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 have *heare.*

320. Line 95: *I know not why, wherefore.*—So the Folio. Rowe, followed by most editors, read "why, *nor* wherefore."

321. Lines 103, 104:

> *I see a thing*
> *Bitter to me as death.*

The *thing*, as some of the commentators note, is the ring of Posthumus on Iachimo's finger.

322. Lines 120–122:

> *One sand another*
> *Not more resembles that sweet rosy lad*
> *Who died, and was Fidele.*

We have had so many instances of condensation in this play, the thought outrunning the expression as it were, that, in spite of Ingleby, who calls it "impossible," and "in the last degree impossible," I do not hesitate to retain the reading of the Folio. The meaning is self-evident: one grain of sand does not resemble another more than he resembles Fidele. Ingleby, who is, however, not without a suspicion of some imperfection in the text, puts a colon at *resembles*, and understands "is this he?" after *Fidele.*

323. Line 126: *But we* SAW *him dead.*—So Rowe in his 2nd ed. The Folios have *see.*

324. Line 134: ON, *speak to him.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 spell "*One* speake to him."

325. Lines 139, 140:

Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Instead of torturing me to speak, thou wouldst (if thou wert wise, or aware) torture me to prevent my speaking that, &c. (Dyce).

326. Lines 153 and ff.: *Upon a time,* &c.—Ingleby notes that Iachimo's narrative rather follows the story of Boccaccio than the circumstances represented in i. 4 above. His inference is that this scene was written some years earlier than the account in i. 4; but, while the inconsistency is undeniable, this is surely making it prove too much.

327. Lines 163–165:

for feature, laming
The SHRINE *of Venus, or straight-*PIGHT *Minerva,*
Postures beyond brief nature.

For *shrine* compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 7. 39, 40, speaking of Portia:

From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this *shrine,* this mortal breathing saint.

Pight is an old form of *pitched* = fixed, set up. The ladies of Italy, says Iachimo, put to shame even the statues of Venus and Minerva, figures of superhuman beauty though these are, and such as Nature, as a rule, cannot attempt to rival with her short-lived handiwork. Warburton appositely quotes Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 205, 206, of Cleopatra:

O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature.

328. Line 205: *O cunning, how I got* IT!—So F. 2; F. 1 omits *it.*

329. Line 238: *The tune of Imogen!*—Ingleby compares iv. 2. 48, where Arviragus says of Imogen's voice: "How angel-like he sings!" and Lear, v. 3. 272, 273, of Cordelia:

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.

330. Lines 261–263:

Why did you throw your wedded lady FROM *you?*
Think that you are upon a ROCK; *and now*
Throw me again.

All the previous commentators take *rock* in this passage to mean cliff or precipice, from which Posthumus may throw Imogen if he has the heart to. But it is far more natural to take the word, as Ingleby does, to mean a rocky eminence such as a man has found refuge on in shipwreck. "That Shakespeare meant this is proved by his recurrence to the nautical metaphor in line 393 *infra:* 'Posthumus anchors upon Imogen.' It is there he has found anchorage for his tempest-toss'd ship; and with this in mind she very touchingly adds to the above—'Now throw me from you'—*i.e.* cast yourself once more adrift." "*From* you" is Rowe's correction; the Folios have "*fro* you."

331. Line 297: I 'M SORRY *for thee.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has "*I am sorrow* for thee"—a reading which I do not discard without reluctance. Compare Tempest, v. 1. 139: "I am *woe* for 't, sir."

332. Lines 310, 311:

We will die all three,
BUT *I will prove that* TWO ON 'S, &c.

This is the punctuation of the Folio, the meaning being, "we will all three die, if I do not prove." For *but* in this sense compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 86: "It shall go hard *but* I 'll prove it." *Two on 's* is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 has *two one's.*

333. Lines 334, 335:

Your pleasure was my MERE *offence, my punishment*
Itself, and all my treason.

Mere is Tyrwhitt's conjecture; F. 1 has *neere.* Malone paraphrases: "My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in and were founded on, your caprice only." "Your pleasure was my mere offence," seems to be a transposition of "your mere pleasure was my offence." In iii. 3. 65–68 Belarius tells the two princes that the real cause of Cymbeline's anger was the false testimony of two villains accusing him of confederacy with the Romans.

334. Line 351: LIKE *dew!*—So F. 2; misspelt *like* in F. 1.

335. Lines 352–354:

Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st.

Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate (Johnson).

336. Lines 363–365:

Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

This "mark of wonder" resembles that on Imogen (ii. 2. 38, 39):

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip.

We have here an unobtrusive note of Shakespeare's subtlety. The two marks are, as the Clarkes so well express it, "twined in beauty with a poet's imagination and a naturalist's truth" (Ingleby)

337. Line 378: *When* YE *were so indeed.*—So Rowe in his 2nd ed. F. 1 has *we.*

338. Line 386: *How parted with your* BROTHERS?—So Rowe in his 2nd ed. F. 1 has *Brother.*

339. Line 405: *that* SO *nobly fought.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *no.*

340. Line 407:

The thankings of a king.
Post. *I am, sir.*

To mend the metre Pope printed, "'*T is* I am sir;" Keightley conjectured "'*great* sir;" Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, "*dread* sir" or "sir *king.*" But perhaps this is one of those cases where a defective syllable is supplied by a gesture.

341. Lines 431, 432:

that I can
Make no COLLECTION *of it.*

Shakespeare always uses *collection* in this sense of "inference," the only two other instances being Hamlet, iv. 5. 7–9:

her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to *collection;* they aim at it;

and v. 2. 199–201: "a kind of yesty *collection*, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions."

342. Lines 447, 448:

and mollis aer
We term it mulier.

Mr. Aldis Wright furnished Dr. Ingleby with an instance of the same fanciful etymology of *mulier* from A World of Wonders, by Henry Stephen, translated by R. C. 1607, p. 292: "If any shall reply and say, that it is not to be wondered that the ancient Latinists neuer me'tioned these Etymologies, considering the names were not then in vse; I answer that they had no good dexteritie in giuing Etymologies of Ancient latin words; witness the notation of *Mulier, quasi mollis aer.*"

343. Line 449: *Is* THIS *most constant wife; who, even now.*—In order to supply an antecedent to *who* Capell changed *this* to *thy;* but the Soothsayer here turns to Posthumus, so that *who* = you who.

344. Line 469: *Of* THIS YET *scarce-cold battle.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 have "Of *yet this*," &c., which Rolfe defends; he says: "the transposition of *yet* is so common in Shakespeare (cf. Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 76) that we are not justified in altering the original text."

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN CYMBELINE.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Accessible	iii.	2	84
Adorer	i.	4	74
Adornment	ii.	2	26
	iii.	5	139
Affirmation	i.	4	63
Affront (sub.)	v.	3	87
After-eye (verb)	i.	3	16
After-inquiry	v.	4	189
All-dreaded	iv.	2	271
All-worthy	iii.	5	94
Andirons	ii.	4	88
Approvers	ii.	4	25
Arm[1] (verb)	iv.	2	400
Arrearages	ii.	4	13
Ascension	v.	4	116
Attemptible	i.	4	65
Averring	v.	5	203
Azure[2] (adj.)	ii.	2	22
Backside	i.	2	14
Backwards	v.	3	25
Beseeming (sub.)	v.	5	409
Bondage[3]	ii.	4	111
Brain[4] (verb)	v.	4	147
Brogues	iv.	2	214
By-dependencies	v.	5	390
*By-peeping	i.	6	108
Carl	v.	2	4
Casually	ii.	3	146
Cave (verb)	iv.	2	138
Cave-keeper	iv.	2	298
Century[5]	iv.	2	391
Chaffless	i.	6	178
Chaliced	ii.	3	25
Chamber-hanging	v.	5	204
Chaser	v.	3	40
Chimney-piece	ii.	4	81
Cinque-spotted	ii.	2	38
Citizen[6] (adj.)	iv.	2	8
Clement (adj.)	v.	4	18
Cloys[7]	v.	4	118
Coiner	ii.	5	5
Comb[8]	ii.	1	26
Commix[9]	iv.	2	55
Common-kissing	iii.	4	166
Company (verb)	v.	5	408
Confection	i.	5	15
	v.	5	246
Confiners	iv.	2	337
Consequence[10]	ii.	3	126
Containing (sub.)	v.	5	430
Cooked	iii.	6	39
	v.	4	155
Corresponding	iii.	3	31
Counterchange	v.	5	396
Covetings	ii.	5	25
Crack[11]	iv.	2	236
Crare	iv.	2	205
Cravens (verb)	iii.	4	80
Creek[12]	iv.	2	151
Crystalline	v.	4	113
Cutter	ii.	4	83
Daisied	iv.	2	398
Dalmatians	iii.	1	74
	iii.	7	3
Definite	i.	6	43
Depender	i.	5	58
Depending[13]	ii.	4	91
Derogate	ii.	1	48, 52
Derogation	ii.	1	47
Destitute[14]	v.	3	5
Dieter	iv.	2	51
Discourtesy	ii.	3	101
Disedged	iii.	4	96
Ditched	v.	3	14
Divineness	iii.	6	44
Doomed[15]	v.	5	420
Drug-damned	iii.	4	15
Earth-vexing	v.	4	42
Evil-eyed	i.	1	72
Exercise[16] (vb. tr.)	v.	4	82
Exorciser	iv.	2	276
Eye-strings	i.	3	17
Fallen-off	iii.	7	6
Fan[17] (verb)	i.	6	177
Fangled	v.	4	134
Fatherly (adv.)	ii.	3	39
Feated (verb)	i.	1	49
Feeler	i.	6	101
Fitment[18]	v.	5	409
Fore-end	iii.	3	73
Foresay	iv.	2	146
Forfeiters	iii.	2	38
Freeness	v.	5	421
*Full-acorned	ii.	5	16
Full-hearted	v.	3	7
Full-winged	iii.	3	21
Furnaces (verb)	i.	6	66
*Goer-back	i.	1	169
*Good-conceited	ii.	3	17
Half-workers	ii.	5	2
Handed[19]	iii.	2	5
Handfast[20]	i.	5	78
*Hand-in-hand	i.	4	75
Hangings[21]	iii.	3	63
Harebell	iv.	2	222
Hence-going	iii.	2	65
Herblets	iv.	2	287
Horse-hairs	ii.	3	33
Hugeness	i.	4	157
Hunt[22]	iii.	6	90
Illustrious[23]	i.	6	109

1 = to take into the arms.
2 Lucrece, 419.
3 = obligation.
4 = to understand.
5 = a hundred. 6 = effeminate.
7 = strokes with a claw.
8 Of a cock.
9 Lover's Complaint, 28.
10 = succession; frequently used in other senses.
11 = change of voice; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.
12 = a small river; = a narrow passage, Com. of Errors, iv. 2. 38.
13 = leaning.
14 = deprived of; = forsaken, Lucrece, 441.
15 = decided; elsewhere used in its ordinary senses.
16 = to perform. 17 = to try.
18 = equipment; = duty, Pericles, iv. 6. 6.
19 = i.e. poisonous-handed.
20 = marriage-engagement.
21 = fruit.
22 = the game killed.
23 = without lustre; elsewhere used = excellent, glorious.

WORDS PECULIAR TO CYMBELINE.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Imperseverant.	iv.	1	15
Importantly...	iv.	4	19
Incivil	v.	5	292
Insultment	iii.	5	144
Irregulous	iv.	2	315
Jack[1]	ii.	1	2
Jack-slave.....	ii.	1	22
Lack.....	iv.	2	374
	v.	3	59
Law-breaker...	iv.	2	75
*Leaping-time.	iv.	2	200
Limb-meal	ii.	4	147
Low-laid	v.	4	103
Loyally.....	iv.	3	19
*Main-top.....	iv.	2	320
Mapped (verb).	iv.	1	2
Martial[2]	iv.	2	310
Mary-buds	ii.	3	26
*Meeting-place	iv.	1	28
Mercurial	iv.	2	310
Miracle (verb).	iv.	2	29
Misery[3]	v.	3	64
Mountaineer[4]..	iv.	2	71, 100, 120, 370
Niceness	iii.	4	158
Not-fearing....	ii.	4	19
Nothing-gift...	iii.	6	86
Numbered[5] (adj.).	i.	6	36
Nurse-like.....	v.	5	88
Nursery.....	i.	1	59
O'erjoyed.....	v.	5	401
O'erlaboured ..	ii.	2	11
O'er-rate	i.	4	41
O'ervalues.....	i.	4	120
*Oft-times.....	i.	6	62
Openness.....	i.	6	88
Out-craftied...	iii.	4	15
Outlustres.....	i.	4	79
Out-peer	iii.	6	87
Outprized.....	i.	4	88
Outsell.....	ii.	4	102
	iii.	5	74
Outstood.....	i.	6	207
Out-sweetened	iv.	2	224
Outvenoms....	iii.	4	37
Overbuys.....	i.	1	146
Pannonians ...	iii.	1	74
	iii.	7	3
Partnered.....	i.	6	121
Pervert[6].....	ii.	4	151
Pictured[7].....	v.	4	185
Pittikins	iv.	2	293
Pointed[8].....	i.	3	19
*Poisonous-tongued	iii.	2	5
Preserve[9].....	i.	5	13
Prince (verb)..	iii.	3	85
Prince-like	v.	5	293
Pro-consul	iii.	7	8
Prohibition....	iii.	4	79
Provider	iii.	6	53
Pudency	ii.	5	11
Quarrellous....	iii.	4	162
Quick-answered	iii.	4	161
Ramps (sub.)..	i.	6	134
Rangers	ii.	3	74
Receiver	i.	1	44
Re-enforce (absol.)	v.	2	18
Rejoicingly....	iii.	5	149
Resty[10].....	iii.	6	34
Revengingly...	v.	2	4
Rich-left.....	iv.	2	226
*Riding-suit...	iii.	2	78
Ripely	iii.	5	22
Romish.....	i.	6	152
Rowel.....	iv.	4	39
Ruddock.....	iv.	2	224
Sample.....	i.	1	48
Satiate.....	i.	6	48
Scriptures[11]...	iii.	4	83
Self-danger....	iii.	4	149
Self-explication	iii.	4	8
Self-figured....	ii.	3	124
Sharded	iii.	3	20
Short[12] (verb).	i.	6	200
Sire (verb).....	iv.	2	26
Sky-planted....	v.	4	96
Slackly[13].....	i.	1	64
Slaver.....	i.	6	105
Sluggish	iv.	2	205
Smallness.....	i.	3	21
Solicits (sub.)..	ii.	3	52
South-fog.....	ii.	3	136
Speediness	ii.	4	31
Spring[14]	ii.	2	47
Sprited.....	ii.	3	144
Spritely[15].....	v.	5	428
Staggers[16].....	v.	5	233
Staider.....	iii.	4	10
Stepmothers ..	i.	1	71
Stomach-qualmed	iii.	4	193
Story[17] (verb)..	i.	4	34
Stowage.....	i.	6	192
Straight-pight.	v.	5	164
Strewings.....	iv.	2	285
Styled.....	ii.	3	134
Succession[18]...	iii.	1	18
	iii.	3	102
Sunbeams.....	iv.	2	350
Suppliant (adj.)	iii.	7	14
Supplyment...	iii.	4	182
Sur-addition...	i.	1	33
Tabled.....	i.	4	
Tablet	v.	4	1
Tanlings	iv.	4	
*Tavern-bills..	v.	4	1
Testiness.....	iv.	1	
Thief-stolen...	i.	6	
Thunderer	v.	4	
Thunder-master	v.	4	
Tomboys.....	i.	6	1
Tongue[19] (verb)	v.	4	1
True-man.....	ii.	3	76,
Turbans.....	iii.	3	
Unbar.....	v.	4	
Uncrossed.....	iii.	3	
*Under-hangman	ii.	3	1
Under-peep....	ii.	2	
Unkinglike	iii.	5	
Unlaid	iv.	2	2
Unparagoned..	i.	4	
	ii.	2	
Unpaved.....	ii.	3	
Unprizable[20]..	i.	4	
Unscalable....	iii.	1	
Unseduced....	i.	4	1
Unspeaking....	v.	5	1
Unspoken.....	v.	5	1
Unsunned.....	ii.	5	
Untendered....	iii.	1	
Up-cast.....	ii.	1	
Vaulted.....	i.	6	
Virgin-like	iii.	2	
Wench-like....	iv.	2	2
Whereunto	iii.	4	1
	iii.	7	
Winter-ground	iv.	2	2
Winterly.....	iii.	4	
Wonderfully ..	i.	4	
Wood-leaves ..	iv.	2	3
Workmanship[21]	ii.	4	
Wrying.....	v.	1	
Zephyrs.....	iv.	2	1

[1] In game of bowling; occurs elsewhere in other senses.

[2] = resembling Mars; used repeatedly in its ordinary senses.

[3] = contemptibleness.

[4] Tempest, iii. 3. 44.

[5] = abundantly provided.

[6] = to avert; used elsewhere in ordinary sense.

[7] Son. xxiv. 6.

[8] = sharpened, made thin and small; frequently used in other senses.

[9] = to condite, to pickle.

[10] Son. c. 9.

[11] = writings.

[12] Pass. Pilgrim, 210.

[13] Lover's Complaint, 35.

[14] Of a lock.

[15] = spectral; = lively, brisk, in other places.

[16] = vertigo; = bewilderment, All's Well, ii. 3. 170; = a disease in horses, Taming of Shrew, iii. 2. 56.

[17] Venus and Adonis, 1013; Lucrece, 106.

[18] = heirs; frequently used in its ordinary sense.

[19] = to speak; = to speak

Measure, iv. 4. 26.

[20] = invaluable.

[21] = Ven. and Adon. 291, 734.

THE TEMPEST.

INTRODUCTION BY RICHARD GARNETT.

NOTES BY

ARTHUR SYMONS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
FERDINAND, his son.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Alonso.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
GONZALO, an honest old counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } lords.
TRINCULO, a jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken butler.
Master of a ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } presented by spirits.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—On board a ship at sea; afterwards various parts of an island.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Indefinite.

TIME OF ACTION.

One day.

THE TEMPEST.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The Tempest was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623, and occupies the first place in that collection. The text is far from accurate.

The only authentic record of any previous performance is the notice discovered by Malone, in Vertue's MSS., of the play having been acted at court in February, 1613, on occasion of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to Frederick, Elector Palatine. We shall shortly find good reason to conclude that this was also the date of composition. That this date was at all events not earlier than 1603 is evident from the fact that the leading features of Gonzalo's commonwealth (act ii. sc. 1) are derived from Florio's translation of Montaigne, published in that year. This entirely overthrows Mr. Hunter's theory, advanced in a special essay, that the date of composition was 1596. Elze's notion that it was 1604 avoids this particular objection, but has no groundwork except this critic's fixed idea that the last ten or twelve years of Shakespeare's life were spent in idleness. If this is not admitted, the internal evidence of the versification, clearly establishing that the play belongs to the last group of Shakespeare's creations, proves also that it must have been written after 1608 at all events. The metrical test is quite decisive on this point, the proportion of double endings being, roughly speaking, 33 per cent, against 25 per cent in Antony and Cleopatra (1608), and 12 per cent in As You Like It (1599). The value of such tests may be, and has been, exaggerated; but there can be no doubt that an approximation to Fletcher's system of versification in a Shakespearian play of early date, would be as great a prodigy as the occurrence of a mammal in the Silurian epoch.

Apart from the internal evidence of the metre, another kind of internal evidence proves that the play could not have been written before 1610 at the earliest. In act 1, sc. 2, Ariel speaks of

> the deep nook, where once
> Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
> From the still-vex'd Bermoothes.

In May, 1609, the fleet of Sir George Somers, bound for Virginia, was scattered by a tempest in mid-ocean, and one of the ships, driven out of her course, was wrecked on the Bermudas, thence sometimes called the Somers or Summer Islands. The exhausted sailors had given up all hope, when the vessel was found to be "jammed in between two rocks," in just such a nook as that described by Ariel. They spent nine months on the island; and having at length refitted their ship, arrived safely in Virginia. A narrative of their adventures was published in 1610 by Sylvester Jourdan, under the title of "A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called The Isle of Devils." Malone first pointed out the connection of this narrative with The Tempest, and it seems marvellous that any one should have disagreed with him. The scene of the drama, as we shall see, was not intended to be laid in the Bermudas, and Shakespeare could not, therefore, follow the pamphlet with perfect exactness. But there can, as Hudson expresses it, "be no rational doubt" that he derived hints from Jourdan, and he must accordingly have had the latter's pamphlet before him. The only question is, what interval elapsed ere he used it? The point was at one time thought to have been decided by an entry in the record of the Master of the Revels of a performance of The Tempest at Whitehall in 1611. But this is a forgery. We believe it to be demonstrable that Ver-

tue's mention of its performance at court, on occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage, refers to its first representation anywhere, and indicates the date of composition also. We proceed to state the reasons for this conviction, first remarking that, if written for private representation in 1613, it had still found its way to the public stage by 1614, as proved by Ben Jonson's peevish allusion in "Bartholomew Fair" (1614) to "servant-monsters," and "those that beget *tempests* and such-like drolleries." This is the only literary reference to The Tempest prior to its publication in 1623.

The most likely reason why the editors of the first Folio placed The Tempest at the head of Shakespeare's works is their perception that his earliest comedies formed an unfitting portal to such a temple. It certainly indicates no idea on their part that it was a work of early date. Tradition, on the contrary, has always regarded it as his last work, appealing to Prospero's declaration of his purpose to break and bury his staff, and drown his book "deeper than did ever plummet sound." Shakespeare certainly could not have taken leave of the stage in more majestic or appropriate language, but the speech may well have begotten the tradition. We believe, however, that tradition is substantially though not literally right, and that the most recent editors and critics have placed the play too early by two or three years. With one consent they date it at 1610 or 1611, for no other reason than that the proportion of lines with double endings is slightly less than in The Winter's Tale. This is indeed to ride a hobby to death, and discredit a sound axiom. That Shakespeare's career as a dramatic artist is divided into well-marked periods by the peculiarities of his metre is true, and most important to be known; but it by no means follows that each successive play signalized a further development of the peculiarity. In the case of The Tempest, unless we greatly err, the date of the first representation can be fixed with absolute confidence at an early day in February, 1613, and the recognition of this fact gives the key to the drama, and reveals it as anything rather than an aimless sport of fancy. We contend with Tieck that the piece was written for representation on occasion of the marriage of James the First's daughter, Princess Elizabeth, to Frederick, Elector Palatine, and that the chief human personages represent James himself and the princely bride and bridegroom. We have here only room for a brief abstract of the arguments advanced by us in the Universal Review for April, 1889.

The Tempest, in the first place, has all the marks of a play originally written for private representation before a courtly audience. It is shorter by a third than an average play of Shakespeare's. It has scarcely any change of costume or change of scene. It has two elaborate masques, of the description then habitually presented before persons of distinction on great occasions. The most important of these, the nuptial masque of Juno, Ceres, and Iris in the fourth act, would be an absolute impertinence on any other theory than that it formed part of a play represented on occasion of a marriage. Yet it is no interpolation to adapt the play to such a purpose, for, supposing it removed, the greater part of the fourth act disappears with it; and the noblest passage in the drama, "the cloud-capp'd towers," &c., grows out of it, and could not have been written if it had not existed. When, in addition to these indications that The Tempest must have been composed for private representation as a nuptial drama, we find, as we do from Vertue, that it actually was represented at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine, it is fair to claim that the argument is effectually clenched, and that no reasonable doubt can remain. For, if the piece was not written for performance on this occasion, it must have been the revival of a play written for performance on some other similar occasion. We have seen, however, that it belongs to the latest period of Shakespeare's art, and cannot have been conceived before the narrative of the shipwrecked sailors, who arrived in Virginia about February, 1610, had been published in England. No incident to evoke such a drama had occurred between 1610 and the end of 1612, when the betrothal took place, and then the circumstances exactly

fitted such a play as The Tempest. A foreign prince from beyond the seas espouses an island princess who has never left her home, the union being brought about by the wisdom of her sage father, potent in all lawful arts, but the inexorable enemy of witchcraft, precisely the character which James the First supported in his own estimation. Prospero is the idealization of James, not without strokes of delicate irony, showing that while Shakespeare sincerely honoured what was admirable in the king, he sees over him and through him. His art and his judgment are still more brightly displayed in another particular. The marriage followed close upon a funeral. Prince Henry had died in the preceding November; the calamity could not be left out of sight, and yet the nuptial joy must not be darkened. With exquisite skill Shakespeare images forth the bereavement in the supposed death of Ferdinand, which occupies so important a place in The Tempest. James's grief is thus not ignored, but is transferred from himself to his enemy; the sense of loss mingles almost imperceptibly with the general cheerfulness; and at last the childless Prospero gains a son in Ferdinand, as James was regaining one in Frederick. If this interpretation is correct, the play gains greatly in significance, and Shakespeare appears not only as the consummate poet, but as the accomplished courtier and well-bred man of the world. Our astonishment at his genius must be further heightened, were it possible, by the revelation of the briefness of the time required for the composition and production of so wonderful a work. The supposed death of Ferdinand is so central an incident that the play cannot have been planned prior to the death of Prince Henry on November 6, 1612, while it cannot have been represented later than the celebration of the marriage on February 14 following. All must have been done within three months at the utmost—probably considerably less.

We therefore feel justified in assigning The Tempest to the year 1613, thus making it at least two years posterior to The Winter's Tale. We are thus warranted in believing, if we please, that Shakespeare really did bid farewell to the stage in the person of Prospero. One or two of his plays may possibly be later still; but the only one of which this can be positively asserted — Henry the Eighth—is but in part his.

Only one possible original of the plot of The Tempest has hitherto been pointed out, and it is uncertain whether Shakespeare and his supposed model did not derive their theme from a common source. The affinity, nevertheless, between the plot of his drama and that of Jacob Ayrer's Fair Sidea is undeniable. The German play has been translated into English by Mr. Albert Cohn, in his "Shakespeare in Germany." In it Ludolph, like Prospero a banished prince and benevolent magician, is introduced dwelling in a forest with his daughter Sidea and a familiar spirit, Runcifal. The son of the usurper falls into his hands, like Ferdinand; is set, like Ferdinand, to carry logs; is, like Ferdinand, pitied by the magician's daughter; and, like him, finally united to her. It is impossible that Ayrer should be the borrower, as he died in 1605. It is equally certain that Shakespeare did not read German; but an account of Ayrer's piece may have been brought him by one of the English actors, who in that age were continually traversing Germany, or both plays may have been founded upon some ballad or chapbook yet to be discovered. A ballad entitled *The Inchanted Island*, which has been adduced as the source of the plot, is evidently a much later composition than the play, and founded upon it.

The scene of the action must be conceived to be an imaginary island in the Mediterranean, which the reader may locate anywhere he pleases between Tunis and Naples, the starting-point and terminus of Alonso's interrupted voyage. There is not the smallest reason for identifying it, as Mr. Hunter demands, with Lampedusa; and it would be perfectly irrational, with Chalmers and other commentators, to make Ariel fetch dew *from* Bermuda *to* Bermuda. The imagination which created Ariel and Caliban was assuredly equal to summoning an island from the deep, and remanding it thither when its purpose was fulfilled:

These let us *wish* away.

The surpassing imagination of The Tempest has naturally recommended it to artists of creative power, especially Fuseli in last century and Poole in this. Three designs for it, with others illustrative of Macbeth and King John, were the only fruits of Kaulbach's ambitious undertaking of a complete pictorial illustration of Shakespeare. They are of the highest merit. The various adaptations and imitations will fall under another head, but a word must be said here on a remarkable companion drama, M. Renan's Caliban. In this brilliant satire Caliban, transferred with his master to Milan, is represented as the type of the new democracy. By playing on the baser passions of the multitude he overthrows culture and refinement personified in Prospero; but on obtaining the throne finds that he has need of them, and ends by becoming a very respectable specimen of spurious civilization.—R. G.

STAGE HISTORY.

Some faint light is cast upon the early stage history of The Tempest. The play, though it stands foremost in the Folio, is held one of the latest works of its author. Malone's ascription of the date to a period subsequent to the appearance of Jourdan's Discovery of the Barmvdas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels, 4to, 1610, is generally accepted; and Mr. Fleay is not alone in assuming The Tempest to be the last of Shakespeare's plays in the order of composition. October to November, 1610, is, Mr. Fleay supposes, the date of its first appearance (Chronicle History, 249). In the Booke of the Revels, extending from 31st Oct. 1611, to 1st Nov. 1612, a manuscript in the Audit Office, is a page containing the following entry: "By the Kinges players Hallomas night was presented at Whithall before the Kings Majestie a play called the Tempest.—The Kings players the 5th of November, a play called the Winter Nightes Tayle." The authenticity of this entry has been disputed by palæographers. It is accepted, however, by Collier (Hist. of Dram. Poesy, i. 369), a somewhat dubious authority, and by Halliwell-Phillipps (Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare, i. 214). It concurs with, if it is not supported by, a statement of Malone, who, speaking of The Tempest in the account of the incidents, says: "I know that it had a being and a name in the autumn of 1611," words which draw from Halliwell-Phillipps the observation, "he was not the kind of critic to use these decisive words unless he had possessed contemporary evidence of the fact." Supposing the authority for this performance of 1st Nov. 1611, to be inadequate, Malone points out, on the authority of the MSS. of Mr. Vertue, "that the Tempest was acted by John Hemminge and the rest of the Kings company, before Prince Charles, the Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector in the beginning of the year 1613" (Shakespeare, by Boswell, ii. 464; Collier, Hist. of Dram. Poetry, i. 369).

Neither of these representations was, it may be assumed, the first. The Tempest was probably given at an earlier date at the Blackfriars' Theatre. Dryden, in his preface (dated Dec. 1, 1669) to The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island, of which more anon, says: "The Play itself had previously been acted with success in the Black-Fryers." The music to some of the lyrics was written by Robert Johnson, one of the royal musicians, "for the lutes," a fact which, with the introduction of the masque, emboldens Halliwell-Phillipps to conjecture that the play "was originally written with a view to its production before the court" (Outlines, ii. 309). Halliwell-Phillipps also thinks it "not at all improbable that the conspicuous position assigned to this comedy in the First Folio is a testimony to its popularity." That it was popular is proved by the imitations of portions of its story by Fletcher, Suckling, and succeeding writers.

After these appetizing but unsatisfactory glimpses, Shakespeare's Tempest recedes for a century and a half from observation.

On 7th November, 1667, Pepys witnessed at Lincolns Inn Fields "The Tempest, an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first day." It was acted in presence of the king and the court, and was, continues Pepys, "the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of musique in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on to the latter, which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit,

but yet good above ordinary plays." This, it is needless to say, is the alteration of Shakespeare by Dryden and D'Avenant, known as The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island, 1670, 4to. Of all the indignities to which Shakespeare was subjected this is, in some respects, the worst. Nothing in The Tempest, as subsequent experience has shown, called for alteration. The adapters have, however, vulgarized some of the most exquisite of human creations, have supplied Caliban with a female counterpart and sister in Sycorax, and Miranda with a sister who, like herself, has never seen a man, have coupled Ariel with Milcha, and have introduced Hippolyto, a rightful heir to the dukedom of Mantua, who has never seen a woman. Alterations do not end here; but there is no need to dwell upon the absurdities or abominations of a play that is easily accessible. Dryden boasts of his share in this work, and declares in the preface that from the first moment the scheme was confided to him by D'Avenant he "never writ anything with more delight." He is careful, however, to state that the counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, namely, the conception of a man who had never seen a woman, was due to D'Avenant. The entire preface, a sustained eulogy of D'Avenant, who at this time was dead, leaves room for no suspicion of interested motives. Following the preface comes the rhymed prologue, which is devoted to the praise of Shakespeare, and concludes:

> But Shakespear's magic could not copy'd be.
> Within that circle none durst walk but he.

The compliment in the last line is one of the happiest and most ingenious ever paid. Strange that the disciple who paid it should dare himself to don the robes of the necromancer and imitate his art.

Of the first representation of this work, we know that Cave Underhill was the Trinculo, since it is so stated at a subsequent revival (Genest, Account of the English Stage, ii. 262). All else that is known is what is told in the preface, that the directors of the pageant

> are forc'd to employ
> One of our women to present a boy.

This suggests that Hippolyto was then, as generally in subsequent performances, taken by a woman. It is probable that some attempt at scenic effect was made at the first production of The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island. When next seen at Dorset Gardens, in 1673, it was converted into what was then called an opera. Downes has passed with slight mention the previous performances of The Tempest, simply stating in a note that Macbeth, King Lear, and The Tempest were acted in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and adding that The Tempest was altered by Sir William D'Avenant and Mr. Dryden before it was made into an opera. Not much more expansive is he concerning the revival. His words with their curious orthography and punctuation are: "The Year after in 1673. The Tempest or the Inchanted Island made into an Opera by Mr. *Shadwell*, having all New in it; as Scenes, Machines: particularly one scene Painted with *Myriads of Ariel* Spirits; and another flying away, with a Table Furnisht out with Fruits, Sweet meats and all sorts of Viands; just when Duke *Trinculo* (*sic*) and his Companions' were going to Dinner; all was things perform'd in it so Admirably well, that not any succeeding Opera got more Money" (Roscius Anglicanus, p. 35). Once more we are in ignorance as to the cast. The music was by Purcell. Concerning a third representation given at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 13th Oct. 1702, all that is known is that Cave Underhill repeated Duke Trinculo. Underhill, who retired from the theatre the following year, acted till he was past eighty. So excellent was he "in the part of Trinculo in The Tempest that he was called Prince Trinculo" (Davies, Dram. Misc. iii. 135). Davies is in error. It is Duke Trinculo that Underhill was called. In Tom Brown's clever and not very delicate Letters from the Dead to the Living are letters from Tony Lee to C—ve U—rh—l, and from C—ve U—rh—l to Tony Lee, from which Davies has taken carelessly his information. In these Underhill speaks of himself as Duke Trinculo the comedian (Works of Tho. Brown, ii. 141–147, ed. 1707). Duke is the title which Trinculo takes in Dryden's play.

Some contribution to a cast of The Tempest

is furnished 4th June, 1714, when the play was produced at Drury Lane, with Powell as Prospero, Johnson as Caliban, Bullock as Trinculo, Ryan as Ferdinand, Mrs. Mountfort as Hippolyto, and Mrs. Santlow as Dorinda. Miranda and Ariel are not even named. At the same house, on 2nd Jan. 1729, Kitty Raftor, subsequently immortal as Mrs. Clive, played Dorinda. She was then at the outset of her career in London, and was in her eighteenth year. Mrs. Cibber, another delightful actress, was Hippolyto. Mills was Prospero, Wilks Ferdinand, Shepherd Stephano, Miller Trincalo, Norris Ventoso, Harper Mustacho. Miss Robinson, jun., Ariel, and Mrs. Booth Miranda. Caliban is omitted. This was an excellent cast, but unfortunately no details concerning the performance are traceable.

To the many iniquities of the same class of Garrick must be added the fact that Dryden and D'Avenant's alteration of The Tempest was given by him at Drury Lane on 26th Dec. 1747. The principal features in the cast are the Hippolyto of Peg Woffington, the Ariel of Kitty Clive, and the Trinculo of Macklin. Berry was Prospero, Lee Ferdinand, I. Sparks Caliban, Mrs. Green Dorinda, and Mrs. Mozeen Miranda. With this performance a few times repeated the adaptation of Dryden and D'Avenant, in its original shape, disappears. Previous to this, on 31st Jan. 1746, what is called Shakespeare's Tempest, "never acted there before," had been produced at Drury Lane. At this period the theatres were almost deserted, in consequence of the rising in Scotland and the north. The following is the first recorded cast of Shakespeare's play:

Prospero	= L. Sparks.
Ferdinand	= Delane.
Caliban	= I. Sparks.
Stephano	= Macklin.
Trinculo	= Barrington.
Anthonio	= Goodfellow.
Alonzo	= Bridges.
Gonzalo	= Berry.
Boatswain	= Blakes.
Miranda	= Miss Edwards.
Ariel	= Mrs. Clive.

A musical entertainment, called Neptune and Amphitrite, was played at the conclusion, apparently as a species of masque. This was very probably taken from D'Avenant and Dryden. Lacy, the manager of Drury Lane, who was the first to revive Shakespeare according to the original text, though not without additions, had applied, upon the descent of the Highlanders upon Derby, to raise two hundred men for the defence of the person and government of the king. In this body the whole company of Drury Lane was to be engaged.

When next The Tempest was revived by Garrick at Drury Lane, 11th Feb. 1756, it was as an opera, the authorship of which, on not quite convincing evidence, has been ascribed to Garrick. Prospero, a singing character, was taken by Beard. A species of interlude, spoken by Havard as an actor and Yates as a critic, appears in the St. James's Magazine, i. 144. The music to The Tempest is by John Christopher Smith, who was the amanuensis of Handel. Two songs in this, "Full fathom five" and "The owl is abroad," remained favourites. Into this version are interpolated, from Dryden's Tyrannick Love, the lines:

> Merry, merry, merry, we sail from the east,
> Half tippled, at a rainbow feast.

Theophilus Cibber ascribes the adaptation to Garrick. He says, speaking of Garrick: "Were *Shakespear's* Ghost to rise, would he not frown Indignation on this Pilfering Pedlar in Poetry, . . . who thus shamefully mangles, mutilates, and emasculates his Plays? *The Midsummer Night's Dream* has been minc'd and fricaseed into an indigested and unconnected Thing called *The Fairies*. . . . *The Winter's Tale* mammoc'd into a Droll; *The Taming of the Shrew* made a Farce of; . . . and *The Tempest* castrated into an Opera. . . . oh what an agreeable Lullaby might it have prov'd to our Beaus and Belles to have heard *Caliban*, *Sycorax*, and one of the Devils trilling of Trios" (Theophilus Cibber to David Garrick, Esq., with Dissertations on Theatrical Subjects, 1759, p. 36). The plays mentioned were all published anonymously; but Cibber's charge was not denied, and Garrick, it is to be feared, cannot be acquitted of the

responsibility. Cibber claims to have himself played in The Tempest (of Dryden) Ventoso, Mustacho, and Trinculo. Of the performances, however, no record is preserved.

When next Garrick produced The Tempest at Drury Lane, 20th Oct. 1757, Shakespeare's version was at length adopted. Mossop was then the Prospero, Holland Ferdinand, Berry Caliban, Woodward Stephano, Yates Trinculo, and Miss Pritchard Miranda. About 1760, in pursuit of the ruinous system of rivalry which distinguished them, the two theatres in Dublin, Crow Street and Smock Alley, produced The Tempest at the same time. The following is the cast at the two houses:

	Crow Street.	Smock Alley.
Prospero	Fleetwood	Mossop.
Stephano	Woodward	Brown.
Alonzo	Adcock	Sowdon.
Sebastian	Knipe	Heaphy.
Antonio	Morris	Heatton.
Gonzalo	Mynitt	(West) Digges.
Trinculo	———	Griffith.
Caliban	Glover	Sparks.
Ariel	Mrs. Glover	Miss Young.
Miranda	———	Miss Macartney.

Hitchcock says, "they continued playing it till both lost money by it;" and adds, "with respect to scenery, machinery, and decorations, Crow Street certainly was superior. Carver was then one of the first scene painters in Europe; Mr. Messink the first machinist ever known in this kingdom; and Finny, their carpenter, had infinite merit" (Hist. View of the Irish Stage, ii. 63, 64).

Edinburgh had been before Dublin in producing The Tempest, but it was in Dryden's version. The Caledonian Mercury of 27th December, 1733, reports: "Yester night, at the Edinburgh Theatre, to the fullest audience that has been for some considerable time, was acted the *Tempest, or Inchanted Island*, with universal applause, every part, and even what required machinery, being performed in great order." No cast is preserved. It is probable that Barret played Prospero, Wycomb Trinculo, and Mrs. Miller Hippolito. This is, however, mere conjecture. On March 14, 1750, it was revived, "with all the original music composed by the late Mr. Purcel, and all other decorations proper to the play." Salmon was Trinculo, Mrs. Salmon Ariel, Conyers Neptune, and Mrs. Hinde Amphitrite. Conyers was also "the Grand Singing Devil" (Dibdin, Edinburgh Stage, 65). At the outset of Digges's management of the Edinburgh theatre, December, 1756, the operatic version, with Smith's music, all but the recitative, was performed. The announcement states that "a principal scene of the *Tempest*, rais'd by magic, is new painted for the occasion, with a perspective representation of the ship, rocks, ocean, &c. The stage will be entirely darkened for the representation of the storm; the candles therefore cannot be lighted till after the commencement of the first act." Mrs. Hopkins was Miranda, Mrs. Ward Dorinda, and Mrs. Love Ariel. Heyman was Prospero, Love Trinculo, Younger Ferdinand, Stamper Hypolito (*sic*) and Caliban (with new song in character), and Sadler Milcha (ib. 93, 94).

The first representation of Shakespeare's Tempest at Covent Garden took place 27th Dec. 1776, with Hull as Prospero, Mattocks as Ferdinand, Wilson as Stephano, Quick as Trinculo, Dunstall as Caliban, Miss Brown as Miranda, and Mrs. Farrel as Ariel. It was acted six times, Woodward being on one occasion, if not more, substituted for Wilson as Stephano. On the 4th of January following The Tempest was revived at Drury Lane. This was probably an arrangement of The Tempest by R. B. Sheridan, with music by Thomas Linley, jun., of which the songs only were printed, 8vo, 1777. Bensley was Prospero, Vernon Ferdinand, Moody Stephano, Baddeley Trinculo, J. Aikin Gonzalo, and Bannister Caliban. Ariel was announced as by a young lady (Miss Field), and Miranda also by a young lady (Mrs. Cuyler). When nine years later, at Drury Lane, 7th March, 1786, it was once more revived, the representatives of Prospero, Caliban, Stephano, Gonzalo, and Ariel were the same—a rather remarkable fact. Miss Field, however, having married, appeared as Mrs. Forster. Barrymore was Ferdinand, and Mrs. Crouch Ariel.

A new version of The Tempest, by John Philip Kemble, was produced at Drury Lane 13th Oct. 1789. It was announced as Shake-

speare's, but the transparent inaccuracy is betrayed in the names of the characters. Kemble restored a good deal of Shakespeare, but kept far too much of Dryden. In some quarters, indeed, the play was spoken of as Dryden's. The cast was—

Prospero	=	Bensley.
Ferdinand	=	Kelly.
Caliban	=	Williames.
Stephano	=	Moody.
Trinculo	=	Baddeley.
Alonzo	=	Packer.
Gonzalez	=	J. Aikin.
Antonio	=	Phillimore.
Hyppolito (*sic*)		Mrs. Goodall.
Ariel	=	Miss Romanzini.
Miranda	=	Mrs. Crouch.
Dorinda	=	Miss Farren.

From Young's Memoirs of Mrs. Crouch, we learn that Miss Farren and Mrs. Crouch were dressed "in white ornamented with spotted furs; coral beads adorned their heads, necks, and arms. They looked beautiful, and rendered the characters uncommonly interesting" (i. 73, 74). Mrs. Goodall had a fine figure in male attire, Miss Romanzini sang "with great taste," and Mr. Kelly "evinced feeling and judgment throughout" (ibid.). The relative shares of Shakespeare and Dryden in the production and in Kemble's revised version are traced by Genest (Account of the Stage, vi. 575–578). The first version was printed in 8vo, 1789, and the second in 8vo, 1806 and 1807. On 22nd Feb. 1797, the earlier version of Kemble was revised at Drury Lane, with Miss Farren and Mrs. Crouch in their old characters, Mrs. Powell as Hippolito, Palmer as Prospero, Charles Kemble as Ferdinand, Bannister as Caliban, Bannister, jun., as Stephano, and Suett as Trinculo. Little interest was inspired by the performance. When revised 9th Dec. of the same year Miss De Camp was Ariel, Miss Miller Dorinda, and Mrs. Crouch Miranda. On May 4th, 1789, at the same house, Powell was Prospero, Sedgwick Caliban, Miss De Camp Hippolito, and Mrs. Jordan Dorinda.

Kemble's second version of The Tempest was produced at Covent Garden 8th Dec. 1806, Kemble playing Prospero. The cast also included—

Ferdinand	=	Charles Kemble.
Gonzalo	=	Murray.
Caliban	=	Emery.
Stephano	=	Munden.
Trinculo	=	Fawcett.
Hippolito	=	Miss Logan.
Miranda	=	Miss Brunton.
Dorinda	=	Mrs. C. Kemble.
Ariel	=	Miss Meadows (her first appearance on any stage).

This revival was successful, being acted twenty-seven times. It is pleasant, however, to hear that some of the introductions from Dryden were hissed by the public, and were in consequence withdrawn. Kemble's Prospero was popular in spite of the drawbacks of his pronunciation. Concerning it Leigh Hunt says: "The character of Prospero could not have been sustained by any one actor on the stage with so much effect as by Mr. Kemble. The majestic presence and dignity of the princely enchanter, conscious of his virtue, his wrongs, and his supernatural power, were displayed with an undeviating spirit, with that proud composure which seems a peculiar property of this actor" (Critical Essays, Appendix, p. 33). His perfectly accurate, if possibly pedantic, pronunciation of aches as aitches in the lines—

> I 'll rack thee with old cramps,
> Fill all thy bones with *aches*, make thee roar—

incurred much condemnation, and was severely censured by Leigh Hunt. Anxiety to hear it, and express disapproval of it, is said to have helped to fill the theatre, and The Tempest was consequently acted more frequently than it would otherwise have been. Cooke one night was substituted for Kemble in the part. Public curiosity was agog to know how he would treat the word. Cooke rather cleverly omitted the line. Genest also condemns strongly Kemble's obstinacy, and says he "might have retained his own opinion in private conversation, but as an actor it was his duty to conform to the sense of the public" (Account of the Stage, viii. 47), an opinion we venture to regard as heretical. Of Miss Meadows, the daughter of a well-known actor, Leigh Hunt speaks in terms of praise, though he confesses to not making sufficient allow-

ance "for that look of corporeality which an actress, however light her motions may be, cannot avoid in the representation of a being who is air itself" (ib. Appendix, 32). Emery's Caliban he declares "one of the best pieces of acting we have ever seen. He conceived with infinite vigour that union of the man and the beast, which renders the monster so odious and malignant a being; nothing could be more suitable to the character than the occasional growlings which finished the complaints of the savage, and the grinning eagerness of malignity which accompanied his curses on Prospero" (ib.). With just criticism that has not obtained the attention it deserves he continues: "It appeared to us, however, that after he had drunk so much of a liquor to which he was unaccustomed, and indeed after he had acknowledged its power by reeling on the stage, he should not have displayed so sober a voice in his song: we think that Shakespeare intended the song to be given in the style of a drunkard, by the break which he has marked in the line—

ban—ban—Ca—Caliban—

which could hardly have been a chorus" (ib.). On Kemble's dalliance with Dryden and D'Avenant Hunt is justly severe. From the Monthly Mirror we learn that Stephano was played by Munden, and that he and Fawcett did justice to the characters assigned them. The critic continues:—"Trinculo appeared, for the first time, in a fool's coat: That he was a *jester* we know, for he is so called in the original *dramatis personæ*, and that he should wear a party-coloured dress appears proper, from the speech of Caliban, 'What a pied ninny's this.' We presume also that Mr. Kemble has some good reason for making him the king's jester; but of the authority for this we are not aware, unless the honour of being wrecked in the same vessel with the King may have been sufficient to entitle him to the distinction" (vol. xxii. p. 419). Kemble's later version was revived at Covent Garden under Fawcett's management 26th Oct. 1812, with Young as Prospero, C. Kemble Ferdinand, Mathews Stephano, Blanchard Trinculo, Emery Caliban, Mrs. H. Johnston Hippolito, Miss Bolton Ariel, Miss Sally Booth Dorinda, and Miss Cooke Miranda.

Macready's first appearance as Prospero took place at Covent Garden 15th May, 1821, in a version compounded from Shakespeare and Dryden and D'Avenant, to which Reynolds contributed new songs and dialogue (Memoirs, ii. 411). Abbott was Ferdinand, Duruset Hippolito, Egerton Alonzo, Emery Caliban, W. Farren Stephano, Blanchard Trinculo, Miss Foote Ariel, Miss Hallande Miranda, and Miss Stephens Dorinda. It was acted eleven times (Genest; fifteen times, Reynolds). After uttering a further protest against the maintenance of Dryden's indecencies, a writer in the New Monthly (?Talfourd) condemns the mounting, in which the genius of pantomime triumphs over that of poetry, and Harlequin is the first of enchanters (iii. 277). Macready's declamation and the delicious singing of Miss Stephens and Miss Hallande are praised. Emery's Caliban "may," it is said, "be like a savage from the woods of Yorkshire, but breathes little of the wondrous isle;" while the writer goes into raptures over one character, regarding "the bright vision of Miss Foote, which glitters over the stage as the personified spirit of the beautiful story" (ib.). Gold's London Magazine (iii. 643) speaks of Prospero as "not the most favourable part for the development of Macready's talents." Macready reappeared as Prospero at Drury Lane 5th Oct. 1833. He "acted it but indifferently" (Reminiscences by Sir J. Pollock, i. 387), but "the play went off well."

Under his own management Macready at Covent Garden, 13th Oct. 1838, at length produced Shakespeare's Tempest in something approaching to its integrity. The following was the cast:—

Prospero	= Macready.
Alonzo	= Warde.
Sebastian	= Diddear.
Antonio	= Phelps.
Caliban	= Geo. Bennett.
Stephano	= Bartley.
Trinculo	= Harley.
Miranda	= Miss Helen Faucit.
Ariel	= Miss Priscilla Horton.
Iris	= Mrs. Serle.
Juno	= Miss Rainforth.

A selection of music from Purcell, Linley, and Arne was given, and elaborate mounting was provided. It was acted fifty-five times to an average of over £230. The performance was generally approved, and recollections of the Miranda of Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin) and the Ariel of Miss Priscilla Horton (Mrs. German Reed) are still preserved by a few playgoers with distant memories.

Phelps produced The Tempest 7th April, 1847, during his third season at Sadler's Wells, with much success. He played Prospero to the Ferdinand of Marston, the Caliban of Geo. Bennett, the Trinculo of Scharf, the Stephano of A. Younge, the Miranda of Miss Laura Addison, and the Ariel of Miss Julia St. George. It was revived at the same house with unimportant modifications in the cast 25th Aug. 1849, the opening of Phelps's sixth season. On 1st July, 1857, Charles Kean revived The Tempest at the Princess's with much splendour of *mise en scène*. Charles Kean was Prospero, Ryder Caliban, Harley Trinculo, and Matthews Stephano; Miss Carlotta Leclercq Miranda, Miss Bufton Ferdinand, and Miss Kate Terry Ariel. Miss Poole led an invisible choir. The literary interest of the revival was swallowed up in scenic effect, and the Ariel of Miss Terry (Mrs. Arthur Lewis) is the only performance that stands out in the recollection. "The task which Mr. Kean appears to have set himself is, to show Ariel in the greatest possible variety of situations, keeping up the notion of a spiritual being by the dazzling light with which he is surrounded, the suddenness of his appearance, and the swiftness with which he passes from spot to spot. . . . The part is taken by Miss Kate Terry, who brings to it youth, grace, and intelligence" (The Saturday Review, 4th June, 1857).

Other revivals are traceable. None of these is, however, of conspicuous interest. On account of requiring a certain amount of scenic and musical addition, and offering in the character of Prospero no great attractions to a tragedian, The Tempest has been rarely put up for a benefit. We dare not, in a series of notices intended to supply trustworthy information, deal much with conjecture; nor do we venture without apology to put forward the following suggestion. After the production of The Winter's Tale and The Tempest Shakespeare, in the opinion of Mr. Fleay, retired from theatrical life. It would add keen interest to the play if we could believe that he played in it the character of Prospero, and so took in it farewell of the stage as well as of dramatic literature. The lines spoken by Prospero—

> I'll break my staff,
> Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
> And deeper than did ever plummet sound
> I'll drown my book.
>
> —Act v. sc. 1.

And those which follow—

> And thence retire me to my Milan, where
> Every third thought shall be my grave.—Ib.—

have been connected with Shakespeare's retirement from active life. How keen an interest would have been felt had he appeared as Prospero. In favour of this there is, of course, no evidence; and we dare go no further than suggest that Prospero is of the declamatory character, like those parts which have been associated with Shakespeare as an actor, such as Adam and the Ghost in Hamlet, and can scarcely be regarded as a rôle in which a tragedian would hope for a great addition to his reputation.—J. K.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The quality of The Tempest which impresses first and most forcibly is its wonderful imagination. It has no basis in history or in contemporary manners. A wholly ideal world is called into being by the poet with such ease, grace, and decision, that his power seems boundless, and we feel that he could have created twenty Tempests as easily as one. Two of the characters lie outside the bounds of humanity, and are nevertheless so absolutely organic, so perfectly consistent in conception and faithful to the laws of their being, that it never occurs to us to doubt their existence any more than that of the human personages. Two of these latter are as ideal as the laws of humanity permit, one a supreme enchanter, who holds the rest in the hollow of his hand; the other the most subtle essence of

innocent maidenhood. The other characters, though often ordinary people enough, gain poetry from their environment. Scene, plot, incidents, personages—all are out of the common; an enchanted world summoned into existence by the magician's wand, and ready to disappear at his bidding.

We can appreciate the supremacy of Shakespeare's genius by comparing The Tempest with a somewhat similar piece also written by a great poet—Calderon's El Mayor Encanto Amor (No Magic Like Love), one of the plays translated by the late Denis Florence M'Carthy. The subject of this play is the sorceries of Circe, who, save that she is beautiful and her witcheries alluring, gives Ulysses and his companions much the kind of reception they might have expected from Sycorax. Ulysses is a kind of Prospero, and the humours of Gonzalo, Stephano, and Trinculo are combined in the *gracioso* Clarin. The piece is a constant stream of the most beautiful lyric poetry; but the plot and the characters are entirely conventional; there is ingenuity enough, but not a glimpse of Shakespeare's sublime invention, and we see that a rude narrative of a shipwreck was more to the Englishman than all Homer to the Spaniard. In most of his other plays Shakespeare has accommodated himself to restraints of time, place, and circumstance; in The Tempest he appears as absolute sovereign; yet fully as observant as elsewhere of the eternal laws of art. Here, more than anywhere else, we seem to see the world as, if it had depended upon him, Shakespeare would have made it.

The world of The Tempest being thus in so peculiar a degree the creation of Shakespeare's own mind, it is of especial interest to inquire what kind of a world it is. And this is the more important, as the play, coming at or near the close of his dramatic career, represents, as no other can, the ultimate conclusions of that mighty intellect, and the frame of mind in which he was prepared to take leave of the things of earth. The result of the investigation is exactly where we should have wished. The Tempest is one of the most cheerful of his dramas. Its cheerfulness is, moreover, temperate and matured, a cheerfulness all the more serious for having been acquainted with grief. Unlike many writers, Shakespeare had not commenced his career under the influence of morbid feelings. There is nothing dismal even in Romeo and Juliet or the Merchant of Venice; As You Like It is the climax of innocent gaiety, and Henry IV. of humour. It is in middle life that melancholy and moodiness and obstinate questionings come upon him, and he produces his analogues of Werther and the Robbers. In Hamlet he propounds life's enigma only to give it up; in Troilus and Cressida he paints its deceptions, and in Measure for Measure its deformities; in Timon he brings the whole human race in guilty, and proscribes it. Then the cloud lifts, and in Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, and The Tempest we find him returning to his old sunny creed, though the sunshine may be that of even rather than of morn. Especially is The Tempest a drama of reconciliation and peace, authoritatively confirmed by the verdict of the highest reason impersonated in Prospero:

> Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
> Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
> Do I take part: the rarer action is
> In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
> The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
> Not a frown further.

In this point of view The Tempest is an advance even upon the two immediately preceding dramas, Cymbeline and The Winter's Tale. In both, enormous injuries resulting from causeless jealousy are obliterated, and, as concerns the minds of the sufferers, made as though they had never been. But in both these instances the wrong was not wilful, and sprang from the error of misguided affection. In The Tempest it is of far deeper dye, and Prospero, moreover, is an injured sovereign, not a tender and forgiving woman. Yet his mercy is as complete, but it is of another kind. It is rather the contemptuous indifference, not only of a prince who feels himself able to despise his enemies, but of a sage no longer capable of being very deeply moved by external accidents and the mutations of earthly fortune. He does not in his heart very greatly care for his dukedom, or very deeply resent the villainy that

has deprived him of it. The happiness of his daughter is the only thing which touches him very nearly, and one has the feeling that even the failure of his plans to secure this would not have embittered his life. Nay, so far does he go in detachment from the affairs of the world, that without any external enforcement he breaks his staff, drowns his book, and, but for the imperishable gains of study and meditation, takes his place among ordinary men. That this Quixotic height of magnanimity should not surprise, that it should seem quite in keeping with the character, proves how deeply this character has been drawn from Shakespeare's own nature. Prospero is not Shakespeare, but the play is in a certain measure autobiographical. Unlike, perhaps, others of the later plays, Othello (if we are right in attributing this to 1609), Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, it alludes to no event in Shakespeare's life or that of any one dear to him, but it is nevertheless a chapter of mental history. It shows us more than anything else what the discipline of life had made of Shakespeare at fifty—a fruit too fully matured to be suffered to hang much longer on the tree. Conscious superiority untinged by arrogance, genial scorn for the mean and base, mercifulness into which contempt enters very largely, serenity excluding passionate affection, while admitting tenderness, intellect overtopping morality, but in no way blighting or perverting it, such are the mental features of him in whose development the man of the world had kept pace with the poet, and who now shone as the consummate example of both. We shall have to speak by and by of the little foibles which Shakespeare has allowed to mingle with Prospero's portrait, partly lest it should be said that the great delineator of character had striven to depict the undiscoverable perfect man, and partly because the purpose of his play compelled him to keep an eye on James the First. These failings are not his own. Nor are we to think that the lesson of the piece is a practical quietism; that "trust in God" excludes "keeping the powder dry." Shakespeare seems to have inserted a speech, otherwise insignificant, to guard against such a supposition:

> I find my zenith doth depend upon
> A most auspicious star, whose influence
> If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
> Will ever after droop.

Another great poet has portrayed for us an aged, potent, and benevolent enchanter. It is interesting to compare Prospero with the Faust of the Second Part; who, far more distinctly than Shakespeare's creation, impersonates the author, and sums up his final view of life. It is plain that the Time Spirit has been at work, and that either of these poets would have written differently in the century of the other. Though Shakespeare was a more practical man than Goethe, and quite exempt from what, did reverence allow, we might describe as the latter's "fads," the Faust of the Second Part is a more practical and energetic person than Prospero, and much more strongly impressed with the paramount duty of labouring for the common weal in his day and generation. On the other hand, although Goethe was a more highly cultivated man than Shakespeare, and much more advanced in years, his Faust does not possess the calm superiority and pure, thrice-defecated refinement of Prospero. The ex-manager of the Globe, with his constant eye to the main chance, has produced a pattern for scholars; the statesman and courtier has given a model for the ordinary man. We must ascribe this in great measure to the different circumstances of the periods of the respective authors. The gospel of work was very imperfectly understood in Shakespeare's time. So far as recognized, it had been intrusted to religious communities, by that time corrupted, and in Shakespeare's country extinct, nor did the problems of the age force it forward. Again, Shakespeare's purpose in writing The Tempest was, as we have seen, a merely temporary and occasional one. But for the royal marriage, and the accident of the bridegroom coming from beyond the seas, the piece would never have existed at all. It was necessary to exhibit a counterpart of James, and the qualities of James which the poet especially desired to bring forward were precisely those which experience and meditation had developed in himself. Shakespeare does not present Prospero as an ideal of humanity, but his own

nature overflows into his creation. Goethe, on the other hand, knew perfectly what he was about when he was drawing Faust, and did mean to bequeath to the world a compendium of life's lesson as he had learned it. The wisdom of his eighty years is summed up in the immortal quatrain:

> Ja, diesem Sinne bin ich ganz ergeben,
> Das ist der Weisheit letzter Schluss,
> Nur Der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben
> Der täglich sie erobern muss.

Evidently the fracture of his magic staff is the very last thing that would have occurred to Faust.

Neither Faust nor Prospero is a perfect character. Each has a past to be repented of. Prospero, indeed, has not, like Faust, committed crime, but neither has he, like Faust, been exposed to the temptations of a supernatural intelligence. His errors have been the product of his own nature; he has, like the monarch he shadows forth, been too bookish for a king:

> for the liberal arts
> Without a parallel: those being all my study,
> The government I cast upon my brother,
> And to my state grew stranger, being transported
> And rapt in secret studies.

Prospero's narrative, in which this is confessed, is a subtle piece of dramatic irony; he does not blame himself, or suspect that he may be lowering himself in his daughter's opinion, or see anything except the treachery from which he has suffered, but which he has himself invited. There is, besides, a slight tinge of irony in Shakespeare's conception of his wisdom; it is admirable and adequate to the end it would attain, but a little too fussy and self-conscious to rank as the very highest manifestation of intellect. It is what one continually sees in men of great parts and long experience, intimately persuaded that no one can do anything so well as themselves, and perhaps not without ground for that conviction, but a trifle too obtrusive in the assertion of it. The remaining deductions from Prospero's perfection are also conspicuous in Faust. Shakespeare and Goethe, delineating aged men, have given them a tinge of petulance and peevishness. In Faust this becomes unreasoning injustice, and makes him, contrary to his intention, reenact the tragedy of Naboth's vineyard. In Prospero it is a mere foible, visible in his somewhat pedantic manner to his daughter; his susceptibility when she does not give him sufficient attention, though knowing that he has himself caused her drowsiness, and his tartness toward Ariel. One can imagine how a tamed and civilized Caliban might contrive to stir up the populace against him, though this is not M. Renan's idea.

If Prospero is imperfect, Miranda is perfection, with the abatement only that we see her in a peculiar and limited set of circumstances, and must take her on trust for the rest. She is not a Cordelia or an Imogen, so tried in the fire as to justify the confidence that she could not possibly come short in any circumstance of life. She is rather a Perdita, "a wave of the sea" caught and shown for an instant in so exquisitely graceful an attitude that we are only too thankful to be sure that "she will ever do nothing but that." In some respects this pair of heroines are the most wonderful of all Shakespeare's women, for nowhere else is such an effect obtained with so little apparent effort. Mere outlines produce the impression of elaborate paintings, and that seems the freest exuberance of the most careless genius which is in reality the reward of profoundest study and severest toil. It would be far easier to create or copy a Lady Macbeth than a Miranda. It is amazing with how few speeches and how little action this effect is produced. Certain it is that when Miranda offers to carry the logs for Ferdinand she seems to put all the grace and lovingness of womankind into that single act; and that no one ever stumbled at her frank surrender to, or rather appropriation of, a prince whom she has hardly seen:—

> Hence, bashful cunning!
> And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
> I am your wife, if you will marry me;
> If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
> You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
> Whether you will or no.

What volumes it speaks for Shakespeare's freshness of heart that Imogen, Perdita, and

Miranda should be the last creations of the veteran dramatist!

The other human personages do not require much notice. Being Shakespeare's, they are exactly what they ought to be; but, unless Gonzalo be excepted, they have no other office than that of necessary wheels in the mechanism of the piece. Ferdinand is a gallant young lover, rewarded beyond his deserts as lovers sometimes are, and as his prototype was expected to suppose himself. Alonso's grief and remorse are conveyed with all the power of which a cheerful subject admitted. The conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian, which is, as Coleridge remarks, "an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout," is artfully managed so as not to shock us overmuch, and is in its turn parodied by the conspiracy of Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban. The whole of the dramatis personæ, except the sailors, may be observed to arrange themselves into two camps, a camp of light and a camp of darkness, connected by the junction of the guilty but not ignoble Alonso with his sapient counsellor, in virtue of whose fidelity he still has a hold on the world of good. The full and extreme contrast is not between Caliban and Ariel, but Caliban and Miranda.

The two supernatural personages, Ariel and Caliban, are universally considered the most remarkable instances of Shakespeare's imagination when it absolutely transcends the limits of the knowable—bolder than the fairies of the Midsummer Night's Dream, more original than the witches of Macbeth. "Ariel," says Coleridge, "has in everything the airy tint which gives the name." *Delicate*, his master's favourite epithet, is that which suits him best; he is graceful, dainty, volatile. Consorting with humanity, he has with all his levity learned in a measure to enter into its joys and sorrows; one can imagine him provoking and capricious, but not inhuman.

> Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
> Of their afflictions?

his master says with something like surprise. Caliban, on the contrary, is gross and earthy, without the rudiment of a moral sense. This constitutes his hopeless inferiority, for he is not devoid of intellect. His mistake in "taking a drunkard for a god" is rather the effect of ignorance than stupidity; he has very practical notions how to get rid of Prospero. Schlegel observes that he generally speaks in verse; it is further noticeable that one of the most poetical passages of the drama is put into his mouth:—

> Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
> Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
> Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
> Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
> That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
> Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
> The clouds methought would open, and show riches
> Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd
> I cried to dream again.

But all this merely appeals to the animal nature. With all his sensitiveness to physical impressions, Caliban is a moral idiot. He is not, as has been fancifully maintained, the "missing link" between man and brute; but he does indicate what man would be if his progress had been solely upon intellectual lines.

The Tempest is not one of those plays whose interest consists in strong dramatic situations. The course of the action is revealed from the first. Prospero is too manifestly the controlling spirit to arouse much concern for his fortunes. Ferdinand and Miranda are soon put out of their pain, and Ariel lies beyond the limits of humanity. The action is simple and uniform, and all occurrences are seen converging slowly towards their destined point. No play, perhaps, more perfectly combines intellectual satisfaction with imaginative pleasure. Above and behind the fascination of the plot and the poetry we behold Power and Right evenly paired and working together, and the justification of Providence, producing that sentiment of repose and acquiescence which is the object and the test of every true work of art.

> Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
> Should become kings of Naples?

—R. G.

Pros. A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it.—(Act i. 2. 146-148.)

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *On board a ship at sea: a storm, with thunder and lightning.*

Enter Master and Boatswain severally.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely,[1] or we run ourselves a-ground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare,[2] yare! Take in the topsail! Tend to the master's whistle! [*Exeunt Mariners.*]—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men. 11

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 21

Boats. None that I more love than myself. [You are a counsellor;—if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand[3] a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.]—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

[1] *Yarely*, nimbly. [2] *Yare*, ready. [3] *Hand*, handle.

[*Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning-mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course! [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown?] Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! [you whoreson, insolent noise-maker,] we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, [and as leaky as an unstanched wench.]

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses! off to sea again; lay her off!

Re-enter Mariners wet.

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exeunt.*

[*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely[1] cheated of our lives by drunkards:—
This wide-chapp'd rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!]

Gon. [He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.]

[*A confused noise within,*—"Mercy on us!" "We split, we split!"—"Farewell, my wife and children!"—"Farewell, brother!"—"We split, we split, we split!"] [*Exit Boatswain.*

[*Ant.* Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground,—ling, heath, broom, furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The island: before the cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
[The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out.] O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
[Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.]

Pros. Be collected;
No more amazement:[2] tell your piteous[3] heart
There 's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,—
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,—who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'T is time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,

[1] *Merely*, absolutely.

[2] *Amazement*, perturbation of mind. [3] *Piteous*, pitiful.

And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:
[*Lays down his robe.*
Lie there, my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such prevision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.
Mir. You have often

Mir. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces.—(Act i. 2. 5–8.)

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless[1] inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay, not yet."
Pros. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out[2] three years old.
Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pros. By what? by any other house or person?

[1] *Bootless*, profitless. [2] *Out*, full.

Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mir. 'T is far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.
Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,]
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.
Mir. Sir, are not you my father?
Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir,
A princess,—no worse issu'd.[1]
Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?
Pros. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.
Mir. O my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen[2] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from[3] my remembrance! Please you, further.
Pros. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage[4] of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories[5] it was the first,
And Prospero the prime[6] duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
[Dost thou attend me?
Mir. Sir, most heedfully.
Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash[7] for over-topping,—new-created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new-form'd 'em;] having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.
Mir. O, good sir, I do.
Pros. [I pray thee, mark me.]
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, [all dedicated
To closeness,[8] and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but[9] by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd[10] all popular rate,[11]] in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; [and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans[12] bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,[13]
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:]—hence his ambition growing,—
[Dost thou hear?
Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.
Pros. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for,] he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates[14]—
So dry[15] he was for sway—with the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!—
The most ignoble stooping.
Mir. O the heavens!
Pros. [Mark his condition, and the event, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

[1] *Issu'd*, descended. [2] *Teen*, sorrow. [3] *From*, out of.
[4] *Manage*, management. [5] *Signiories*, states.
[6] *Prime*, first. [7] *Trash*, restrain, lop.
[8] *Closeness*, retirement. [9] *But*, save.
[10] *O'er-priz'd*, outvalued.
[11] *Rate*, estimation. [12] *Sans*, without.
[13] *Out o' the substitution*, because of the deputyship.
[14] *Confederates*, conspires. [15] *Dry*, thirsty.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly[1] of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
Pros. Now the condition.]
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu[2] o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently[3] extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.
[*Mir.* Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint[4]
That wrings mine eyes to 't.
Pros. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's; without the which, this story
Were most impertinent.[5]]
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. [Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question.] Dear, they durst not,—
So dear the love my people bore me,—nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few,[6] they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd[7] the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach,[8] to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mir. How came we ashore?
Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity,—who being then appointed
Master of this design,—did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much;[9] so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Pros. Now I arise:—
[*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit[10]
Than other princess'[11] can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.
Mir. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,—
For still 't is beating in my mind,—your reason
For raising the sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune—
Now my dear lady[12]—hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dulness,

[1] *But nobly*, other than nobly.
[2] *In lieu*, in consideration.
[3] *Presently*, immediately.
[4] *Hint*, subject.
[5] *Impertinent*, irrelevant.
[6] *In few*, in short.
[7] *Deck'd*, sprinkled.
[8] *An undergoing stomach*, an enduring courage.
[9] *Have steaded much*, have stood us in good stead.
[10] *Made thee more profit*, *i.e.* made thee profit more.
[11] *Princess'*, princesses (elision made on account of the metre).
[12] *Now my dear lady*, now my auspicious mistress.

And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.— [*Miranda sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come! I am ready now:
Approach, my Ariel; come!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds,—to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.[1]

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point[2] the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure.—(Act i. 2. 189, 190.)

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,[3]
Now in the waist,[4] the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: sometime I 'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,[5]
Then meet, and join. [Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not:] the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

[*Pros.* My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil[6]
Would not infect his reason?]

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd

[1] *Quality*, skill, ability.
[2] *To point*, exactly.
[3] *Beak*, bow.
[4] *Waist*, the part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle.
[5] *Distinctly*, separately.
[6] *Coil*, turmoil.

Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,[1]—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Pros. Why, that 's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle[2] of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook,[3] where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd[4] Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
[Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep:] and for[5] the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,[6]
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there 's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses.[7] The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,[8]
Let me remember thee[9] what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pros. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pros. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tred the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy[10]
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
[To enter human hearing,] from Argier,[11]
[Thou know'st,] was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. [Is not this true?]

Ari. Ay, sir.]

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[1] *Up-staring*, standing on end.
[2] *An odd angle*, an out-of-the-way corner.
[3] *Nook*, bay.
[4] *Still-vex'd*, constantly disturbed.
[5] *For*, as for.
[6] *Flote*, flood, sea.
[7] *Two glasses*, *i.e.* two hours.
[8] *Pains*, tasks.
[9] *Remember thee*, remind thee.
[10] *Envy*, malice.
[11] *Argier*, Algiers.

Pros. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for[1] thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,[2] she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.
Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.
Ari. I thank thee, master.
Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou 'st howl'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spriting gently.
Pros. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?
Pros. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea:
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mir. [*Waking*] The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mir. 'T is a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pros. But, as 't is,
We cannot miss[3] him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us.—What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Cal. [*Within*] There 's wood enough within.
Pros. Come forth, I say! there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked[4] dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!
Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall forth at vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that make 'em.
Cal. I must eat my dinner.

[1] *For*, because. [2] *Hests*, commands. [3] *Miss*, do without. [4] *Wicked*, baneful.

This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:—
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us d thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care.—(Act i. 2. 344-346.)

For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.
Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; I lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
[*Cal.* O ho! O ho!—would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of[1] all ill![I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like

[1] *Capable of*, impressible by.

A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. [But thy vile race,[1]
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.]
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning[2] me your language!
Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps,[3]
Fill all thy bones with aches,[4] make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, pray thee.—
[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.
Pros. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S *song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist:
Foot it featly[5] here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.]
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?

[1] *Race*, nature. [2] *Learning*, teaching.
[3] *Old cramps*, plenty of cramps.
[4] *Aches*, pronounced as a dissyllable.
[5] *Featly*, nimbly.

It sounds no more:—and, sure, it waits u
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a ba
Weeping again the king my father's wre
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 't is go
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden, within.* Ding-dong.]
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, be

Fer. The ditty does remember[7] my dro
father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:[8]—I hear it now a
me.
Pros. The fringed curtains of thine
advance,[9]
And say what thou see'st yond.
Mir. What is 't? a sp
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, s
It carries a brave form:—but 't is a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps,
hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou s
Was in the wreck; and, but[10] he 's somet
stain'd
With grief, that 's beauty's canker,
mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine sp
I 'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the go

[6] *Passion*, grief. [7] *Remember*, commem
[8] *Owes*, owns.
[9] *Advance*, lift up. [10] *But*, except that.

On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O you wonder!—
If you be maid or no?
Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.
Pros. How! the best!
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single[1] thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?—(Act I. 2. 387.)

And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd,
Mir. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.
Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control[2] thee,
If now 't were fit to do 't.—At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes.—Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.—
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

[1] *Single*, weak. [2] *Control*, confute.

Pros. Follow me.— [*To Ferdinand.*
Speak not you for him; he 's a traitor.—Come;
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*
Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle, and not fearful.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.—(Act i. 2. 464–466.)

Pros. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;[1]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you, father!—
Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I 'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!

[1] *Ward*, posture of defence.

To[1] the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Mir. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. Come on; obey: [*To Ferdinand.*
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a-day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pros. [*Aside*] It works.—[*To Ferdinand*] Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[*To Ferdinand*] Follow me.—
[*To Ariel*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pros. Come, follow.—Speak not for him.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause—
So have we all—of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. [Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us:] then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.
Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.
Gon. Sir,—
Seb. One:—tell.
Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that 's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—
Seb. A dollar.
Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purpos'd.
Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.
Gon. Therefore, my lord,—
Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
Alon. I prithee, spare.
Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?
Seb. The old cock.
Ant. The cockerel.
Seb. Done! The wager?
[*Ant.* A laughter.
Seb. A match!]
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—
Seb. Ha, ha, ha!—So, you 're paid.
Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—
[*Seb.* Yet,—
Adr. Yet,—
Ant. He could not miss 't.]
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[2]

[1] *To*, compared to.

[2] *Temperance*, temperature.

[*Ant.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.]

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

[*Seb.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 't were perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.

Gon. How lush[1] and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green[2] in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.]

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being [rather new-dy'd than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now] as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

[*Adr.* Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.[3]

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said "widower Æneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage!

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the mira harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and hou

Ant. What impossible matter will he easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island in his pocket, and give it his son for an

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.]

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our ga seem now as fresh as when we were at at the marriage of your daughter, who queen.

[*Ant.* And the rarest that e'er came

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Did

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Did

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your dau marriage?]

Alon. You cram these words into ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had
Married my daughter there! for, coming t
My son is lost; [and, in my rate,[4] she
Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her.] O thou mi
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he ma
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the
Whose enmity he flung aside, and brea
The surge most swoln that met him; hi head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, an
Himself with his good arms in lusty st
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis
As stooping to relieve him: I not doub
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he 's g

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself f great loss,
That would not bless our Europe wit daughter,

[1] *Lush*, luxuriant.
[2] *An eye of green*, a tinge of green.
[3] *To their queen*, *i.e.* for their queen.
[4] *Rate*, reckoning.

But rather lose her to an African;
[Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she 'd bow.] We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: [Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:]
The fault 's your own.
Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.
Gon. My Lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
[*Seb.* Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.[1]
Seb. Foul weather!
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
Ant. He 'd sow 't with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do?
Seb. Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too,—but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty,—
Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison,[2] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle,—whores and knaves.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. Save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?—
Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible[3] and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'T was you we laugh'd at.
Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.
Ant. What a blow was there given!
Seb. An[4] it had not fallen flat-long.
Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible; solemn music playing.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.]
Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?
Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.
[*All sleep except Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio.*
Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclin'd to do so.
Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

[1] *Cloudy*, gloomy.
[2] *Foison*, plenty. [3] *Sensible*, sensitive. [4] *An*, if.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.
Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian,—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Seb. What, art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not hear me speak?
Seb. I do; [and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep,—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There 's meaning in thy snores.
Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me;[1] which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
Seb. Well, I am standing water.
Ant. I 'll teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Seb.] Prithee, say o
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclain
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir
Although this lord of weak remembranc
this,—
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd,—hath here almost pe
suaded,—
[For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only]
Professes to persuade,[2]—the king his son
alive,—
'T is as impossible that he 's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Seb. I have no ho
That he 's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that "no hop
What great hope have you! [no hope, th
way, is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink[3] beyond,
But doubt discovery there.] Will you gra
with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Seb. He 's gone.
Ant. Then, tell m
Who 's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she th
dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; [she that fro
Naples
Can have no note,[4] unless the sun were post,-
The man-i'-the-moon's too slow,—till new-bo
chins
Be rough and razorable; she from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some ca
again;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what 's past is prologue; what to com
In yours and my discharge.
Seb. What stuff is this!—How say you
'T is true, my brother's daughter 's queen
Tunis;

[1] *If heed me, i.e.* if you heed me.

[2] *Only professes to persuade*, persuasion is his only pr
fession.

[3] *Wink*=smallest space. [4] *Note*, information

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!"—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater[1] than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience,—
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 't were a kibe,[2]
'T would put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied[3] be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion[4] as a cat laps milk;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Seb. O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.
Gon. [*Waking*] Now, good angels
Preserve the king!
[*To Sebastian and Antonio*] Why, how now!—
[*To Alonso*] Ho, awake!—
[*To Sebastian and Antonio*] Why are you drawn? Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Alon. [*Waking*] What 's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alon. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 't was a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.
Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?
Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:

[1] *Feater*, more trimly. [2] *Kibe*, a sore heel.
[3] *Candied*, congealed.
[4] *Suggestion*, prompting, temptation.

I shak'd you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verily. 'T is best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground;. and let's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away. [*Exit with the others.*

Trin. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.—(Act ii. 2. 25–28.)

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:—
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal[1] a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—Lo, now, lo!

[1] *By inch-meal*, inch by inch.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me. [*Lies down.*

Enter TRINCULO.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard[1] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.[2] A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; [any strange beast there makes a man:] when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud[3] till the dregs of the storm be past. 43

[*Creeps under Caliban's garment.*

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber,[4] the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery, 50
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,[5]
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me:—O! 58

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me:—O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I'll bring my wood home faster. 75

Ste. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee. 84

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly [*gives Caliban drink*]: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps again [*gives Caliban drink*].

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drown'd; and these are devils: —O, defend me! 92

Ste. Four legs and two voices,—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague.—[*Gives Caliban drink.*] Come,

[1] *Bombard*, a large flagon.
[2] *Poor-John*, hake fish dried and salted.
[3] *Shroud*, take shelter.
[4] *Swabber*, one who mops the deck of a ship.
[5] *Tang*, twang.

—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me?—Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo, —be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. [*Draws Trinculo out by the legs from under Caliban's garment.*] —Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege[1] of this moon-calf?[2] [can he vent Trinculos?]

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scap'd!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That 's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! [which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.]

Ste. Here; swear, then, how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book [*gives Trinculo drink*]. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. —How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man-i'-the-moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee:
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book:— I will furnish it anon with new contents:— swear. [*Gives Caliban drink.*

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster!—I afeard of him!—a very weak monster:—the man-i'-the-moon!—a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I'll kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss. [*Gives Caliban drink.*

Trin. But that the poor monster 's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pignuts;
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

[1] *Siege*, excrement. [2] *Moon-calf*, abortion.

To snare the nimble marmoset; I 'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I 'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by and by again.

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way.—(Act ii. 2. 192.)

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*] Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I 'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban
Has a new master—Get a new man.

[Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way.]

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before Prospero's cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed,—
And he 's compos'd of harshness! I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour;
Most busiest when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *behind.*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: [when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you.] My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself:
He 's safe for these three hours.
Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.
Mir. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I 'll carry 't to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
[*Pros.* [*Aside*] Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.
Mir.] You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your hest[1] to say so!
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; [and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several[2] virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,[3]
And put it to the foil:] but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!
Mir. [I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,—] I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,—
I would not so!—[and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.] Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.
Mir. Do you love me?
Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
[If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief!] I,
Beyond all limit of what else[4] i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Mir. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.
Pros. [*Aside*] Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
Fer. Wherefore weep you?
Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;

[1] *Hest*, command. [2] *Several*, separate. [3] *Ow'd*, owned.
[4] *What else*, whatever else there may be.

If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow[1]
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda severally.*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd withal; but my rejoicing

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true!—(Act iii. 1. 68-70.)

At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

[*Caliban drinks.*

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

[1] *Fellow*, companion.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on, by this light. — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.

Ste. We 'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you 'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debosh'd fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. "Lord," quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster 's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,—a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee! I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more.—[*To Caliban*] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou dar'st,
But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I 'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd?
Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's this!—Thou scurvy patch![1]—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink naught but brine; for I 'll not show him
Where the quick freshes[2] are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I 'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that [*strikes Trinculo*]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie.—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I 'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: then thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,

[1] *Patch*, fool. [2] *Quick freshes*, springs of fresh water.

Or cut his wesand[1] with thy knife: remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot,[2] as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I:—burn but his books.
[He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Ari. Thou liest.
Ste. Do I so? take thou that [*strikes Trinculo*]. As you like this, give me the lie another time.—(Act iii. 2. 59–65.)

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?
Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.].

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep: Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch[3]
You taught me but while-ere?[4]

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

[1] *Wesand*, windpipe. [2] *Sot*, fool.

[3] *Troll the catch*, sing the tune.
[4] *But while-ere*, but a while ago.

Cal. That 's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments

Cal. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again.—(Act iii. 2. 146–149.)

Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let 's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer! he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Another part of the island.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. By'r lakin,[1] I can go no further, sir;

[1] *By 'r lakin*, by our Lady.

My old bones ache: [here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights[1] and meanders!] by your patience,
I needs must rest me.
Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd[2] with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
[Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.]
Ant. [*Aside to Sebastian*] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Antonio*] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.
Ant. [*Aside to Sebastian*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, they cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.
Seb. [*Aside to Antonio*] I say, to-night: no more. [*Solemn and strange music.*
Alon. What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter below, several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens!—What were these?
[*Seb.* A living drollery.[3] Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

[1] *Forth-rights*, straight paths.
[2] *Attach'd*, seized.
[3] *Drollery*, puppet-show.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 't is true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.
Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—
For, certes, these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alon. I cannot too much muse[1]
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.]
Fran. They vanish'd strangely.
Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will 't please you taste of what is here?
[*Alon.* Not I.
Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.]
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, [whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caus'd to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves.
[*Alonso, Sebastian, &c. draw their swords.*
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle[2] that 's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like[3] invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that 's my business to you,—] that [you three]
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
[The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,]
Lingering perdition—[worse than any death
Can be at once—] shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

[1] *Muse*, wonder at.
[2] *Dowle*, fibre of down.
[3] *Like*, alike.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and mows, and carry out the table.

[*Pros.* [*Aside*] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, — whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine lov'd darling. [*Exit above.*
Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?
Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper: it did bass[1] my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.
Ant. I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio.*
Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now gins to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy[2]
May now provoke them to.
Adr. Follow, I pray you.] [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Prospero's cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live: [who once again
I tender to thy hand:] all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.
Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.
Pros. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: [but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion[3] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 't is now,—the murkiest den,
The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can,[4] shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
Pros. Fairly spoke.]
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

---

[1] *Bass*, utter in a deep tone. [2] *Ecstasy*, madness.
[3] *Aspersion*, sprinkling. [4] *Can*, *i.e.* is able to make.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity[1] of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.[2]

Ari. Before you can say, "Come," and "Go,"
And breathe twice, and cry, "So, so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. [Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow![3]

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.[4]

Pros. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel!] bring a corollary,[5]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly![6]—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,[7] them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn;[8] thy pole-clipt vineyard;[9]
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky[10] acres and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath my queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate[11]
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. [Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis[12] my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.]

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Juno. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

---

[1] *Vanity*, illusion.
[2] *With a twink*, in a twinkling.
[3] *Good night your vow! i.e.* farewell to your vow.
[4] *Liver*, supposed to be the seat of love.
[5] *A corollary*, a surplus.
[6] *Pertly*, briskly
[7] *Stover*, fodder for cattle.
[8] *Lass-lorn*, forsaken of his mistress.
[9] *Pole-clipt vineyard*, vineyard where the poles are *clipt*, or embraced, by the vines. *Vineyard* is pronounced as a trisyllable.
[10] *Bosky*, woody.
[11] *Estate*, give as a possession.
[12] *Dis*, Pluto.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,[1]
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines[2] call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd[3] father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
[Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;]
There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*To the Spirits*] Well done; —avoid,[4]—no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion[5]
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.[6]

Pros. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,[7] shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on;[8] and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pros. [*To Ariel*] Come with a thought!—
I thank thee, Ariel: come!

Re-enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with[9] Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,

[1] *Foison plenty, i.e.* plentiful abundance.
[2] *Confines*, abodes.
[3] *Wonder'd*, able to perform wonders.
[4] *Avoid*, begone.
[5] *Passion*, strong emotion.
[6] *Distemper'd*, disturbed.
[7] *Inherit*, possess.
[8] *On*, of.
[9] *To meet with, i.e.* to encounter.

Advanc'd[1] their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
[There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.]
Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!
Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!
Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!—(Act iv. 1. 256-258.)

For stale[2] to catch these thieves.
Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*
Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all are lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.—

Re-enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.[3]

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain, invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.
Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack[4] with us.
Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.
Ste. So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If

[1] *Advanc'd*, lifted. [2] *Stale*, a decoy. [3] *Line*, lime-tree.
[4] *The Jack*, the Jack-o'-lantern.

I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still. Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly;—
All 's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That 's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery[1].—O King Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let 's alone,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'll fill our skin with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

[1] *Frippery*, old-clothes shop.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate;[2] there 's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime[3] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pros. [Hey, Mountain, hey!
Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!
Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!]

[*Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo are driven out.*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard[4] or cat-o'-mountain.[5]

Ari. Hark, they roar!

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

[2] *Pass of pate*, sally of wit.
[3] *Lime*, birdlime.
[4] *Pard*, leopard.
[5] *Cat-o'-mountain*, wild cat.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the cell of* PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage.[1] How's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pros. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
[Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove[2] which weather-fends[3] your cell;]
They cannot budge till your release.[4] The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
[And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo;"
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds.] Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Pros. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.
Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*
Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs[5] pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I 'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Re-enter ARIEL: *after him,* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks.*

[A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,

[1] *Goes upright with his carriage*, bends not under his burden. [2] *Line-grove*, lime-grove.
[3] *Weather-fends*, protects from the weather.
[4] *Till your release*, till released by you.
[5] *Spurs*, the roots, projecting like spurs.

Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—]
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.[1]—[The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act,—
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.

Ari. On the bat's back I do fly.—(Act v. 1. 91.)

You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse[2] and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. — Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy.] Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
[Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:—]
[*Exit Ariel.*

I will discase me,[3] and myself present
As I was sometime[4] Milan:—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Re-enter ARIEL; *who sings while helping to attire Prospero.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep

[1] *Fall fellowly drops*, let fall companionable drops.
[2] *Remorse*, pity.
[3] *Discase me*, undress myself.
[4] *Sometime*, formerly.

Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*
[*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,
Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!]
Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whether[1] thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle[2] to abuse[3] me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave—
An if this be at all—a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.[4]—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?
Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.
Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I 'll not swear.
[*Pros.* You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all:—
[*Aside to Sebastian and Antonio*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify[5] you traitors: at this time
I 'll tell no tales.
Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.]
Pros. [No.—]
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.
Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
[How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—]
My dear son Ferdinand.
Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.
[*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Pros. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss!
Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter!
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,[6]
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath:] but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;

[1] *Whether*, pronounced as a monosyllable.
[2] *Trifle*, phantom. [3] *Abuse*, deceive.
[4] *My wrongs*, *i.e.* the wrongs I have done.
[5] *Justify*, prove.
[6] *Admire*, wonder.

[For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting.] Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
[At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.]

The cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
[*Seb.* A most high miracle!]
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.
[*Kneels to Alonso.*
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
Pros. 'T is new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she 's mortal;
But by immortal Providence she 's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that 's gone.
[*Gon.* I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars,—In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves
When no man was his own.[1]]
Alon. [*To Ferdinand and Miranda*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be 't so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—[Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land?] What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
[Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—]
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. [*Aside to Prospero*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

[1] *His own*, master of himself.

Pros. [*Aside to Ariel*] My tricksy spirit!
[*Alon.* These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd unde hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and severe noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway, at liberty:

Re-enter ARIEL, *with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.]
Ari. [*Aside to Prospero*] Was 't well done?
Pros. [*Aside to Ariel*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.
[*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct[1] of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single[2] I'll resolve you[3]—
Which to you shall seem probable—of every
These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—] [*Aside to Ariel*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel*]—How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

[1] *Conduct*, conductor.
[2] *Single*, by myself.
[3] *Resolve you*, explain to you.

Re-enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio,[1] bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

[*Seb.* Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.—This mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal.] I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe:[2] [where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?[3]—]
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Pros. You 'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on. [*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which—part of it—I 'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away,—the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I 'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solémnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pros. I 'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—[*Aside to Ariel*] My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,—

[1] *Coragio* (Ital.), courage.
[2] *Reeling ripe*, drunk to the point of reeling.
[3] *Gilded 'em*, made them drunk.

Which is most faint: [now, 't is true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples.] Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

NOTES TO THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1.—Reference has been made in the Introduction to a play of Calderon's, El Mayor Encanto Amor, in which there is considerable similarity to The Tempest. It may be interesting to compare the first scene, which, like Shakespeare's, deals with a shipwreck—with how much less vivid an effect! I give it in M'Carthy's translation (Love the Greatest Enchantment, 1861, pp. 21–23).

Act the First.—The Sea and Coast of Sicily.

A ship is discovered struggling with the waves: in it are Ulysses, Antistes, Archelaus, Polydorus, Timantes, Florus, Lebrel, Clarin, and others.

Antistes. We strive in vain,
Fate frowns averse, and drives us o'er the main
Before the elements.
Archelaus. Death wings the wind, and the wild waves immense
Will be our graves to-day.
Timantes. Brace up the foresail.
Polydorus. Give the bow-line way.
Florus. The rising wind a hurricane doth blow.
Antistes. Hoist!
Lebrel. To the mainsheet!—
Clarin. Let the clew-lines go!—
Ulysses. O Sovereign Jove!
Thou who this gulf in mountainous foam dost move,
Altars and sacrifice to thee I vow,
If thou wilt tame these angry waters now.
Antistes. God of the Sea, great Neptune! in despite
Of Juno's care, why thus the Greeks affright.
Archelaus. And see the kindling Heavens are all ablaze,
With angry bolts and lightning-winged rays.
Clarin. Son of Silenus, truly called *divine!*
Save from a watery death these lips that lived on wine!
Lebrel. Let not, O Momus! 't is his latest wish,
A man who lived as flesh now die as fish!
Timantes. This day, these waves that round about us rise
Will be our icy tombs:—
All. Have pity, O ye skies!—
Polydorus. It seems that they have listen'd to our prayer—
Our wild lament that pierced the darksome air—
Since suddenly the winds begin to cease.
Archelaus. Yes, all the elements proclaim a peace:—
Antistes. And for our greater happiness,
(Since good and evil on each other press)
See, on the far horizon's verge
The golden summits of the hills emerge
From out the mist that shrouds the lowlier strand.
Timantes. The clouds are scatter'd now;
All. The land! the land!
Ulysses. Beneath this promontory, which doth lie
A link of stone betwixt the sea and sky,
Turn the tired prow:
Polydorus. The rock bends beetling o'er:—
Antistes. All hands descend on shore:—
All. All hands on shore!
Antistes. After the war of waves the air grows bland:—
Ulysses. Shipwreck we have subdued.
All. To land! to land!

[*The vessel anchors and all the crew disembark.*

2. Line 3: GOOD, *speak to the mariners.*—The word *good* here is evidently used in reference to the boatswain, not the *cheer.* Compare line 16 below: "Nay, *good*, be patient." The word is often thus used in Shakespeare, generally followed by *now*, as in Comedy of Errors, iv. 4. 22: "*Good, now*, hold thy tongue."

3. Lines 3, 4: *fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground.*—In a note at the end of The Tempest (Var. Ed. xv. 184–186) Malone gives the following very interesting communication from a distinguished naval officer, the second Lord Musgrave: "The first scene of The Tempest is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakspeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time. . . .

"The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.

"The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakspeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.

"He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship; one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable.

"The events certainly follow too near one another for the strict time of representation; but perhaps, if the whole length of the play was divided by the time allowed by the critics, the portion allotted to this scene might not be too little for the whole. But he has taken care to mark intervals between the different operations by exits.

1st Position.	*1st Position.*
Fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground.	Land discovered under the lee; the wind blowing too fresh to haul upon a wind with the topsail set. Yare is an old sea term for briskly, in use at that time. This first command is therefore a notice to be ready to execute any orders quickly.
2d Position.	*2d Position.*
Yare, yare, take in the top-sail, blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.	The topsail is taken in. 'Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.' The danger in a good sea boat is only from being too near the land; this is introduced here to account for the next order.

3d Position.

Down with the top mast.—Yare, lower, lower, bring her to try with the main course.

4th Position.

Lay her a hold, a hold; set her two courses, off to sea again, lay her off.

5th Position.

We split, we split.

3d Position.

The gale encreasing, the top-mast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drift less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid to.

4th Position.

The ship, having driven near the shore, the mainsail is hawled up; the ship wore, and the two courses set on the other tack, to endeavour to clear the land that way.

5th Position.

The ship not able to weather a point, is driven on shore."

4. Line 11: *Play the men.*—Malone compares 2 Samuel x. 12: "let us *play the men* for our people."

5. Line 13: *Where is the master,* BOATSWAIN?—Ff. print *boson,* which is still the pronunciation of the word.

6. Line 15: *you do* ASSIST THE STORM.—Compare Pericles, iii. 1. 19:

> Patience, good sir; do not *assist the storm.*

7. Lines 17, 18: *What* CARE *these roarers for the name of king!*—Ff. have *cares,* which the Cambridge editors preserve as "probably from Shakespeare's pen," and because "in the mouth of a boatswain it can offend no one." But if Shakespeare wrote it, as is possible, it is certainly not probable that he would desire its preservation. A singular verb preceding a plural noun was never other than a vulgarism, however commonly used, and the Clarendon Press editor quotes a very apt instance in Richard II. iii. 4. 24, where F. 1 has "Here *comes* the gardeners," but Q. 1, the better text, has "Here *come* the gardeners."

The word *roarer,* which does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, was used in his time in the sense of bully, riotous fellow. See Kastril in Jonson's Alchemist, the "angry boy," as he is there called, for a specimen of the *roarer.*

8. Line 25: *we will not* HAND *a rope more; i.e. handle.* Compare Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 62, 63:

> Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
> First *hand* me.

Cotgrave renders *manier,* "to handle, *hand,*" &c.

9. Line 32: *his complexion is perfect gallows.*—Here, and again below, line 49, and in v. 1. 217, 218, is an allusion to the proverb, "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned." Compare also The Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 156–158:

> Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
> Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
> Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

10. Line 38: *Bring her to try with main-course!*—Steevens quotes from Smith's Seaman's Grammar, 1627, under the article, How to handle a ship in a storm: "Let us lie as *Trie with our maine course;* that is, to hale the tacke aboord, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboord." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes from Edwards' Life of Ralegh the following illustrative passage describing the disasters which befel his ships at the outset of the Island voyage in 1597: "On Twesday morninge, my sealf, the Bonaventer, the Mathew, and Andrew, were together, and steered for the North Cape, not doubtinge butt to have crost the fleet within six howres, butt att the instant the winde changed to the south, and blew vehemently; so as wee putt our sealves under our fore corses, and stood to the west into the sea. Butt on Twesday night I perceved the Mathew to labor very vehemently, and that shee could not indure that manner of standinge of, and so putt her sealf *a try with her mayne course*" (vol. ii. pp. 171, 172).

11. Line 52: *Lay her a-hold.*—To lay a ship *a-hold* is defined in Admiral Smyth's Sailors' Wordbook as "a term of our early navigators, for bringing a ship close to the wind, so as to hold or keep to it."

12. Lines 52, 53: *set her two courses! off to sea again.*—This is the punctuation introduced by Holt; Ff. have "set her two courses off to Sea againe," which would mean, keep her two points further out from land—which may be the meaning. The *two courses* which were to be *set* are the mainsail and the foresail.

13. Line 63: *And gape at wid'st to* GLUT *him.*—The word *glut,* in the sense of englut, swallow, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Johnson compares Milton, Paradise Lost, x. 632, 633:

> nigh burst
> With suck'd and *glutted* offal.

14. Lines 70, 71: *ling, heath, broom, furze.*—This is the emendation of Hanmer, which it is difficult not to accept. The Ff. have *long heath, Browne firrs,* which a few editors retain, though no satisfactory reason has yet been given why *heath* should be spoken of as *long* or *furze* as *brown,* at a time too when the speaker had other things than adjectives to think of. Farmer quotes from Harrison's Description of England, prefixed to Holinshed (fol. 91a): "*Brome* . . . *heth, firze,* brakes, whinnes, *ling,*" &c.

ACT I. Scene 2.

15. Line 7: *Who had, no doubt, some noble* CREATURES *in her.*—Ff. print *creature;* the emendation adopted is Theobald's. It is obviously demanded by Miranda's words before and after: "*those* that I saw suffer," and "Poor *souls, they* perish'd!"

16. Line 13: *The* FRAUGHTING *souls within her.*—Theobald altered *fraughting* to *freighting,* but *fraught* was the word in use in Shakespeare's time. Compare Marlowe, The Jew of Malta, i. 1:

> Bid the merchants and my men dispatch
> And come ashore and see the *fraught* discharg'd.

Fraughting is of course used in the sense of "making up the freight." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Cotgrave: "Freteure: A fraughting, loading, or furnishing of a (hired) ship."

17. Line 19: *more better.*—Compare line 439 below, "more braver." Similar reduplications are not infrequent in Shakespeare, as in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 6. 76: "a *more larger* list of sceptres;" Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 17: "some *more fitter* place;" &c.

18. Line 29: *that there is no* SOUL.—The sentence here is left unfinished—probably with an intentional abruptness. The sense is perfectly clear from the context, and

a slight break of this sort is very natural. Rowe marred the line by adding "lost," and Theobald proposed *foil* for *soul*, Johnson *soil*;—alterations not merely unnecessary, but improbable in themselves.

19. Line 41: OUT *three years old; i.e.* full three years old. Compare iv. 1. 101: "And be a boy right *out*."

20. Line 50: *In the dark* BACKWARD *and* ABYSM *of time*?—Shakespeare uses the adverb *inward* in a similar way as a noun. Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 138: "I was an *inward* of his." *Abysm* is the earlier form of the word "abyss," showing more directly its origin from the Old French *abysme* (*abîme*). It occurs in two other places of Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 147, and Sonnet cxii. 9.

21. Line 53: *Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since.*—This is the only place in Shakespeare where *year* is used instead of *years* in anything but an intentionally colloquial way. Perhaps its use here is intended to mark the unwontedly familiar tone of Prospero's communication. I think something of the same effect is found in the particular rhythm of the line, which should not, in my opinion, be read (as we are usually instructed to read it) "Twelve ye-ar since, Miranda, twelve year since." Similar expansions and contractions are certainly to be found in Shakespeare, but anything of the sort is quite unnecessary here. Read simply, with a slight extra accent on the first word, the line has to my ear a very expressive rhythm, not unlike that of Tennyson in The Grandmother:

> Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.
> —Works, 1879, p. 263.

22. Line 56: *Thy mother was* A PIECE OF VIRTUE.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 2. 28: "the piece of virtue," and see note 189 to that play.

23. Lines 57–59:

> *and thy father*
> *Was Duke of Milan;* AND *his only heir*
> A *princess,—no worse issu'd.*

The reading here adopted, that of Pope, seems to me much the best, requiring as it does the least possible change of the original text, and giving at least as good sense as anything else that has been suggested. Ff. have "*And* Princesse," which some retain, inserting *thou* before "his only heir" in the preceding line. This indeed is the final decision of the Cambridge editors, who in the Cambridge ed. print the Folio text verbatim, and in the Clarendon Press adopt the reading of Pope. But the omission of such a word as *thou* seems to me much less likely than the substitution of *And* for *A*, when there have been no less than three *Ands* already in the sentence. Dyce, in his notes to the play, cites four similar misprints of *And* for *A*. He, however, adopts Hanmer's reading, *thou* for *and*, in line 58, as well as the change of *And* to *A*.

24. Line 64: *teen.*—Shakespeare uses *teen* (meaning sorrow) five or six times (compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 13: "and yet, to my *teen* be it spoken"), though even then it was going out of use. Compare Chaucer, The Knightes Tale, 2247, 2248:

> That nevere was ther no word hem bitweene
> Of jelousye, or any other *teene*.

Rossetti uses it in his translation of Villon's Ballade des Dames du temps jadis, where he renders:

> Pour son amour eut cest essoyne,

by—

> From Love he won such dule and *teen*.

25. Line 70: *The* MANAGE *of my state.*—Compare King John, i. 1. 37, 38:

> Which now the *manage* of two kingdoms must
> With fearful bloody issue arbitrate;

and Richard II. i. 4. 38, 39:

> Now for the rebels which stand out in Ireland,—
> Expedient *manage* must be made, my liege.

26. Line 71: *Through all the* SIGNIORIES *it was the first.*—*Signiories* are here used in the sense of principalities—"the states of Northern Italy, under the government of single princes originally owing feudal obedience to the Holy Roman Empire" (Clarendon Press ed.). Elsewhere in Shakespeare it is used for estates or manors.

27. Line 72: *And Prospero the* PRIME *duke; i.e.* the first in rank. Compare Henry VIII. iii. 2. 161, 162:

> Have I not made you
> The *prime* man of the state?

In the present scene, line 425, it is used with the meaning of first in order: "my *prime* request."

28. Line 81: *To* TRASH *for* OVER-TOPPING.—The word *trash* is a term used chiefly in hunting, meaning to restrain. See note 5 to Taming of the Shrew, where the following quotation from Hammond's Works (vol. i. p. 23) is given: "That this contrariety always interposes some objections to hinder or *trash* you from doing the things that you would, *i.e.* sometimes the Spirit *trashes* you from doing the thing that the Spirit would have done." Some, influenced by the word *over-topping*, have understood *trash* as meaning "to lop," a meaning which has never been given to it elsewhere. *Over-top*, certainly, is used of trees, as in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 12. 23, 24:

> this pine is bark'd,
> That *overtopp'd* them all;

but, considering how extremely fond Shakespeare was of the word *top*, in all its senses and connections, there is no reason why he should not have used it here in the sense of "*outstrip*." This makes the hunting metaphor complete. Compare Othello, ii. 1. 312, 313, where, if Warton's emendation of *trash* for *trace* be accepted (as, in this edition, it is), we read:

> If this poor trash of Venice, whom I *trash*
> For his quick hunting, stand the putting on.

29. Lines 83, 84:

> *having both the* KEY
> *Of officer and office.*

The *key* meant here is, as Sir John Hawkins states (Var. Ed. xv. 31), the key for tuning the harpsichord, spinet, or virginal.

30. Lines 89, 90:

> *all dedicated*
> *To* CLOSENESS.

Closeness, in the sense of retirement, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Closeness, (Reservedness *or* Secrecy) *Reserve, Connexion, Circonspection.*"

31. Line 92: O'ERPRIZ'D *all popular rate; i.e.* outvalued all popular estimation. Compare Cymbeline, i. 4. 87, 88: "Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's *outprizd* by a trifle"—where *outprized* is used with the same meaning.

32. Lines 93–96:

> *and my trust,*
> *Like a good parent, did beget of him*
> *A falsehood, in its contrary as great*
> *As my trust was.*

This is an allusion to the proverb, ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων τέκνα σήματα, *heroum filii noxæ*, or, as Johnson puts it, "a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it."

33. Lines 99–102:

> *like one*
> *Who having* INTO *truth, by telling of it,*
> *Made such a sinner of his memory,*
> *To credit his own lie.*

This is the reading of the Ff., which has been greatly doubted, and altered in several ways, most plausibly by Warburton, who changed *into* to *unto*, by which, certainly, we get a very fair sense: "like one who having made such a sinner unto (or against) truth of his memory as to credit his own lie by telling of it." But is not the text of the Ff. quite intelligible, and not more contorted in construction, without alteration? The sense, taken thus, is: "like one who having made such a sinner of his memory as to credit his own lie by telling of it into truth"—a peculiar expression certainly, but not without parallels enough. Arrowsmith, in his Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators, pp. 44–46 (cited by Dyce in his notes), gives several examples of similar constructions; *e.g.* The Times, Oct. 10, 1862: "Some feasible line of frontier which may also be *discussed into familiarity;*" Ben Jonson's Underwoods: "By thanking thus the courtesy to life." Malone quotes a passage closely parallel to that in the text from Bacon's account of Perkin Warbeck in his History of Henry VII. 1622, p. 120: "Nay himselfe, with long and continuall counterfeiting, and with oft telling a *Lye*, was turned by habite almost into the thinge hee seemed to be, and from a *Lyar*, to a *Believer*."

34. Lines 109, 110:

> ME, *poor man, my library*
> *Was dukedom large enough.*

Shakespeare sometimes, as here, omits the preposition; the meaning of course is "*For* me." Compare Cymbeline, v. 5. 464, 465:

> *Whom* heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
> Have laid most heavy hand;

and Timon of Athens, v. 1. 63, 64:

> *Whose* thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!—
> Not all the whips of heaven are large enough.

35. Line 111: *confederates.*—The verb *confederate* (*i.e.* conspire) is not elsewhere used by Shakespeare, but compare *confederacy*, in a similar sense, in Henry VIII. i. 2. 2, 3:

> I stood i' the level
> Of a full-charged *confederacy;*

and so probably in II. Henry VI. ii. 1. 168, &c.

36. Line 112: *So* DRY *he was for sway; i.e.* thirsty, as in our common vulgarism. It is used again, without intentional colloquialism, in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 31:

> When I was *dry* with rage and extreme toil.

"With the King of Naples" is printed in Ff. "*with* King of Naples," and some editors print *wi' the*. No doubt the mark of elision was accidentally omitted by the printer, who should have printed *with'*. A similar omission occurs in line 173 below. See note 49.

37. Line 122: HEARKENS *my brother's suit.*—*Hearkens* is again used transitively in II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 304: "Well, *hearken* the end," where, however, the Q. has *hearken at*.

38. Line 123: IN LIEU O' *the premises.*—Shakespeare only uses *in lieu of* in the present sense of "in consideration of, in return for." Compare Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 408–412:

> Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
> Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
> Of grievous penalties; *in lieu wherreof,*
> Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
> We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

39. Line 133: *I, not remembering how I cried* OUT *then.*—There is some plausibility in Steevens' conjecture, that *out* should be *on't*, but not enough certainty to make the change advisable.

40. Lines 134, 135:

> *it is a* HINT
> *That wrings mine eyes* TO 'T.

That is, it is a subject that draws tears from mine eyes. *Hint* is used here as in ii. 1. 3: "Our *hint* of woe;" *i.e.* our theme of woe. *To't* means "to do it," that is, to cry; Steevens, through some misunderstanding, thought the words inappropriate or unnecessary, and omitted them, to the equal detriment of sense and metre.

41. Line 138: *impertinent; i.e.* irrelevant, the literal meaning of the word, now out of use, though we use *pertinent* in its original sense. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, except in a misapplication of it by Launcelot in the Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 146. *Impertinency* is used in Lear, iv. 6. 178:

> O, matter and *impertinency* mix'd!

42. Line 139: *Well* DEMANDED, WENCH.—Both *demanded* and *wench* are here used in somewhat other than the modern way: *demanded* being merely "asked" (the French *demandé*), without any peremptory signification, and *wench* being equivalent to "my girl"—a term of affection, not of contempt. The word indeed is still used in some parts of the country with this meaning—certainly in Warwickshire.

43. Lines 145–147:

> *where they prepar'd*
> *A rotten carcass of a* BOAT, *not rigg'd,*
> *Nor tackle, sail, nor mast.*

Ff. print *Butt*, for which no satisfactory meaning has been found. The correction is obvious. It was introduced by Rowe from Dryden's version. Malone thinks that Shakespeare had in mind here the similar treatment undergone by Edwin at the hands of his brother Athelstane. See Holinshed, 1586, vol. i. p. 155.

44. Lines 147–149:

the very rats
Instinctively HAVE *quit it: there they* HOIST *us,*
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us.

Rowe, following Dryden, altered *have* to *had*, but the change from the past to the present seems intentional, as in the Latin "historical present." *Hoist*, in the next line, may be either past or present, probably the latter, thus carrying on the description with the same vividness, as if all were happening over again. Compare with line 149, Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 100: "how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them." In the same play a good example may be found of the change from past to present, v. 2. 83–85: "she *lifted* the princess from the earth; and so *locks* her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart."

45. Line 155: *When I have* DECK'D *the sea with drops full salt.—Deck'd* is usually explained as a provincialism for "sprinkled," and so it would seem to be, despite Schmidt's protest in his Lexicon. "To speak of floods," he says, "as being increased by tears is an hyperbole too frequent in Shakespeare. Prospero means to say that he shed so many tears as to cover the surface of the sea with them." But I do not see how *deck'd* can be taken in this large sense of "covered." In the other passages given in the Lexicon it means simply "dressed," and refers either literally or figuratively to clothes. No such meaning is possible here. Probably it is to be taken as equivalent to the North Country *deg*, which means to damp, used particularly of clothes damped before being ironed. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Carr's Glossary of the Craven Dialect, where *deg* is thus explained; Atkinson's Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect, where *dagg* or *degg* is defined "to sprinkle with water, to drizzle;" and Brockett's Glossary of North-Country words, where we find "*Dag*, to drizzle."

46. Line 157: *An undergoing* STOMACH; *i.e.* an enduring or sustaining courage. *Stomach* is more generally used in the sense of anger or resentment, occasionally as arrogance; in the present sense of dogged courage it occurs in Hamlet, i. 1. 99, 100:

some enterprise
That hath a *stomach* in't;

and II. Henry IV. i. 1. 127–130:

The bloody Douglas . . .
Gan vail his *stomach*, and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs.

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes II. Macc. vii. 21: "Yea, she exhorted every one of them in her own language, filled with courageous spirits; and stirring up her womanish thoughts with a manly *stomach*, she said unto them."

47. Lines 162, 163:

WHO *being then appointed*
Master of this design.

This parenthesis is of course inaccurate in construction, but the inaccuracy was probably Shakespeare's, not the printers'. Pope smoothened things by omitting *who*, and Capell by changing *who* into *he*.

48. Line 169: *Now I arise.*—Three explanations of these words have been given: (1) that Prospero, for some unknown reason, accompanies the act of rising with this statement to his daughter; (2) that the words mean, "Now I rise in my narration," "now my story heightens in its consequence;" (3) that Prospero thus declares that the turning-point of his own fortunes was come, and that now he began to *arise*—"his reappearance from obscurity a kind of resurrection, or like the rising of the sun." This view seems the most reasonable, and it is probable that Prospero also literally rose from his seat, as in the next line he tells his daughter to *sit still*. To account for this movement Collier's MS. Corrector introduces the stage-direction, "Put on robe again," which, in the Cambridge editors' form, "Resumes his mantle," I have adopted.

49. Line 173: *Than other* PRINCESS' *can.*—The first three Ff. have *princesse*, F. 4 *princess*. The reading in the text was introduced by Dyce on a conjecture of Sidney Walker, who, rightly as I think, took the *princesse* of the Ff. for an instance of elision of final *es* or *s*, for the sake of metre. Compare the Ff. text of Richard III. ii. 1. 137:

Looked pale when they did hear of *Clarence* death;

and of Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 357:

These two *Antipholus*, these two so like.

Compare, too, Macbeth, v. 1. 29: "Ay, but their *sense are* shut," and see note 236 to that play. Rowe reads *princes*, which seems more of an alteration of the original than the reading I have adopted, and, to say the least, no better in meaning, though *prince* in Shakespeare's day was sometimes used of women.

50. Lines 181–184:

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.

Compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 218–221:

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

51. Line 194: *Perform'd to point; i.e.* in every point, exactly. The expression occurs again in Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 254: "agree with his demands *to the point*." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Cotgrave: "A Poinct. Aptly, fitly, conueniently."

52. Lines 196–206.—Capell (School of Shakespeare, p. 7) quotes the following passage from Hakluyt's Voyages, ed. 1598, vol. iii. p. 450: "I do remember that in the great and boysterous storme of this foule weather, in the night, there came vpon the toppe of our maine yarde and maine maste, a certaine little light, much like vnto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards called the Cuerpo-santo, and saide it was S. Elmo, whom they take to be the aduocate of Sailers. . . . This light continued aboord our ship about three houres, flying from maste to maste, from top to top: and sometime it would be in two or three places at once." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes a similar account of the phenomenon known as St. Elmo's fire from Purchas his Pilgrimes, ed. 1625, Part I. lib. iii. c. 1. § 6, p. 133.

53. Line 196: *now on the* BEAK; *i.e.* the bow. Boyer, in

his French Dictionary, has: "The Beak, *or* Beak-head of a ship, *l'Eperon, le cap, le Poulaine,* ou *l'Avantage d'un Navire;*" and Coles, Latin Dictionary, renders *Rostrum,* "a bill, beak, snout, the *beak of a ship.*"

54. Line 197: *the waist; i.e.* the hollow space between the quarter-deck and the forecastle. Boyer has: "The Wast of a ship, (that Part between the Main-mast, and the Fore-castle) *le milieu d'un Navire.*"

55. Line 200: *bowsprit.*—Ff. spell this word *Bore-spritt,* a misprint for *boltsprit* or *bowsprit.*

56. Line 201: *Jove's* LIGHTNINGS, *the precursors.*—Ff. have *lightning;* the correction is Theobald's.

57. Line 206:

Ari. *Yea, his dread trident shake.*
Pro. *My brave spirit!*

Various expedients have been suggested for mending the metre of this line, which, however, is not more irregular than many of Shakespeare's. But the most amusing contribution to the question comes from Farmer, who gravely informs us in the solemn pages of the Variorum, that "lest the metre should appear defective, it is necessary to apprize the reader, that in Warwickshire and other Midland counties, *shake* is still pronounced by the common people as if it was written *shaake,* a dissyllable." Certainly the Warwickshire people do lengthen out their words in the most extensive manner—a drawl which to my ear is often musical—but can any mortal believe that Shakespeare in a play like The Tempest would introduce a provincial pronunciation to eke out a not quite long enough line!

58. Line 213: *With hair up-staring.*—Compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 279, 280:

> Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
> That mak'st my blood cold and my *hair to stare?*

i.e. to stand on end. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has, s.v. *Stare:* "His Hair stares up, (*or* stands on end) *Ses cheveux se dressent,* ou *se herissent.*"

59. Line 218: *On their* SUSTAINING GARMENTS *not a blemish.—Sustaining garments* certainly means "garments that sustained them," as in Hamlet, iv. 7. 176, 177:

> Her clothes spread wide,
> And mermaid-like awhile *they bore her up.*

But from the context it seems rather more probable that what Shakespeare meant, inaccurately as he expressed it, was, as Monck Mason says, "garments which bore, without being injured, the drenching of the sea."

60. Line 224: *in this* SAD KNOT; *i.e.* thus folded, as if in melancholy. Compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 2. 4:

> Marcus, unknit that *sorrow-wreathen knot;*

and Sir John Suckling's famous description of Ford, in the Sessions of the Poets:

> Deep in a dump John Ford was alone got,
> With *folded arms* and melancholy hat.

61. Lines 228, 229:

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to FETCH DEW
From the STILL-VEX'D BERMOOTHES.

Compare Bermuda. A Colony. A Fortress and a Prison. . . . By a Field Officer. (Longman, 1857): "The dampness of the climate would be less remarked, if a more solid style of building were adopted as well as a more general use of the fire-places. But even from the earliest discovery of the islands, this peculiarity of the atmosphere must have been well known, otherwise Shakspeare would not have made Prospero call Ariel 'up at midnight to fetch dew' from so distant a spot—the first recorded article of export, by the way. It is to be regretted, that Ariel did not carry away with him more of the dew, for there is still a great deal too much" (pp. 35, 36). Henley remarks: "The epithet here applied to the Bermudas will be best understood by those who have seen the chafing of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous." Compare Heywood, The English Traveller, ii. 2:

> *1st Gal.* Whence is your ship—from the *Bermoothes?*
> *Reig.* Worse, I think from Hell:
> We are all lost, split, shipwrecked, and undone.

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes the following passage from Stow's Annals (ed. Howe, 1631), p. 1020, relating to the fleet under Sir George Summers sent out by the Virginia Company in 1609: "Sir George Sommers, sitting at the stearne, seeing the ship desperate of reliefe, looking euery minute when the ship would sinke, hee espied land, which, according to his, and Captaine Newports opinion, they iudged it should be that dreadfull coast of the *Bermodes,* which Iland[s] were of all Nations, said and supposed to bee enchanted and inhabited with witches and deuills, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous Thunder, storme, and tempest, neere vnto those Ilands, also for that the whole coast is so wonderous dangerous, of Rockes, that few can approach them, but with vnspeakable hazard of ship-wrack." References to the Bermudas are very common in the Elizabethan age, and the name of the islands is frequently coupled with tales of enchantment and witchcraft. Compare Fletcher's Women Pleased, i. 2:

> The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell
> To victual out a witch for the *Burmoothes.*

62. Line 234: *the Mediterranean* FLOTE.—*Flote,* meaning flood or sea, is by some derived from *float,* by others from the French *flot.* The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Minsheu's Guide into Tongues, 1617: "A Flote or waue. G. Flót. L. Fluctus." Compare Ford, Love's Sacrifice, i. 2:

> Traitor to friendship, whither shall I run,
> That, lost to reason, cannot sway the *float*
> Of the unruly faction in my blood?

63. Lines 239–241:

Pros. *What is the time o' the day?*
Ari. *Past the mid season.*
Pros. *At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now*
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

This passage has been supposed by some to be wrongly distributed, because Prospero is represented as answering his own question. Warburton, adopting the conjecture of Theobald and Upton, gives "Past the mid season at least two glasses" to Ariel. Johnson reasonably considered that the passage need not be disturbed, "it being common to ask a question, which the next moment

enables us to answer;" but he adds: "he that thinks it faulty, may easily adjust it thus:

Pros. What is the time o' the day? Past the mid season?
Ari. At least two glasses.
Pros. The time 'twixt six and now, &c."

Staunton, on the other hand, prints the passage thus:

Pros. At least two glasses—the time 'twixt six and now—
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

But this, as the Clarendon Press ed. remarks, would make it four in the afternoon, which hardly answers to Ariel's "Past the mid season." It would also, as Mr. Daniel points out in his Time-analysis of the play, reduce the time of the play to little more than two hours, while according to Prospero and Ariel it was a little above four, and on the testimony of Alonzo and the Boatswain about three.

64. Line 242: *Since thou dost give me* PAINS; *i.e.* tasks. Compare the expression "to take *pains*." See Taming of the Shrew, iii. 1. 11, 12:

Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies or his usual *pain*?

65. Line 248: *made no mistakings.*—I have followed Pope in omitting *thee*, which in the Ff. is redundant alike as to metre and sense, and has very obviously found its way into the text by confusion with the preceding clause, "Told *thee* no lies," and the word just above it in the preceding line: "done *thee* worthy service."

66. Line 249: *thou* DIDST *promise.*—F. 1 and F. 2 have *did.*

67. Line 261: *Argier.*—*Argier* or *Argiers* was the old form of Algiers. The King of *Argier* is a character in both parts of Marlowe's Tamburlaine. The word is found as late as Dryden, Limberham, iii. 1: "you *Argier's* man."

68. Lines 266, 267:

for one thing she did
They would not take her life.

Boswell supposed that "the thing she did" was some circumstance found by Shakespeare in the novel from which he drew his story (if any such novel existed). But it seems to me that the allusion is merely to the fact, mentioned in line 269, that she was "with child."

69. Line 269: *This* BLUE-EY'D *hag.*—Staunton conjectured *blear-eyed*, but, as the Clarendon Press ed. remarks: "*Blue-eyed* does not describe the colour of the pupil of the eye, but the livid colour of the eye-lid, and a blue eye in this sense was a sign of pregnancy. See Webster, Duchess of Malfi, ii. 1. 'The fins of her *eyelids* look most teeming *blue*.'" Euripides uses the word *κυανωπὶς*—literally dark-blue-gleaming—in his description of Death in Alkestis, which Browning renders:

Hades' self,
He, with the wings there, glares at me, one gaze
All that *blue brilliance*, under the eye-brow!
—Balaustion's Adventure, p. 46.

And on the next page Browning speaks of "the *blue-eyed* black-winged phantom." Here of course the reference is to the lurid blue-black colour of thunder-clouds, and it is possible Shakespeare may have meant this in describing his witch as *blue-eyed.*

70. Lines 270, 271: *Thou . . .* WAST *then her servant.*—So Rowe, after Dryden; Ff. print *was.*

71. Lines 301–303:

Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea:
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eyeball else.

F. 1 has:

Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o' th' sea,
Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: inuisible
To euery eye-ball else.

F. 2 inserts *to* in line 301, and Rowe, in his second edition, omits *thine and*, changes which I cannot but consider absolutely necessary, the first on account of the metre, the second on account both of metre and of sense. Malone arranges the lines thus:

Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eyeball else.

But such jolting lines are no more to be called rhythmical than the lines as they stand in F. 1. And, apart from the question of metre, why should Prospero say that Ariel should be invisible to every sight but "*thine* and mine"? The very idea seems ridiculous, not at all less so because Malone assures us that Ariel might look at his image in the water and then he would see himself! Prospero would show more consideration for the feelings of Ariel than is at all customary with him if he were to take all that trouble to explain to his spirit-slave that his invisible garb would not render him invisible to himself.

72. Line 311: *We cannot* MISS *him; i.e.* do without him. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Lyly, Euphues and his England (ed. Arber), p. 264: "Bringing vnto man both honnye and wax, each so wholsome that wee all desire it, both so necessary that we cannot *misse* them."

73. Lines 323, 324:

a SOUTH-WEST *blow on ye,*
And blister you all o'er!

The south was thought to be the quarter from which noxious vapours came. Compare Coriolanus, i. 4. 30:

All the contagion of the *south* light on you!

74. Line 326: *urchins*, literally hedgehogs, and thence, hedgehogs being uncanny creatures and sometimes the familiars of witches (as in Macbeth, iv. 1. 2), coming to have the signification of mischievous elves. Such is obviously the meaning in Merry Wives, iv. 4. 49: "Like *urchins*, ouphs, and fairies." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, 1603, p. 14, where the word is used for hobgoblins: "And further, that these ill mannered *vrchins*, did so swarme about the priests, in such troupes, and thronges, that they made them sometimes to sweat, as seemes, with the very heate of the fume, that came from the devils noses." In the passage in the text, *urchins* is probably used literally of hedgehogs. Compare ii. 2. 10–12:

then like *hedgehogs*, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall.

75. Lines 326–328:

urchins
Shall forth at vast of night that they may work
All exercise on thee.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Boyer in his French Dictionary gives "Whist, (an Interjection of Silence) *St, Paix, Silence, Chut.*" Compare Lord Surrey's translation of book ii. of the Æneid, line 1:

They *whisted* all, with fixed face attent;

and Lyly, The Maid's Metamorphosis:

But everything is quiet, *whist*, and still.

Milton imitates the passage in the text very closely in his Hymn on the Nativity, line 64:

The winds, with wonder *whist*,
Smoothly the waters kist.

85. Line 380: *Foot it* FEATLY.—Dyce compares Lodge's Glaucus and Scilla, 1589:

Footing it featly on the grassie ground.

Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 176, "She dances *featly*." Boyer has: "Featly, (*adv.* from feat) *Proprement, adroitement, gentiment.*"

86. Line 381: *the burden bear.*—This is Pope's correction of the Ff.'s transposition, *beare the burthen*. The arrangement of the burden is that of Capell. See note 94 to As You Like It.

87. Line 396: *fathom.*—Ff. print *fadom*.

88. Line 405: *The ditty does* REMEMBER *my drown'd father.—Remember* is used in the sense of commemorate or mention in I. Henry IV. v. 4. 101, and II. Henry IV. v. 2. 142. Compare our present use of the expression "Remember me to So-and-So," which occurs in Henry VIII. iv. 2. 160, 161:

Remember me
In all humility unto his highness.

89. Line 408: *The* FRINGED CURTAINS OF THINE EYE ADVANCE.—Compare Pericles, iii. 2. 99–101:

Her *eyelids*, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their *fringes* of bright gold.

Advance is used, as often in Shakespeare, for lift. Compare iv. 1. 177 below:

Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses;

and King John, ii. 1. 207:

These flags of France, that are *advanced* here.

90. Line 427: *If you be* MAID *or no?*—F. 4 reads *made*, which Warburton elaborately defends as a poetical beauty, supposing Ferdinand to ask Miranda if she were *mortal* or no. But see lines 447–449:

O, *if a virgin*,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.

More than two pages of the Variorum Ed. are devoted to a discussion of this question.

91. Lines 437, 438:

the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

This is the only reference we get in the play to any son of the Duke of Milan. The reference here must have slipped in accidentally, perhaps from a remembrance of such a character in the original story.

92. Lines 438–440:

The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could CONTROL *thee,*
If now 'twere fit to do't.

Staunton queries *control* as perhaps a misprint for "console," but the word is evidently used here in the sense of "confute." Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "Comptroll, S. (*or* Contradiction) *Contradiction*," and "To Comptroll, V.A. (*or* find Fault with) *Controler, trouver à redire.*" The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Bacon, History of Henry VII., 1622: "As for the times while hee was in the *Tower*, and the manner of his Brothers death, and his owne escape; shee knew they were things a verie few could *control*" (p. 116).

93. Line 443: *I fear you have done yourself some* WRONG; *i.e.* I am afraid you have made a mistake, or misrepresented yourself. Compare Merry Wives, iii. 3. 221: "You do yourself mighty *wrong*, Master Ford;" and Measure for Measure, i. 2. 41: "I think I have done myself *wrong*."

94. Line 468: *He's* GENTLE, *and not* FEARFUL.—Both *gentle* and *fearful* may be interpreted in two ways, and so, perhaps, Shakespeare intended. One explanation, and I think the best, is, "He 's of gentle birth, and therefore no coward;" according to the other, we should understand, "He 's gentle, and not capable of inspiring fear, not terrible." Smollett says in Humphry Clinker: "To this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in the Tempest would express herself nearly in the same terms—Don 't provoke him; for, being *gentle*, that is, *high-spirited*, he won't tamely bear an insult."

95. Lines 468, 469:

What, I say,
My FOOT *my tutor!*

Sidney Walker conjectured that *foot* was a misprint for *fool*, comparing Fletcher's Pilgrim, iv. 2:

When *fools* and mad-folks shall be *tutors* to me.

Dyce adopts this reading, but the change seems to me, to say the least, unnecessary. Compare Lyly, Euphues and his England (ed. Arber): "Then how vaine is it Euphues (too mylde a word for so madde a minde) that the *foote* should neglect his office to correct the *face*" (p. 261). And see Timon of Athens, i. 1. 92–94:

Yet you do well
To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The *foot* above the *head*.

96. Line 478: *Thou think'st there* IS *no more such shapes as he.*—So Ff. Rowe printed *are*, which many editors have received. But this construction is very common in Shakespeare. Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 371: "There *is* no more such masters." Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, § 335, says: "When the subject is as yet future and, as it were, unsettled, the third person singular might be regarded as the normal inflection." He gives a number of examples.

97. Line 484: *Thy* NERVES *are in their infancy again.—Nerve* is used here in the sense of sinew. See note 25 to Coriolanus.

98. Lines 490–493:

Might I but through my prison once a-day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Compare Chaucer, Knightes Tale, 370–375:

> For elles hadde I dweld with Theseus
> I-fetered in his prison evere moo.
> Than hadde I ben in blisse, and nat in woo.
> Oonly the sighte of hire, whom that I serve,
> Though that I nevere hire grace may deserve,
> Wolde han sufficed right ynough for me."

One of the most interesting parts of Stendhal's Chartreuse de Parme develops the same motive—the chapters where Fabrice is in prison.

ACT II. Scene 1.

99. Line 5: *The* MASTER *of some merchant, and the merchant.*—Ff. have *Masters*, a reading which can only be understood if we accept so roundabout an explanation as that given by the Clarendon Press ed., that the *masters of some merchant* are "the joint owners of a merchantman, who grieve for the loss of the vessel while the merchant laments the loss of the cargo." Johnson's emendation seems obvious. *Merchant* in the sense of "merchantman" was commonly used. Compare Marlowe, Tamburlaine, part I. i. 2:

> And Christian *merchants*, that with Russian stems
> Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian sea,
> Shall vail to us, as lords of all the lake.

100. Lines 18, 19.—There are similar plays upon the words *dollar* and *dolour* in Measure for Measure, i. 2. 50; and Lear, ii. 4. 54. Steevens quotes The Tragedy of Hoffman, 1637:

> And his reward be thirteen hundred *dollars*,
> For he hath driven *dolour* from our heart.

101. Line 28: *Which*, OF *he or Adrian.*—Irregular as this construction is, there is no reason to suspect that it is not as Shakespeare wrote it. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 336, 337:

> Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
> *Of* thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Sidney Walker, in his Critical Examination of Shakespeare's Text, vol. ii. p. 353, incidentally quotes an illustrative passage from Sidney's Arcadia, ed. 1598, p. 63: "But then the question arising, who should be the former [*i.e.* the first to fight] against Phalantus, *of* the blacke, or the ill apparelled knight," &c.

102. Line 36: Seb. *Ha, ha, ha!—So, you're paid.*—This is the arrangement of Theobald. Ff. give *So, you're paid* to Antonio, which can only be understood if we take *paid* in an ironical sense, as in Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 108: "I am *paid* for't now." This does not seem a very probable meaning here.

103. Line 43: *Temperance was a delicate wench.*—Names such as Temperance were much used among the Puritans. Steevens quotes Taylor the Water-poet, who, describing some loose women, says:

> Though bad they be, they will not bate an ace,
> To be called Prudence, *Temperance*, Faith, or Grace.

Of these names, all but *Temperance* are still met with. Readers of Mehalah will remember that charming woman Admonition.

104. Line 52: *lush; i.e.* luxuriant, succulent. Malone quotes Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, xv:

> Then green, and voyd of strength and *lush* and foggy is the blade,
> And cheeres the husbandman with hope;

where the original has,

> Tunc herba recens, et roboris expers
> Turget, et insolida est, et spe delectat agrestes.

In Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1, line 251 is generally read (as in this edition):

> Quite over-canopi'd with *lush* woodbine.

Qq. and Ff. have *luscious*. See note 124 to that play. Browning uses the word in the Prologue to his Pacchiarotto, line 5:

> And *lush* and lithe do the creepers clothe
> Yon wall I watch, with a wealth of green.

105. Line 55: *With an* EYE *of green in't.*—An *eye* means a small tinge, a slight shade of colour. Steevens quotes Sandys, Travels, 1637, p. 73: "His [Sultan Achmet's] under and upper garments are lightly of white sattin, or cloth of silver tissued with *an eye of greene*, and wrought in great branches."

106. Line 86: *His word is more than the* MIRACULOUS HARP.—An allusion either to the harp of Amphion, which raised the walls of Thebes, or to the harp of Apollo, which raised the walls of Troy.

107. Line 94: Gon. *Ay.*—Staunton gave this exclamation to Alonso, considering it a "sigh or exclamation on his awaking from his trance of grief." Perhaps it may be so, but there is no reason why it should not be uttered by Gonzalo, either in an inquiring tone, not knowing what they mean, or as a sort of "Yes, yes, have it so if you will."

108. Lines 118, 119:

> OAR'D
> *Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke.*

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Pope's Odyssey, xvi. 247:

> And what bless'd hands have *oar'd* thee on the way.

Compare Tennyson, To E. L., on his Travels in Greece, lines 16–18:

> and Naiads *oar'd*
> A glimmering shoulder under gloom
> Of cavern pillars.

109. Lines 129–131:

> *and the fair soul herself*
> *Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at*
> *Which end* O' *the beam* SHE'D *bow.*

Ff. read *should*, which the Cambridge edd. retain, supposing an antecedent *she* or *it* to be omitted, as is sometimes the case in Shakespeare. Rowe, in his second ed., omits *o'*; Malone regards *should* as a contraction of *she would*, meant to be printed *sh'ould*. This seems the most reasonable supposition. On *loathness* (*i.e.* reluctance) see note 242 to Antony and Cleopatra.

110. Line 135: *the* DEAR'ST *o' the loss.*—*Dear* is frequently used in the sense of anything, pleasurable or the reverse, which touches one very closely. Compare Richard III. v. 2. 20, 21:

> He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
> Which in his *dearest* need will fly from him.

This is the reading of the Ff.; the Qq. have:

> Which in his *greatest* need will shrink from him

Compare, too, Fletcher, The Maid in the Mill:

> You meet your *dearest* enemy in love
> With all his hate about him.

111. Lines 150–164.—This ideal commonwealth, as has often been pointed out, is one of Shakespeare's debts to Montaigne, Livre I. ch. xxx, "Des Cannibales" (ed. Louandre, vol. i. p. 309). The passage in Florio's translation is as follows: "It is a nation, I would answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie; no vse of service, of riches or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no vse of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them" (p. 102). Malone imagined that it was this essay which caused Shakespeare to make the scene of his play a desert island, and adds: "The title of the chapter, which is—'Of the Caniballes'—evidently furnished him with the name of one of his characters. In his time almost every proper name was twisted into an anagram. Thus,—'I moyl in law,' was the anagram of the laborious William Noy, Attorney General to Charles I. By inverting this process, and transposing the letters of the word *Canibal*, Shakespeare (as Dr. Farmer long since observed) formed the name of *Caliban*."

112. Line 152: *tilth; i.e.* tillage. The word occurs only here and in Measure for Measure, iv. 1. 76. See note 162 to that play.

113. Line 181: *an it had not fallen* FLAT-LONG.—*Flat-long* is used for a blow given, not with the edge, but with the side, of the sword. Compare *flatling* in The Faerie Queene, v. 5. 18:

> Tho with her sword on him she *flatling* strooke.

114. Line 185: *We would so, and then go a* BAT-FOWLING.—*Bat-fowling* is defined in Boyer's French Dictionary: "Chasse aux oiseaux pendant la Nuit." A very elaborate description of the sport is given by Gervase Markham in his Hunger's Prevention, 1621: "For the manner of *Bat-fowling* it may be vsed either with Nettes, or without Nettes: If you vse it without Nettes (which indeede is the most common of the two) you shall then proceede in this manner. First, there shall be one to cary the Cresset of fire (as was shewed for the *Lowbell*) then a certaine number as two, three, or foure (according to the greatnesse of your company) and these shall haue poales bound with dry round wispes of hay, straw, or such like stuffe, or else bound with pieces of Linkes, or Hurdes, dipt in Pitch, Rosen, Grease, or any such like matter that will blaze.

"Then another company shal be armed with long poales, very rough and bushy at the vpper endes, of which the Willow, Byrche, or long Hazell are best, but indeed according as the country will afford so you must be content to take.

"Thus being prepared and comming into the Bushy, or rough ground where the haunts of Birds are, you shall then first kindle some of your fiers as halfe, or a third part, according as your prouision is, and then with your other bushy and rough poales you shall beat the Bushes, Trees, and haunts of the Birds, to enforce them to rise, which done you shall see the Birds which are raysed, to flye and play about the lights and flames of the fier, for it is their nature through their amazednesse, and affright at the strangenes of the light and the extreame darknesse round about it, not to depart from it, but as it were almost to scorch their wings in the same; so that those who have the rough bushye poales, may (at their pleasures) beat them down with the same, & so take them. Thus you may spend as much of the night as is darke, for longer is not conuenient; and doubtlesse you shall finde much pastime, and take great store of birds, and in this you shall obserue all the obseruations formerly treated of in the *Lowbell;* especially, that of silence, vntill your lights be kindled, but then you may vse your pleasure, for the noyse and the light when they are heard and seene a farre of, they make the birds sit the faster and surer" (pp. 98–100).

115. Line 221: *I am standing water; i.e.* neither flowing nor ebbing, midway, passive, easily influenced. Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 168: "'t is with him in *standing water*, between boy and man."

116. Line 226: *Ebbing men.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 43:

> And the *ebb'd man*, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
> Comes dear'd by being lack'd.

117. Lines 230, 231:

> *a birth, indeed,*
> *Which* THROES THEE *much to yield.*

Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 7. 81, 82:

> With news the time's with labour, and *throes* forth
> Each minute some.

118. Lines 242, 243:

> *Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,*
> *But* DOUBT *discovery there.*

Capell reads *doubts*, and he has been generally followed. But the change does not seem to me to be necessary, as we may very well understand *doubt* as dependent on the preceding *cannot*—*i.e.* cannot but be doubtful as to discovering anything there.

119. Lines 250, 251:

> *she from whom*
> *We all were sea-swallow'd.*

This is the generally accepted emendation of Rowe. Ff. print "She *that* from whom," of which several acute critics have tried hard to make sense. Accepting Rowe's emendation, the passage of course simply means "coming from whom." Spedding very ingeniously suggests that the reading should be punctuated: "*She that—from whom? All were sea-swallow'd,*" &c.; that is, "From whom should she have note? The report from Naples will be that all were drowned. We shall be the only survivors." This punctuation has been finally adopted by the Globe edd. But it seems to me that the construction is incredibly broken, and though Spedding says that to him the break in the construction is characteristic of the speaker, I cannot think of any other speech of Antonio's at all similarly broken. Mr. Aldis Wright, in the Claren-

don Press ed., preserving the F. text *literatim*, suggests that "there is a confusion of two constructions; Antonio beginning a fresh sentence, as he had done the three previous ones, with 'she that,' and then changing abruptly to 'from whom,' which made the preceding relative superfluous." But is it not more probable that the repetition of the *that* came, not from Antonio, but from the printer? Nothing could be more natural.

120. Line 266: *A* CHOUGH *of as deep chat.*—Compare All's Well, iv. 1. 22: "*choughs'* language, gabble enough, and good enough."

121. Line 273: *feater; i.e.* more trimly. See note 85.

122. Line 276: *a kibe; i.e.* a chilblain. Compare Hamlet, v. 1. 152, 153: "the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his *kibe;*" and Lear, i. 5. 8, 9: "If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of *kibes?*" See Jonson, the Alchemist, i. 1:

Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your *kibes.*

123. Lines 282–284:

If he were that which now he 's like, THAT 'S DEAD;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever.

"The words *that 's dead,*" says Farmer, "are evidently a gloss, or marginal note, which had found its way into the text. Such a supplement is useless to the speaker's meaning, and one of the verses becomes redundant by its insertion." This conjecture seems to me a very reasonable one, though not certain enough to be adopted into the text.

124. Line 299: *to keep* THEM *living.*—Dyce prints *thee*, but the change, though plausible, seems unnecessary, as similar changes of construction are not uncommon in Shakespeare. *Them* evidently refers to Gonzalo and Alonso.

125. Lines 306–309.—In the distribution of these speeches I have followed Dyce, who partly followed Staunton. The Ff. print:

Gon. Now, good Angels preserue the King.
Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What 's the matter?

Staunton made the change—rightly, as I think—on the authority of Gonzalo's words just after (317–320):

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shak'd you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn.

It is evident from this that Gonzalo was the first to awake, and that he roused the king; which renders the redistribution of the speeches necessary.

126. Line 321: *That 's* VERILY.—It is likely enough that this is a misprint for *verity*, and Pope's emendation right. But adverbs certainly were used by Shakespeare for adjectives, as in i. 2. 226, 227:

Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship;

and Coriolanus, iv. 1. 53: "That 's *worthily.*"

ACT II. Scene 2.

127. Line 3: *By inch-meal; i.e.* inch by inch, a *meal*, which we still use. In Cymbeline, iii. 4. 1 speare uses *limb-meal* in a similar sense:

O, that I had her here, to tear her *limb-meal!*

The termination "-meal" is from the Anglo-Saxo the dative of *mæl*, a part.

128. Line 9: *that* MOW *and chatter at me.*—Com 47, where the word is used as a noun. It is only noun in two other places—Hamlet, ii. 2. 381, 38 that would make *mows* at him while my fath and Cymbeline, i. 6. 41: "Contemn with *mows* t In the former passage the Qq. read "mouths, expression "to make mouths" (as we now say, faces") occurs in Hamlet, iv. 4. 50, and M Night's Dream, iii. 2. 288. The original word w which means grimaces. Coles, in his Latin D gives: "A mow [mock] *labrorum diductio;*" mow, *labra diducere, vultum & os distorquere.*"

129. Line 21: *bombard; i.e.* a large flagon made Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 496, 497: "that swoll'n dropsies, that huge *bombard* of sack;" and He v. 4. 85, 86:

And here ye lie baiting of *bombards,* when
Ye should do service.

130. Lines 28–34: *Were I in England now, as o and had but this fish painted,* &c.—Such exhibit frequent in Shakespeare's time. Malone quotes office-book of Sir Henry Herbert: "A license Seale to shew a *strange fish* for half a yeare, September, 1632." The *dead Indian* may perh allusion to the Indians brought to England by F Frobisher in 1576.

131. Line 40: *gaberdine.*—See Merchant o note 98.

132. Line 52: *For she had a tongue with a* TA pare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 163: "let thy tongue t ments of state." In both places the word se used of a loud unpleasant sound, like *twang.* his French Dictionary, has "Tang, *or* tack; a in meat."

133. Line 65: *while Stephano breathes* AT H Ff. read *at' nostrils*, which the Cambridge edd. *nostrils.* But compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 254, fell down in the market-place, and foam'd *at m*

134. Line 73: *any emperor that ever trod leather.*—Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 1. 29, 30: ", men as *ever trod upon neat's leather* have g my handiwork." Boyer, in his French Dictio "Vache (*ou* Cuir de Vache) *Neats Leather.*"

135. Lines 83, 84: *I know it by thy* TREMBL *Prosper works upon thee.*—Compare Comedy c iv. 4. 54:

Mark how he *trembles* in his ecstasy!

The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Harsnet's Decl Popish Impostures, 1603: "All the spirits with n being commaunded to goe downe into her left f

did it with vehement *trembling*, and shaking of her leg" (pp. 58, 59).

136. Line 86: *here is that which will give language to you*, CAT.—An allusion to the proverb, that good liquor will make a cat speak. For *cat*, as a term of abuse, see Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 260:

Hang off, thou *cat*, thou burr! vile thing, let loose.

137. Line 103: *I have no long spoon.*—Compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 3. 64, 65: "Marry, he must have a *long spoon* that must eat with the devil." The proverb is frequently alluded to in the old writers.

138. Line 110: *moon-calf.*—Nares quotes Holland's Pliny, vii. 15: "A false conception called Mola, *i.e.* a *moone calfe*, that is to say, a lumpe of flesh without shape, without life, and so hard withall, that uneth a knife will enter and pierce it either with edge or point." Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has "A moon-calf, *partus lunaris*," and Boyer renders *Mole*, "a Tympany or Mooncalf." Drayton has a poem called *The Mooncalf*.

139. Line 126: *sack.*—See note 41 to I. Henry IV.

140. Line 144: *My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.*—Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 136, 137:

This man, with lanthorn, *dog*, *and bush* of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine.

The *bush* was the bundle of sticks for which the "Man in the Moon" was condemned to his exile, according to the story which identifies him with the Sabbath-breaking Israelite in Numbers xv.

141. Lines 175, 176:

sometimes I'll get thee
Young SCAMELS *from the rock.*

This is the reading of the Ff., but the word is quite unknown elsewhere. Ten substitutes have been proposed, such as *sea-mells*, *shamois*, *stannels*, *staniels*, but without any certainty or particular probability. Holt stated that *scam* was in some places used for a limpet, and that *scamels* was probably a diminutive. But he does not tell us where these places are. Since then, Stevenson, in his Birds of Norfolk (ii. 260), states that the gunners of Blakeney call the female Bar-tailed Godwit, *scamel*. But as these birds are not known to breed among the rocks, the identification is only partial—unless we suppose that Shakespeare made a mistake as to their habits, a supposition not so incredible as it has seemed to some.

142. Line 187: *trencher.*—Ff. have *trenchering*, no doubt a misprint through confusion with the *firing* and *requiring* of the preceding lines. The correction was made by Pope, after Dryden.

143. Line 190: *hey-day!*—Ff. print *high-day*, and in other places of Shakespeare *hoy-day*.

ACT III. Scene 1.

144. Line 2: *sets off.*—This is Rowe's correction; Ff. have *set off*.

145. Lines 14, 15:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most BUSIEST *when I do it.*

The only real difficulty in this passage is in the last imperfect line. F. 1 reads:

Most *busie lest*, when I doe it.

The question is whether *lest* really belongs to the word *busie*, or whether it was meant to be another word, viz. *least*, or *left*. The numerous emendations, suggested by various editors and commentators, and what may be called the vast undisciplined army of amateur emendators, reflect more credit upon their ingenuity than upon their common sense. Among the various conjectures we may mention Spedding's

Most *busiest* when *idlest*,

a very pretty antithesis; that of the Cambridge edd.:

Most busy *left* when *idlest*;

and the most sensible of all, that of Bray:

Most busy *when least* I do it.

Some are content to adopt the meaning of the latter reading, but to leave the words as arranged in the text, merely altering the punctuation of F. 1 by adding a comma after *busy* instead of after *lest*, reading thus:

Most busy, *least* when I do it;

Ferdinand's meaning being that he is *most busy*, *i.e.* "most occupied with his thoughts when *idlest* with his hand." This is pretty nearly a paraphrase of the explanation of the line, as given by Verplanck and followed by Rolfe, who both adopted this arrangement of the words. This emendation (substantially) was proposed in Notes and Queries (7th S. vii. 504) by Mr. H. Wedgwood, who would read:

Most busy least when I do.

He says that the reading "occurred to him in sleep;" but it was hardly necessary, one would have thought, to go to sleep to arrive at such a very simple conclusion. In Notes and Queries (7th S. vii. 403) Mr. R. M. Spence proposes quite a new reading:

I forget
But these sweet thoughts; do even refresh my labours
Most busiest, when I do it;

which he explains thus: "In prose the whole passage would read thus: 'I forget everything but these sweet thoughts, and when I do so my busiest labours, instead of wearying, even refresh me.'" As far as the removal of the colon of F. 1 goes, and the inverted construction, awkward as it is, of *do even refresh my labours*—"my labours even do refresh me" this conjecture may be defended; but it seems to me that all these ingenious conjectures are utterly unnecessary Because the word *lest* or *least*, in connection with *most*, suggests some antithesis, it does not follow that any was intended: while Shakespeare is so fond of the use of the double superlative, *e.g.* in the well-known passage in Julius Cæsar (iii. 2. 187):

This was the *most unkindest* cut of all;

and Hamlet, ii. 2. 122: "O *most best*,"—especially where he wants to be emphatic, as he does here,—that it really seems to me unnecessary to go beyond the text, as it stands in F. 1, for the true reading of the passage. It is most probable that Shakespeare intended to write the superlative of *busily*, an adverb which he uses in two passages, I. Henry IV. v. 5. 38, and Titus Andronicus, iv. 1. 45. Mr. Spence, in his communication already referred to, mentions *busiliest* as having been suggested by Mr. John Bulloch;

and he remarks "*to form his word*, he has had to knock out of the text an *e* and insert an *i*." But really it is difficult to imagine a more likely blunder for the printer to fall into, than to print *busielest* or *busielest* for *busiyest* or *busiest*, as the word might have been written in the MS. Mr. Holcombe Ingleby (*Notes and Queries*, 7th S. vii. 504): "Were *busilest* analogous to the *easilest* in 'Cymbeline' I should prefer that reading, as requiring only the slightest alteration; but as the analogy will not hold, perhaps *busiest* is the reading to be preferred." I must confess myself I do not see any difficulty about the form *busilest*; but, however, *busiest* is perhaps the word which Shakespeare really intended to write when he found that the superlative of the adverb, *busiliest*, was not pleasant to the ear.

The reading we have adopted may seem, when compared with some of the various emendations given above, to be a little commonplace; but we prefer to rest under that imputation rather than to try and alter Shakespeare's text, when neither sound nor sense absolutely demands it. Speaking personally, if I ventured on any emendations in this passage it would be, in line 14, to substitute *ever* for *even*, by which slight alteration, perhaps, the sequence of Ferdinand's thoughts would be more easily followed. The meaning of the passage is clear: "I forget the task I have to do: but these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours—dull as they are"—or reading *ever* "do always refresh my labours;" then he adds, as a sort of after thought, "and they are most busy, *i.e. busiest* in refreshing them, when I am actually occupied in my labour." We might have expected *them* instead of *it*, but the change to the singular is very natural. Does it not refer to the *sore injunction* (line 11) or to the *mean task* (line 4) which her "crabbed father" enjoins him to do? Indeed if we give to *it* this meaning, and remember that it would include as a contrast to the *sweet* tenderness of his "sweet mistress," the equally sweet thoughts which her tender sympathy suggests, *it* is more forcible than *them*.—F. A. M.

146. Lines 37, 38:

Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the TOP OF ADMIRATION.

There is, of course, a play here upon the meaning of the name Miranda. With *top of admiration* compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 76: "He, which is the *top of judgment*." See note 74 to that play.

147. Line 53: *I am* SKILLESS *of*.—*Skilless* is used for ignorant in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 132, and Troilus and Cressida, i. 1. 12. In Twelfth Night, iii. 3. 9, we have "*skilless* in these parts," *i.e.* unacquainted with them.

148. Line 62: *This wooden slavery than to suffer*.—This line is wanting in a foot, which Dyce supplied by *tamely*. Pope read "than *I would* suffer," which not only improves the metre, but makes the construction more regular. But apart from this emendation being a sheer conjecture, the faulty construction is quite common in Shakespeare. Compare Timon of Athens, iv. 2. 33, 34:

> Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
> But in a dream of friendship?

149. Line 70: *hollowly*.—This word is used again in Measure for Measure, ii. 3. 22, 23:

> And try your penitence, if it be sound,
> Or hollowly put on.

150. Line 93: *Who are surpris'd* WITHAL.—Ff. print *with all*, which some editors retain, to the clear damage, I think, of the sense. The sense evidently is: "I cannot be so glad of this as they, but I am not only glad but surprised too."

ACT III. SCENE 2.

151. Line 3: *Servant-monster*.—There is an allusion to this in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, 1614, Induction "If there be never a *servant monster* in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like drolleries."

152. Line 29: *debosh'd*.—This is the only spelling of "debauched" used by Shakespeare. Coles, Latin Dictionary, has: "To debosh, *corrumpo, ad requisitam adduco*. *Debosht* is still the vulgar pronunciation of the word.

153. Line 41: *mutineer*.—The more general form of the word in Shakespeare's time was *mutiner*. As such it occurs in Coriolanus, i. 1. 254. Cotgrave has "Mutinateur m. A mutiner." Compare *muleters* in I. Henry VI. iii. 3. 68, and see note 223 to Antony and Cleopatra.

154. Line 79: *make a stock-fish of thee*.—The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Cotgrave, s.v. Carillon: "Ie te frotteray à double carillon. I will beat thee like a stockfish, I *will* scourge thee while I may stand ouer thee."

155. Line 86: *I did not give the lie*.—F. 4 inserts *thee*, but unnecessarily. Trinculo's surly answer is more natural without the word than with it.

156. Line 96: THEN *thou mayst brain him*.—Ff. and most edd. read *there*. The emendation adopted occurred independently to Collier's MS. Corrector and to Dyce. It seems to me the correction of an obvious misprint. See too the subsequent "Wilt thou destroy him *then*?" There is no question of place, only of time—"the afternoon."

157. Line 101: *a sot*.—*Sot* is used here, as always in Shakespeare, in the sense of the French *sot*, a fool. The meaning we now attach to it is a secondary one. Boyer, in his French Dictionary, renders the French *sot*, "a Sot, or Fool, a silly Man, a simpleton, a block-head."

158. Line 105: *Which, when he has a house, he'll* DECK *withal*.—Hanmer reads *deck't*, but the confused construction was probably Shakespeare's.

159. Line 127: *while-ere; i.e.* erewhile, formerly—the only use of the word in Shakespeare. In the Ff. it is spelt *whileare*. Compare Spenser, Faerie Queene, i. 9. 28:

> That cursed wight, from whom I scapt *whyleare*,
> A man of hell, that calls himself Dispaire.

160. Line 131: *Flout 'em and* SCOUT *'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em*.—The first *scout* is printed in Ff. *cout*.

161. Line 132: *Thought is free*.—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 3. 73, and see note 25 to that play.

162. Line 136: *the picture of Nobody*.—Reed understands this as an allusion to "the print of *No-body*, as prefixed to the anonymous comedy of 'No-body and Some-body;' without date, but printed before the year 1600;" Halli-

well thinks it refers to a figure (consisting only of head, arms, and legs) illustrating a popular ballad, The Well-spoken Nobody.

163. Line 146: *a thousand* TWANGLING *instruments.*—See note 81 to The Taming of the Shrew.

164. Line 161: Trin. *Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.*—Ritson would give the first clause to Stephano, and he has much appearance of reason on his side; but on the whole I think the F. reading the best, and Heath right in his explanation that the *Wilt come* is addressed to Caliban, "who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the musick, while they ought only to have attended to the main point, the dispatching Prospero, seems, for some little time, to have staid behind."

ACT III. SCENE 3.

165. Line 2: *ache.*—So F. 2; F. 1 has *akes.*

166. Lines 2, 3:

here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders!

Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 157, 158:

if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct *forth-right.*

Knight explains that there is an allusion to an artificial maze, "sometimes constructed of straight lines (forth-rights), sometimes of circles (meanders)."

167. Line 21: *A living drollery; i.e.* a puppet-show in which the performers are alive. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian, ii. 2: "I had rather make a *drollery* till thirty." The word is used again by Shakespeare, in II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 156: "a pretty slight *drollery;*" but this more probably means a humorous painting.

168. Lines 22, 23:

in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne.

Malone quotes Lyly's Euphues [ed. Arber, p. 312]: "For as there is but one Phœnix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia, where-in she buyldeth." Steevens cites Holland's Pliny, book x. ch. 2: "I myself verily have heard strange things of this kind of tree; and namely in regard of the bird Phœnix, which is supposed to have taken that name of this date tree [called in Greek, φοίνιξ]; for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung again." Compare The Phœnix and the Turtle, 1–3:

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be.

169. Line 29: *islanders.*—F. 1 has *Islands;* the error is corrected in F. 2.

170. Line 39: *Praise in departing.*—This was a proverbial expression. Hazlitt (English Proverbs, p. 318) gives: "*Praise at parting*, and behold well the end."

171. Lines 44, 45:

mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls.

Evidently an allusion to the sufferers from *goitre* among the Alps and other mountainous districts. Steevens refers to an account of them, accessible to Shakespeare, in Maundeville's Travels, 1503.

172. Lines 46, 47:

such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts.

Compare Othello, i. 3. 144, 145:

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.

Steevens quotes Holland's Pliny, bk. v. ch. 8: "The Blemmyi, by report, haue no heads, but mouth and eies both in their breasts;" and Malone cites Hakluyt's Voyages: "On that branch which is called *Caora* are a nation of people, whose heads appear not above their shoulders. They are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouths in the middle of their breasts."

173. Line 48: *Each putter-out of* FIVE FOR ONE.—Steevens says: "In this age of travelling, it was a practice with those who engaged in long and hazardous expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. So, Puntarvolo, (it is Theobald's quotation,) in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour [ii. 1]: "I do intend, this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put some *five* thousand pound, to be paid me *five* for *one*, upon the return of myself and wife, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople." Thirlby conjectured that the passage should be read: "Each putter-out of *one for five*," a reading adopted by Malone; Theobald read "*on* five for one." But as it stands the meaning is obvious: "*at the rate* of five for one."

174. Line 52: Stage-direction. "Enter Ariel, like a harpy," &c.—Steevens quotes Phaer's translation of Virgil, Æneid, iii.:

faste to meate we fall.
But sodenly from downe the hills with grisly fall to syght,
The harpies come, and beating wings with great noys out thei shright,
And at our meate they snatch.

Milton adopts the same device in Paradise Regained, ii. 401–403:

with that
Both tables and provisions vanish'd quite,
With sound of harpies' wings, and talons heard.

175. Line 65: *One* DOWLE *that's in my plume.—Dowle* is used for a fibre of down: the words *down* and *dowle* are apparently equivalent. Steevens (Var. Ed. xv. 128) gives the following communication from Mr. Tollet: "In a small book, entitled Humane Industry: or, A History of most Manual Arts, printed in 1661, page 93, is the following passage: 'The wool-bearing trees in Ethiopia, which Virgil speaks of, and the Eriophori Arbores in Theophrastus, are not such trees as have a certain wool or *dowl* upon the outside of them, as the small cotton; but short trees that bear a ball upon the top, pregnant with wool, which the Syrians call Cott, the Græcians Gossypium, the Italians Bombagio, and we Bombase." The Clarendon Press ed. says that the word is still used in Gloucestershire. See Notes and Queries, Second Series, viii. 483: "the plumage of young goslings before they have feathers is called *dowle.*" Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has: "Young dowl, *lanugo.*" Boyer (French Dictionary) gives: "Dowl, *v.* Down, au premier sens."

176. Line 81: *heart's-sorrow.*—Ff. have *hearts-sorrow;* the reading in the text is Rowe's. The Cambridge edd. print *heart-sorrow.*

177. Lines 86, 87:

with good life,
And observation strange.

That is, says Johnson, "with exact presentation of their several characters, with observation strange of [rare attention to] their particular and distinct parts." The Clarendon Press ed. compares, for this use of *life*, Much Ado, ii. 3. 110: "There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the *life* of passion as she discovers it."

178. Line 92: *whom they suppose is drown'd.*—This is of course a mingling of two constructions, as in King John, iv. 2. 164–166:

the grave
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

ACT IV. Scene 1.

179. Line 3: *a* THREAD *of mine own life.*—Ff. print *third*, which, says Dyce, "is rather an old spelling than a mistake: in early books we occasionally find *third* for *thrid*, *i.e.* thread. (The form *thrid* occurs in Dryden, and, I believe, in still more recent writers.)" Sir John Hawkins quotes Mucedorus, 1619, sig. C_2:

To cut in twaine the twisted *third* of life.

180. Lines 13, 14:

Then, as my GIFT, *and thine own acquisition*
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter.

Ff. print *guest*, an obvious misprint for *guift*, as the word is printed in line 8.

181. Line 15· *If thou dost break her* VIRGIN-KNOT, &c. —Compare Pericles, iv. 2. 160:

Untied I still my *virgin-knot* will keep.

The allusion is to the Roman marriage ceremony, in which the husband untied the bride's maiden girdle.

182. Line 18: *No sweet* ASPERSION *shall the heavens let fall.*—*Aspersion* is used here in its primitive sense of sprinkling, from the Latin *aspergo*. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Bacon, Advancement of Learning, ed. Wright, i. 6. § 9: "So in this and very many other places in that law, there is to be found, besides the theological sense, much *aspersion* of philosophy" (p. 47)—where the word, as in the text, means sprinkling.

183. Line 41: *Some* VANITY *of mine art.*—That is, some illusion. Steevens quotes from the then unpublished romance of Emare, 105:

The emperour sayde on hygh,
Sertes thys ys a fayry,
Or ellys a vanyté.
—Ritson, Romances, ii. 208.

184. Line 43: *a twink.*—Compare Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 312: "in a *twink* she won me to her love." Nares quotes Ferrex and Porrex:

Of him, a pereless prince,
Sonne to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a *twinke*, a senseless stock I saw.
—Dodsley's Old Plays, ed. Reed, i. 148.

The word is still used in the Northamptonshire dialect.

185. Line 54: *Or else good night your vow!*—Compare Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 303: "Is this your speeding? nay, then, *good night our part!*" We still use "good-bye to" with a similar meaning.

186. Line 57: *a corollary; i.e.* a surplus. Cotgrave has: "Corolaire: m. A Corollarie; a surplusage, overplus, addition to, vantage aboue measure."

187. Line 58: *pertly; i.e.* briskly. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 13:

Awake the *pert* and nimble spirit of mirth,

and see note 6 to that play.

188. Line 63: *stover.*—The word is still used for the fodder made of clover and artificial grasses. In the 16th century it had a wider application, and meant almost any kind of winter fodder. The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry (ed. Mavor), p. 47:

Thresh barley as yet, but as need shall require,
Fresh threshed for *stover*, thy cattle desire;

and p. 60:

Serve rye-straw first, then wheat-straw and pease,
Then oat-straw and barley, then hay if ye please:
But serve them with hay, while the straw *stover* last,
Then love they no straw, they had rather to fast.

Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders it by "*pabulum.*"

189. Line 64: *Thy banks with* PIONED *and* TWILLED *brims.*—F. 1 reads:

Thy bankes with *pioned*, and *twilled* brims,

which we, in common with the Cambridge edd. and others, have followed, rather than accept either of the two proposed emendations for *pioned;* that of Warburton, *pionied*, or that of Steevens, *peonied;* both of which words are practically the same, as the peony is called indifferently *piony* or *peony*. Still more absurd is Steevens' proposed substitute for *twilled*, namely, *lilied*, between which and Rowe's suggestion, *tuliped*, there is little to choose. Capell adopted Holt's *tilled*, which is simply a pleonasm; because there is no doubt, though Shakespeare himself does not use the word elsewhere than in this passage, that *pioned* or *pyoned* meant "digged" or "tilled."

An immense amount of unnecessary ingenuity has been spent in seeking to bewilder the reader as to the meaning of this passage. Let us look at the context. Iris is addressing Ceres:

thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with *pioned* and *twilled* brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns.

Now it is quite clear that, if the banks of this stream exhibited the extraordinary phenomenon of being ornamented with *peonies*, a flower which, whatever any writer may say, has never been really found wild in England—the only quasi-wild ones being, undoubtedly, casual plants escaped from cultivation—what need was there for "spongy April" to betrim them further? Shakespeare was far too observant, at least of the superficial features of the country—and, indeed, as has been shown in previous notes, he often looked a long way below the surface—to represent such a monstrosity as masses of *peonies*

occurring by the side of an ordinary English stream. *Lilied* might perhaps be allowed—if flags were lilies; but even the lily of the valley does not grow by the side of English streams; while the only member of the *Lilium* family found wild in England (*Lilium Martagon*, or Turk's-cap lily), is not native, and grows only in woods. Shakespeare had often walked alongside the streams of Warwickshire; and he had observed how the action of the water, as well as that of the water-rats or water-voles, makes holes in the banks; and by constantly turning fresh earth up to the surface, which fresh earth is kept moist by the action of the water, furnishes the most fertile ground for wild flowers to grow. Who has ever gone botanizing near a river, and has not instinctively sought for the richest and most luxurious specimens nearest the bank? Nature there supplies of itself the labour of tillage, which I take to be Shakespeare's exact meaning in this passage; namely, that the ground, prepared for the reception of the flowers, is filled with flowers by April, the first month in which our beautiful wild flora really commences to bloom.

As for *pioned* used for *digged*, see Spenser's Fairy Queen, bk. ii. c. 11:

> Which to outbarre, with painefull *pyonings*
> From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound.

Twilled presents far more difficulty than *pioned;* it does not seem to appear in any of the old dictionaries, from the Promptorium Parvulorum downwards. It is not even to be found in Johnson; and "was first added by Todd," according to Skeat, who further says: "The word is Low German, and has reference to the peculiar method of doubling the warp-threads, or taking two of them together; it was probably introduced by Platt-deutsch workmen into the weaving trade, which connected us so much with the Low Countries." I have not succeeded in finding any instance of the use of the word in any other of the Elizabethan writers, or even in those of the seventeenth century. Richardson gives "*Tewell.* Written by Holland, *tuill.* Fr. *Tuiau, tuijau,* a pipe, quill, cane, reed, canel (Cotgrave)." The Imperial Dictionary gives: "[Perhaps a corruption of *quill;* comp. *twilt* for *quilt*] A reed; a quill; a spool to wind yarn on. [Provincial.]" Compare *quill* (see II. Henry VI. note 65). If we take this derivation of the word, it might mean "banks covered with reeds," or banks "in which holes of tubular shape had been made;" either sense would agree with our explanation of the passage.—F. A. M.

190. Line 66: BROOM-*groves.*—"*Broom*, in this place, signifies the *Spartium scoparium*, of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire it grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it; and in places where it is cultivated, still higher: a circumstance that had escaped my notice, till I was told of it by Professor Martyn" (Steevens). Hanmer, thinking that *broom* could not be spoken of as a *grove*, conjectured "*brown* groves."

191. Line 68: *thy pole-clipt vineyard; i.e.* vineyard in which the poles are clipt, or embraced, by the vines. The word *clip* in Shakespeare is in all but three instances used in the present sense, that of embrace.

192. Line 78: *saffron wings.*—Compare Virgil, Æneid, iv. 700: "Iris *croceis* . . . *pennis*," which Phaer translates:

> Dame Rainbow down therfore with *saffron wings* of dropping shours,
> Whose face a thousand sundry hewes against the sunne deuours,
> From heauen descending came.

193. Line 85: *to estate.*—See note 18 to Midsummer Night's Dream.

194. Line 89: *The means that dusky* DIS *my daughter got.*—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 116–118:

> O Proserpina,
> For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
> From *Dis's* wagon!

Compare Virgil, Æneid, vi. 127: "*atri* . . . *Ditis.*"

195. Line 90: *her blind boy's* SCANDAL'D *company; i.e.* disgraceful. Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 74–76:

> if you know
> That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
> And after *scandal* them.

196. Line 96: *bed-*RIGHT.—So Ff.; most editors adopt the reading "bed-*rite.*" The words are often confused: in line 17 *rite* is spelt *right.* But here, as the Clarendon Press ed. remarks, the reading of the Ff. is preferable. "A *right* may be paid, but a *rite* is performed."

197. Line 102: *Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.*—Compare Virgil, Æneid, i. 46: "divum incedo regina;" and see Pericles, v. 1. 112: "in *pace* another *Juno.*"

198. Line 110: EARTH'S *increase, foison plenty.*—Most editors insert, with F. 2, *and;* but *Earth's* is probably meant to be pronounced as a dissyllable, as *moones* in Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 7:

> Swifter than the *moones* sphere.

The attribution of the second stanza of this song to Ceres was the conjecture of Theobald, who saw that each deity was to sing of her own offices.

199. Lines 123, 124:

> *So rare a wonder'd father and a* WISE
> *Makes this place Paradise.*

Some copies of F. 1 read *wise*, some *wife;* the later Ff. all print *wise.* Most editors, following a conjecture of Rowe, made independently of the reading of the later Ff., read *wife.* The Cambridge edd. in the Cambridge and Globe editions adopt this reading; Mr. Aldis Wright in the Clarendon Press ed. prefers *wise.* I give his note, which seems to me entirely judicious: "Both readings of course yield an excellent sense, but it must be admitted that the latter seems to bring Ferdinand from his rapture back to earth again. He is lost in wonder at Prospero's magic power. It may be objected that in this case Miranda is left out altogether, but the use of the word 'father' shows that Ferdinand regarded her as one with himself."

200. Line 128: WANDERING *brooks.*—The Ff. have *wind-ring*, which seems to be a misprint for either *wand'ring* or *winding.* The former, which I have adopted, is the reading of Steevens; the latter is Rowe's.

201. Line 130: *Leave your* CRISP *channels.*—This no doubt refers, as Steevens points out, to "the little wave or *curl* (as it is commonly called) that the gentlest wind occasions on the surface of the water"—in other words, the curl of the ripple. Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 106, where Hotspur says the Severn "hid his *crisp* head in

the hollow bank." Compare Milton, Paradise Lost, iv. 237: "the *crisped* brooks;" and Tennyson, Claribel, line 19: "The babbling runnel *crispeth*."

202. Lines 155, 156:

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a RACK *behind.*

It has always been a subject of marvel to me that it could have ever entered the mind of any person to alter the word *rack* in this sublime passage: yet such sound Shakespearian critics as Hanmer and Malone—the latter of whom Dyce, in some moment of temporary mental aberration, follows—wilfully substituted *track* in the first case, and in the latter case *wreck*. It is difficult to say which is the worse suggestion of the two; perhaps *wreck*, as it seems to introduce a more jarring element of shipwreck or other violent convulsion, which is entirely out of and remote from the beautiful picture that Shakespeare has here drawn. It will be noticed, by the careful reader or reciter, that it is the *cloudy* or vapourish element which dominates the passage, and is emphasized by the word *insubstantial*. *Rack* is a word so commonly used in connection with clouds, even to the present day, that it will suffice to recall the beautiful passage in Antony and Cleopatra, which we must quote at length in order to show that Shakespeare undoubtedly uses *rack* in the sense demanded by the text:

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.
Eros. Ay, my lord.
Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The *rack* dislimns, and makes it indistinct
As water is in water. —iv. 14. 2–11.

Compare also Hamlet, ii. 2. 506.

For the benefit of those who believe in the eccentric myth that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, we may add from the former the following passage: "The winds in the upper regions which move the clouds above, (which we call the *rack*,) and are not perceived below, pass without noise" (Naturall Historie, § 115).—F. A. M.

203. Line 164: *Come with a thought!—I thank thee, Ariel: come!*—Theobald supposed that *I thank thee* was addressed to Ferdinand and Miranda, and altered *thee* to *you*, a change which Dyce strongly upholds (reading, however, *ye*). But I do not see the slightest reason for the change; indeed, it seems to me a distinct change for the worse. Why should not Ariel be thanked for the entertainment he has provided? He deserves it far more than Ferdinand and Miranda for their polite good wishes.

204. Line 166: *We must prepare to* MEET WITH *Caliban.*—*Meet with* is used here in the sense of encounter. Johnson compares Herbert's Country Parson, ch. x.: "He knows the temper and pulse of every person in the house, and accordingly either *meets* with their vices, or advanceth their virtues."

205. Line 177: ADVANC'D *their eyelids.*—Compare i. 2. 408:

The fringed curtains of thine eye *advance.*

And see note 89.

206. Line 182: *the filthy-*MANTLED *pool.*—Compare iii. 4. 139: "drinks the green *mantle* of the standing Compare v. 1. 67 of the present play:

the ignorant fumes that *mantle*
Their clearer reason.

207. Line 184: *my bird.*—Compare Hamlet, i. 5. :

Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, *bird*, come.

See Beaumont and Fletcher, The Knight of the B Pestle, ii. iii., where the Citizen says to his wife, ' a little, *bird*," a term of endearment which alternat mouse, duck, chicken, lamb, cony, honeysuckle, &c. pare Twelfth Night, note 49.

208. Line 187: *stale; i.e.* a decoy. Compare Tam the Shrew, iii. 1. 90:

To cast thy wandering eyes on every *stale;*

and Ben Jonson, Catiline, iii. 10:

Dull stupid Lentulus,
My *stale* with whom I stalk.

Cotgrave defines one of the meanings of Estalon: " (as a Larke, &c.) wherewith Fowlers traine silli vnto their destruction."

209. Lines 189, 190:

on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all are lost, quite lost.

Ff. print *all, all lost*, which seems an obvious mi altered by Hanmer, on Malone's suggestion, to *lost*. Sidney Walker's conjecture, *all are lost*, se me preferable, both as sounding better and as mor to have been misprinted.

210. Line 193: *hang* THEM ON *this* LINE.—Ff. h *them;* the correction was made by Rowe. *Line* here for "*lime*-tree" (see below, v. 1. 10: "the *line*-g Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, has: "A line-tree, *t*

211. Lines 197, 198: *play'd the* JACK *with us;* i Jack-o'-lantern, or *ignis fatuus*. Compare Muc i. 1. 185, 186: "But speak you this with a sad brow you *play the flouting Jack!*"—where to "play the seems to be used in the sense of play the knave note 34 to that play.

212. Line 221: *O King Stephano! O peer!*—Ther allusion here to the famous song of King Steph stanzas of which are quoted in Othello, ii. 3. 92 note 108 to that play.) The stanza alluded to in t is thus printed in Percy's Reliques:

King Stephen was a worthy peere,
His breeches cost him but a crowne,
He held them sixpence all too deere:
Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.

213. Line 225: *a frippery; i.e.* an old-clothes Boyer, in his French Dictionary, gives: "Fripery, (a street of brokers) *Friperie;*" Coles renders "a fri *officina vestiarium tritarium, forum interpolato* Compare Massinger, the City Madam, i. 1, whe Luke entering "with shoes, garters, fans, and young Goldwire says: "He shows like a walking *fri*

214. Lines 231, 232:

Let's ALONE,
And do the murder first.

Theobald changed *alone* to *along*, and has bee

generally followed. But it seems to me that by this change a point is lost. Caliban turns to Stephano, and says: "Let you and me set off *by ourselves*, and leave Trinculo, if he will, with his 'luggage.'" This seems to me the sense of *Let 's alone*, which is of course equivalent to "Let 's *go* alone."

215. Line 249: *And all be turn'd to* BARNACLES *or to apes.—Barnacles* is used here for the geese into which the shell-fish of that name were supposed to turn. Collins and Phillipps (Var. Ed. xv. 155) quote passages from Gerarde's Herbal: I give the longer quotation contained in the Clarendon Press ed.: "In Gerarde's Herbal (1597), p. 1391, is a chapter 'Of the Goose tree, Barnakle tree, or the tree bearing Geese,' in which it is said, 'There are founde in the north parts of Scotland, & the Ilands adiacent, called Orchades, certaine trees, whereon doe growe certaine shell fishes, of a white colour tending to russet; wherein are conteined little liuing creatures: which shels in time of maturitie doe open, and out of them grow those little liuing things; which falling into the water, doe become foules, whom we call Barnakles, in the north of England Brant Geese, and in Lancashire tree Geese.' Gerarde then goes on to tell what he had himself seen in 'a small Ilande in Lancashire called the Pile of Fouldres,' where branches of trees were cast ashore, 'whereon is found a certaine spume or froth, that in time breedeth vnto certaine shels, in shape like those of the muskle, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish colour.' In process of time the thing contained in these shells 'falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a foule, bigger then a Mallard, and lesser then a Goose; hauing blacke legs and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white, spotted in such maner as is our Magge-Pie, called in some places a Pie-Annet, which the people of Lancashire call by no other name then a tree Goose; which place aforesaide, and all those parts adioining, do so much abound therewith, that one of the best is bought for three pence: for the truth heerof, if any doubt, may it please them to repaire vnto me, and I shall satisfie them by the testimonie of good witnesses.'"

216. Line 262: *cat-o'-mountain.*—Compare Merry Wives, ii. 2. 27: "your *cat-a-mountain* looks." Boyer gives: "Cat-a-Mountain, (a Mongrel Sort of wild Cat) *Chatpard.*" The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Topsell, History of Four-footed Beasts: "The greatest therefore they call Panthers, as Bellunensis writeth. The second they call Pardals, and the third, least of all, they call Leopards, which for the same cause in England is called a Cat of the Mountain" (p. 448).

217. Line 264: LIE *at my mercy all mine enemies.*—Ff. have *Lies*, which is perhaps what Shakespeare wrote. Rolfe mentions that *Lies* is found plural in Shakespeare at least five times, in three of which the rhyme forbids any change.

ACT V. Scene 1.

218. Line 10: *In the* LINE-GROVE *which* WEATHER-FENDS *your cell.*—On *line-grove* (*i.e.* lime-grove) see note 210. *Weather-fends* = protects from the weather. Boyer (Fr. Dict.) has "To Fend off, *Verb Act.* (to keep off) *Parer, detourner;*" and Coles (Lat. Dict.) has "To Fend, *defendo, protelo.*" The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, The Humorous Lieutenant, v. 4:

> And such a coil there is,
> Such *fending* and such proving.

"Fending and proving," however, was a familiar phrase, a sort of idiom. Boyer gives: "Don 't stand fending and proving, (*or* justifying yourself) *Ne raisonnez pas tant, ne faites pas tant le raisonneur.*"

219. Line 16: *His tears* RUN *down his beard.*—F. 1 has *runs.*

220. Lines 23, 24:

> *that relish all as sharply*
> *Passion as they.*

This is the punctuation of F. 3 and F. 4; F. 1 and F. 2 insert a comma after *sharply*, in which case *passion* would be a verb. The reading of F. 3 seems to give the better sense.

221. Lines 33–50.—Shakespeare's indebtedness to Ovid, Met. vii. 197–219, in this speech, was first pointed out by Warburton. I give the passage from Golding's translation, which Shakespeare had evidently read:

Ye Ayres and Windes: ye Elues of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye euerychone.
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at the thing)
I haue compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calme seas rough, & make the rough seas playne.
And couer all the Skie with clouds and chase them thence againe.
By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers iaw.
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
Whole woods and Forrests I remooue: I make the Mountaines shake,
And euen the earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to quake.
I call vp dead men from their graues and thee, O lightsome Moone
I darken oft, through beaten brasse abate thy perill soone.
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes the Sun at Noone.
The flaming breath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for my sake
And caused their vnwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortall warre did set
And brought asleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes were neuer shet.

222. Line 37: *green-sour ringlets.*—This alludes to the fairy-circles in the grass, once thought to be the scenes of elfin revels, caused really by a fungous growth. Rolfe quotes Dr. Grey (Notes on Shakespeare), who says that they "are higher, *sowrer*, and of a deeper green than the grass which grows round them." Compare, for allusions to the superstition, Merry Wives, v. 5. 69, 70:

> And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
> Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring.

223. Line 39: *mushrooms.*—F. 1, F. 2 have *Mushrumps*, the old spelling of the word.

224. Line 43: *the* AZUR'D *vault.*—S. Walker conjectured *azure*, but such participles used for adjectives are common in Shakespeare. See the long list in Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, § 294.

225. Lines 59, 60:

> *thy brains,*
> *Now useless,* BOIL'D *within thy skull!*

Ff. have *boile;* the correction was made by Pope. Compare Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 64, 65: "Would any but these *boiled brains* of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?" and Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 4:

> Lovers and madmen have such *seething brains.*

226. Line 62: HOLY *Gonzalo.*—Collier's MS. Corrector changes *Holy* to *Noble*, observing that Gonzalo was "in no respect *holy*." But, as Staunton observes, "the word '*holy*,' in Shakespeare's time, besides its ordinary meaning of *godly, sanctified*, and the like, signified also *pure, just, righteous*, &c." Compare Winter's Tale, v. 1. 170, 171:

> You have a *holy* father,
> A graceful gentleman;

and Coriolanus, iii. 3. 111–113:

> I do love
> My country's good with a respect more tender,
> More *holy*, and profound, than mine own life.

227. Line 64: FALL FELLOWLY *drops; i.e.* let fall companionable drops. For *fall* used actively compare ii. 1. 296: "To *fall* it on Gonzalo." On *fellowly* see Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, § 447, and compare "traitorly" in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 822. Johnson, in his Dictionary, quotes from Tusser:

> One seed for another, to make an exchange,
> With *fellowly* neighbourhood, seemeth not strange.
> —Ed. Mavor, p. 182.

Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "Fellow like, *socialiter*."

228. Lines 74–76:

> *Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.*
> *You, brother mine, that* ENTERTAIN'D *ambition,*
> *Expell'd remorse and nature;* WHO, *with Sebastian, &c.*

Ff. have:

> Thou art pinch'd for 't now Sebastian. Flesh, and bloud
> You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
> Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian.

The text I have adopted is that of Dyce, who in the first line follows Theobald, in the second the reading of F. 2, in the third the emendation of Rowe.

229. Line 85: *I will discase me; i.e.* undress myself. The word is used again in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 647–649: "therefore *discase thee* instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman." "Uncase" is used in the same sense in Love's Labour 's Lost, v. 2. 707, 708: "Do you not see Pompey is *uncasing* for the combat?" and Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 212:

> *Uncase* thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak.

230. Lines 91, 92:

> *On the bat's back I do fly*
> *After* SUMMER *merrily.*

Theobald altered *summer* to *sunset*, very unnecessarily, as Shakespeare doubtless meant to say that Ariel *flies after* (*i.e.* pursues) *summer* on the bird of summer evenings, the *bat*.

231. Line 111: WHETHER *thou be'st he or no.*—Ff. have *Where*, as the word is no doubt meant to be pronounced. Compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 1. 60:

> Good sir, say *whe'r* you 'll answer me or no.

232. Lines 123, 124:

> *You do yet taste*
> *Some subtilties o' the isle.*

Steevens observes: "This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionary. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtilty*. Dragons, castles, trees, &c., made out of sugar, had the like denomination." The Clarendon Press ed. quotes Fabyan's Chronicle, ed. 1542, ii. 366, where the author, describing the feast at the coronation of Katharine, queen of Henry V., speaks of "a *sotyltye* called a Pellycane syttyng on his nest with the byrdes, and an ymage of saynte Katheryne holdyng a boke and disputyng with the doctoures."

233. Line 128: *And* JUSTIFY *you traitors.*—*Justify* is here used in the sense of prove, as in All 's Well, iv. 3. 64–66:

> *Sec. Lord.* How is this *justified*?
> *First Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters.

234. Line 136: *who.*—F. 1 has *whom;* the correction is made in F. 2.

235. Line 139: *I am* WOE *for 't, sir.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 14. 133: "*Woe, woe* are we;" Cymbeline, v. 5. 297 (F. 1): "I am *sorrow* for thee."

236. Line 171: Stage-direction.—Rolfe quotes from Professor Allen, who points out that Shakespeare may have introduced *chess* here because he knew "that there was a special appropriateness in representing a prince of Naples as a chess-player, since Naples, in the poet's day, was the centre of chess-playing, and probably famed as such throughout Europe."

237. Line 199: *Let us not burden our* REMEMBRANCE *with.*—Ff. have *remembrances*, which Pope corrected.

238. Line 226: *My* TRICKSY *spirit!*—The word tricksy occurs only here and in the Merchant of Venice, iii. 5. 74, 75:

> that for a *tricksy* word
> Defy the matter.

Compare the verb "trick" in Henry V. iii. 6. 79–81: "and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they *trick* up with new-tuned oaths." Nares quotes the anonymous play of Grim the Collier:

> Marry indeed, there is a *tricksey* girl.

239. Line 230: *We were dead of sleep; i.e.* "on aleep," or "asleep." Dyce quotes, as an instance of the very common confusion between *of* and *on*, The Warres of Cyrus King of Persia, 1594, sig. A 4:

> This stout Assyrian hath a liberall looke,
> And, *of* my soule, is farre from trecherie.

Compare, too, Marlow, Jew of Malta, iv. 4: "Upon mine own freehold, within forty feet of the gallows, conning his neck-verse, I take it, looking *of* a friar's execution."

240. Line 234: *more.*—Ff. have *mo* and *mos*.

241. Line 236: *her.*—So Theobald, on the conjecture of Thirlby; Ff. print *our*.

242. Lines 243, 244:

> *more than nature*
> *Was ever* CONDUCT *of.*

Compare Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 116:

> Come, bitter *conduct*, come, unsavoury guide!

and Richard III. i. 1. 43–45:

> His majesty,
> Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
> This *conduct* to convey me to the Tower.

243. Line 258: CORAGIO, *bully-monster, coragio!*—Shakespeare uses *Coragio* again in All 's Well, ii. 5. 97: "Bravely, *coragio!*" Steevens quotes the word from Florio's Montaigne: "You often cried *Coragio*." On *bully*, as a

familiar term, meaning "good fellow"—the only use of the word in Shakespeare—see note 144 to Midsummer Night's Dream. In Coles' Latin Dictionary the only meaning given to the word is "*vir fortis & animosus.*"

244. Line 271: *And deal in her command, without her power.*—It is rather difficult to see which of two or three contradictory meanings should be assigned to this line. Steevens understands it as meaning "that Sycorax, with less general power than the moon, could produce the same effects on the sea." Malone supposes that Prospero meant to say "that Sycorax could control the moon, and act as her Vicegerent, without being commissioned, authorized, or *empowered* by her to do so." Staunton—with more reason—interprets *without her power* as "beyond her power," and compares Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 156–158:

> our intent
> Was to be gone from Athens where we might,
> Be *without* peril of the Athenian law.

245. Line 279: *reeling ripe.*—This is best interpreted by Schmidt, who explains it in his Lexicon as "in a state of intoxication sufficiently advanced for reeling." Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 274:

> The King was *weeping-ripe* for a good word;

and Beaumont and Fletcher, Woman's Prize, ii. 1:

> My son Petruchio, he's like little children
> That lose their baubles, *crying-ripe.*

246. Line 280: *this grand liquor that hath* GILDED *'em.*—*Gilded* was a slang term for "made drunk." The term arose from certain jokes comparing sack with the *Aurum potabile*, or grand elixir, of the alchemists. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5. 36, 37:

> that great medicine hath
> With his tinct *gilded* thee—

where the reference is solely to the elixir. For *gilded* in the sense of drunk, compare Beaumont and Fletcher's Chances, iv. 3:

> *Duke.* Is she not drunk too?
> *2 Con.* A little *gilded o'er*, sir.

The expression is one of the many polite ways of conveying a well-understood fact which abound in every language. Compare the Cape Dutch euphemism, "to be *nice*," and, nearer home, the singularly merciful and graceful French idiom, "être dans les vignes du Seigneur"—a delightful phrase which somehow has never become naturalized among us, favoured as we are with labourers in that vineyard.

247. Line 289: *This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.*—Capell, improving the metre, but not rectifying the grammar so much as he thought, read:

> This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd on.

As for the metre, the lines preceding conform to no regular rhythm, and the present one need be supposed no more regular than they. So far as grammar is concerned, the first *as* was sometimes omitted in Elizabethan English. See Abbott's Grammar, § 276, and compare I. Henry IV. iii. 2. 167–169:

> A mighty and a fearful head they are,
> . . . . . .
> *As* ever offer'd foul play in a state.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN THE TEMPEST.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Abstemious	iv.	1	53
Acquisition	iv.	1	13
Afore (adv.)	ii.	2	78
African	ii.	1	125
*A-ground	i.	2	4
*A-hold	i.	1	52
Angle[1]	i.	2	223
Asperion	iv.	1	18
Backward (sub.)	i.	2	50
Barley	iv.	1	61
Barnacles	iv.	1	249
Baseless	iv.	1	151
Bass (verb)	iii.	3	99
Bat-fowling	ii.	1	185
Bedimmed	v.	1	41
Bed-right	iv.	1	96
Bell[2]	v.	1	89
Betrims	iv.	1	65
Blasphemous	i.	1	44
*Blue-eyed	i.	2	269
Bow[3]	iv.	1	80, 86
Bow, wow	i.	2	382, 383
Bowsprit	i.	2	200
Brained (adj.)	iii.	2	7
Broom-groves	iv.	1	66
Bully-monster	v.	1	258
Calf-like	iv.	1	179
Cellar	ii.	2	136
Charmingly	iv.	1	119
Chick	v.	1	316
Chirurgeonly	ii.	1	140
Closeness	i.	2	90
Cloud-capped	iv.	1	152
Cock-a-diddle-dow[4]	i.	2	386
Compensation	iv.	1	2
Confederates (vb.)	i.	2	111
Convulsions	iv.	1	260
Coral[5] (sub.)	i.	2	397
Corollary	iv.	1	57
Correspondent	i.	2	297
Courses[6]	i.	1	53
Cradled	i.	2	464
Cubit	ii.	1	257
Dams[7]	ii.	2	184
Dear-beloved	v.	1	309
Demi-puppets	v.	1	36
Deservedly	i.	2	361
Diversity	v.	1	234
*Dove-drawn	iv.	1	94
Dowle	iii.	3	65
Down[8]	iv.	1	81
Drowsiness	ii.	1	190
Earthed	ii.	1	234
Entertainer	ii.	1	17
Ever-angry	i.	2	289
Ever-harmless	iv.	1	129
Expeditious	v.	1	315
Extirpate	i.	2	125
Eye[9]	ii.	1	55
Fellowly	v.	1	64
Filberts	ii.	2	175
Firing (sub.)	ii.	2	185
Fish-like	ii.	2	27
Flat-long	ii.	1	181
Flesh-fly	iii.	1	63
Flote	i.	2	234
Fly-blowing	v.	1	284
Footfall	ii.	2	12
Footing[10]	iv.	1	138
Foot-licker	iv.	1	218
Fresh-brook	i.	2	463
Freshes	iii.	2	75
Fringed	i.	2	408

[1] = a corner.
[2] = cup of a flower.
[3] = rainbow.
[4] *cockadidle-dows* in F. 1.
[5] Son. cxxx. 2.
[6] = sails.
[7] For confining water.
[8] = a tract of naked hilly land; Venus and Adonis, 677.
[9] = a tinge or shade.
[10] = dance; used frequently elsewhere in other senses

WORDS PECULIAR TO THE TEMPEST.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Frippery	iv.	1	226
Furrow[1] (sub.)	iv.	1	135
Furtherer	v.	1	73
Furze	i.	1	70
	iv.	1	180
Gather[2]	v.	1	1
*Gentle-kind	iii.	3	32
Glut	i.	1	63
Goss	iv.	1	180
Grass-plot	iv.	1	73
Grind[3]	iv.	1	259
Hag-born	i.	2	283
Hag-seed	i.	2	365
Heart's-sorrow	iii.	3	81
Heath[4]	i.	1	70
Hey-day!	ii.	2	190
Honeycomb	i.	2	329
*Honey-drops	iv.	1	79
Horse-piss	iv.	1	190
Incharitable	i.	1	44
Inch-meal	ii.	2	3
Infest	v.	1	246
Insubstantial	iv.	1	155
Irreparable	v.	1	140
Jingling	v.	1	233
Lass-lorn	iv.	1	68
Legged	ii.	2	36
Level[5]	iv.	1	239, 244
Line-grove	v.	1	10
Log-man	iii.	1	67
Lorded	i.	2	97
Lush	ii.	1	52
Main-course	i.	1	38
Mallows	ii.	1	144
Man-monster	iii.	2	14
Marmoset	ii.	2	174
Meanders	iii.	3	3
Mill-wheels	i.	2	281
Moon-calf	ii.	2	110, 116, 138
	iii.	2	24, 25
Mop (sub.)	iv.	1	47
Mountaineers[6]	iii.	3	44
Mudded	iii.	3	102
	v.	1	151
Muscles[7]	i.	2	463
Mushrooms	v.	1	39
Mutineer[8] (sub.)	iii.	2	41
Naiads	iv.	1	128
Nettle-seed	ii.	1	144
*New-dyed	ii.	1	64
*New-formed	i.	2	83
Ninny[9]	iii.	2	71
Noise-maker	i.	1	47
Oared (verb)	ii.	1	118
O'erprized	i.	2	92
O'erstunk	iv.	1	184
Oozy	v.	1	151
Open-eyed	ii.	1	301
Pailfuls	ii.	2	25
Paunch (verb)	iii.	2	98
Peg (verb)	i.	2	295
Pig-nuts	ii.	2	172
Pinch-spotted	iv.	1	261
Pioned	iv.	1	64
Plantation	ii.	1	143
Pole-clipt	iv.	1	68
Preciously	i.	2	241
Precursors	i.	2	201
Pricked[10]	iv.	1	176
Printless	v.	1	34
Puppy-headed	ii.	2	158
*Putter-out	iii.	3	48
Razorable	ii.	1	250
Release (sub.)	v.	1	11
Rifted[11] (vb. tr.)	v.	1	45
Roarers	i.	1	18
Rocky-hard	iv.	1	69
Rootedly	iii.	2	103
Rye-straw	iv.	1	136
Scamels	ii.	2	176
Scout[12]	iii.	2	130
Sea-change	i.	2	400
Sea-marge	iv.	1	69
Sea-nymphs	i.	2	402
Sea-sorrow	i.	2	170
Sea-storm	i.	2	177
Sea-swallowed	ii.	1	251
Sedged	iv.	1	129
*Servant-monster	iii.	2	3, 5, 9
*Short-grassed	iv.	1	83
Shroud[13] (vb. intr.)	ii.	2	42
Sicklemen	iv.	1	134
Side-stitches	i.	2	326
Siege[14]	ii.	2	110
Sight-outrunning[15]	i.	2	203
Sour-eyed	iv.	1	20
Speech[16]	i.	2	420
Spell-stopped	v.	1	61
Spendthrift[17] (sub.)	ii.	1	24
Spriting	i.	2	298
Stare (sub.)	iii.	3	95
*Still-closing	iii.	3	64
Stover	iv.	1	63
Strengthen (vb. intr.)	v.	1	227
*Strong-based	v.	1	46
Sty (verb)	i.	2	342
Subject[18] (verb)	i.	2	114
Substitution	i.	2	103
Supportable	v.	1	145
Taborer	iii.	2	160
Tang (sub.)	ii.	2	52
Temperance[19]	ii.	1	42
Thunder-claps	i.	2	202
Thunder-stroke	ii.	1	204
	ii.	2	112
Toothed[20]	iv.	1	180
Topsail	i.	1	7
Totally	ii.	1	57
Trash[21] (verb)	i.	2	81
Troll	iii.	2	126
Turfy	iv.	1	62
Twilled	iv.	1	64
Unbacked[22]	iv.	1	176
Undrowned	ii.	1	237, 239
Uninhabitable	ii.	1	36
Unmitigable	i.	2	276
Unnecessarily	ii.	1	264
Unrewarded	iv.	1	242
Unshrubbed	iv.	1	81
Up-staring	i.	2	213
Urchin-shows	ii.	2	5
Useless[23]	v.	1	60
Vetches	iv.	1	61
Villanous (adv.)	iv.	1	250
Waist[24]	i.	2	197
Wallets[25]	iii.	3	46
*Waspish-headed	iv.	1	99
Watch-dogs	i.	2	383
Wave-worn	ii.	1	120
Wearily	iii.	1	32
Weather-fends	v.	1	10
Wesand	iii.	2	99
While-ere	iii.	2	127
Whist	i.	2	379
Wide-chapped	i.	1	60
Wondered[26]	iv.	1	123
Yards[27]	i.	2	200
Zenith	i.	2	181

[1] Son. xxii. 3.
[2] — to become ripe.
[3] — to afflict cruelly; used elsewhere in other senses.
[4] a plant; a common, Macbeth, i. 1. 6; 3. 77.
[5] instrument; used in other senses elsewhere.
[6] Used four times in Cymbeline.
[7] — shell-fish.
[8] *Mutiners* occurs in Coriolanus, i. 1. 254.
[9] — a fool.
[10] — erected, pointed; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.
[11] Used intrans. in Winter's Tale, v. 1. 66.
[12] — to sneer at.
[13] — to take shelter; used repeatedly elsewhere in a transitive sense.
[14] — excrement.
[15] *sight out-running* in F. 1.
[16] language, tongue.
[17] Used adjectively in Hamlet, iv. 7. 123.
[18] to make subject; — to expose, As You Like It, ii. 3. 36.
[19] — temperature, climate; used elsewhere in its ordinary senses.
[20] Venus and Adonis, 117.
[21] — to lop; to restrain, Oth. ii. 1. 312.
[22] Venus and Adonis, 390.
[23] Lucrece, 850.
[24] Of a ship.
[25] — protuberances; — a knapsack, Troilus, iii. 3. 145.
[26] — wonder-working.
[27] Of a ship.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

A. WILSON VERITY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, general against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, tribune of the people, and brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS,
} sons to Titus Andronicus.

YOUNG LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus the tribune.

SEMPRONIUS,
CAIUS,
VALENTINE,
} kinsmen to Titus.

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON,
} sons to Tamora.

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown.

Romans and Goths.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—Rome, and the country near it.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Some time during the Empire; but when, we have no means of saying

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TIME OF ACTION.

According to Daniel, the time analysis is as follows: four days, with, possibly, t intervals:—

Day 1: Act I. and Act II. Scene 1.
Day 2: Act II. Scenes 2, 3, and 4; Act III. Scene 1. —Interval.
Day 3: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.
Day 4: Acts IV. and V.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The earliest extant[1] edition of Titus Andronicus was published in 1600. This edition, a Quarto, appeared with the following cumbrous title-page: "The most lamenta | ble Romaine Tragedie of *Titus* | *Andronicus.* | As it hath sundry times beene playde by the | Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the | Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lorde Chamberlaine theyr | Seruants. | AT LONDON. | Printed by I. R. for Edward White | and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun. 1600 | .

Of this edition only two copies are known to exist. A second Quarto, printed from the first, but introducing a few conjectural changes, dates from 1611. Titus Andronicus was included in the First Folio, and of the play as it there stands the Cambridge editors remark: "The First Folio text was printed from a copy of the Second Quarto which, perhaps, was in the library of the theatre, and had some MS. alterations and additions made to the stage-directions. Here, as elsewhere, the printer of the Folio has been very careless as to metre. It is remarkable that the Folio contains a whole scene, act iii. sc. 2, not found in the Quartos, but agreeing too closely in style with the main portion of the play to allow of the supposition that it is due to a different author. The scene may have been supplied to the players' copy of Q. 2 from a manuscript in their possession" (Cambridge Shakespeare, vol. vi. p. xii).

The date of Titus Andronicus we cannot determine. Several references, which look as though they might lend us some assistance, are conflicting and confusing. Ben Jonson in the Induction to Bartholomew Fair, produced in 1614, says: "He that will swear, Jeronimo or Andronicus, are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years." Now this would take us back to 1584 or 1589. The Titus Andronicus mentioned can scarcely be that before us. In 1594 Henslowe notes in his delightful diary—delightful in its old-world freaks of orthography—that he gained £3, 8*s.* on January 22nd by a new piece which he is pleased to call Titus and ondronicus; and in the same year, on February 6th, the Stationers' Register yields the following entry:

> "John Danter. Entered for his copye under handes of bothe the wardens a booke intituled, A Noble Roman-Historye of Tytus Andronicus. vj^{d}."

These three allusions cannot be concerned with the same work, and possibly not one of them really refers to the play printed in 1600, and subsequently assigned to Shakespeare. No, we must give up the date of Titus Andronicus as irrecoverable. Further, we need not try to discover whence came the grisly *conte*. Nothing can be added to Theobald's remarks: "The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek origin. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor anybody else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of: not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene of the play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol" (Var. Ed. vol. xxi. p. 379). There is a ballad on the events dealt with in the play; but, unfortunately, it cannot be dated earlier than

[1] We say "extant," because Langbaine in his English Dramatick Poets, p. 464 (ed. 1691), tells us that Titus Andronicus was "first printed 4*o*. Lond. 1594;" of which edition, if it ever existed, no copy has survived.

the reign of James I. In fact, the ballad was probably based on the drama. My own conclusion is this, that there were several works, "bookes," plays,[1] ballads, and what not, telling the story of the mythical Titus Andronicus, these works being drawn from some original now lost or unknown; and this original may have been an Italian or Spanish collection of tales. The connection of Spanish with English Elizabethan literature is a field which, little worked hitherto, might yield very fruitful and valuable results. Not till a few years ago (1883) did we know that Marlowe was indebted to a Spanish original for much of his Tamburlaine. Perhaps in the courses of the revolving years the inevitable German will unearth a Spanish forerunner of Shakespeare's work.

I say "Shakespeare's work;" but in reality there can be little doubt that Titus Andronicus is no genuine, authentic play. Critics the most orthodox and rigidly conservative allow that only a small part of the drama which has come down to us under Shakespeare's name was written by him. The evidence is as follows. To take first the side of those who assert that the work should be unconditionally accepted. They have two facts —weighty facts it must be admitted, on which to rely; firstly, the inclusion of Titus Andronicus in the First Folio; secondly, the mention of it by Meres in Palladis Tamia. This is no slight testimony. Against it may be set the style of the piece, the description given on the title-page, and a stage tradition recorded by Ravenscroft. In 1687 Ravenscroft published an adaptation of Titus Andronicus, and in the preface he has some remarks which seem worth reproducing. Addressing the reader he says: "'Tis necessary I should acquaint you, that there is a Play in Mr. Shakespears Volume under the name of Titus Andronicus, from whence I drew part of this. I have been told by some anciently conversant with the Stage, that it was not Originally his, but brought by a private Author to be Acted, and he only gave some Master-touches to one or two of the Principal Parts or Characters; this I am apt to believe, because 'tis the most incorrect and indigested piece in all his Works."

To my mind very considerable stress should be laid on this. The tradition is not likely to have arisen unless there was some basis for it. From 1616 to 1687 is not such a very long period, and actors of all people are tenacious of the *ana* of their profession. Again, the title-page is suggestive. Six plays appeared in Quarto form in 1600. Of some more than one Quarto was printed; *e.g.* of Midsummer Night's Dream and The Merchant of Venice. All these, Titus Andronicus excepted, bore Shakespeare's name on the title-page. Further, this play was not published at all during the poet's life with his name as author. We should note, too, with Mr. Fleay, the significant fact that Titus Andronicus was acted by the companies of Sussex, Pembroke, and Derby apparently before it came into the hands of the Chamberlain's company to which Shakespeare belonged; certainly so, if the reference in Henslowe quoted above alludes to the present play.

We come to the question of style—to the prevailing tone of the play, and the verse in which it is written. The blank verse is not the metre associated with any period of Shakespeare's work.

> He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
> I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
> And pull her out of Acheron by th' heels.
> —iv. 3. 42–44.

This is simply the "Ercles Vein," which Shakespeare himself ridicules in the mouth of Pistol. It is in the "high, heroic fustian" style, which Greene sneered at and afterwards adopted. It is "the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse," such as Marlowe sank to when he filled the stage with "pampered jades of Asia" and other eccentricities.

Titus Andronicus has scene after scene of

[1] There was, for instance, a German Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus, acted by the English players in Germany early in the seventeenth century, and published in 1620. Among the characters is one named Vespasian, from which perhaps we may conclude that the play was a rough version of the English "tittus and vespacia" mentioned by Henslowe, April 11th, 1591; and Herr Cohn thinks that this Titus and Vespasian was the original of both the German Lamentable Tragedy and of Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus. See Shakespeare in Germany, pp. cxii, cxiii.

this swelling rhetoric, "full of sound and fury," for which the author of Tamburlaine was partly responsible, and of which Peele's Battle of Alcazar affords a typical example. As Mr. Fleay says, the play is "built on the Marlowe blank-verse system," and if the extravagance of the style is a strong argument against the Shakespearian authorship of the piece, an even stronger argument the same way is the remarkably small proportion that the rhymed portions bear to the unrhymed. Titus Andronicus contains 2525 lines. Of these 43 are prose, 144 rhyme, and 2338 blank verse (Fleay). The figures speak for themselves. Even those who champion the genuineness of Titus Andronicus allow that it must have come very early in the list of Shakespeare's works: in what other early play of indisputable authenticity shall we find such a signal victory of the blank-verse system over its old rival, the rhymed couplet?

And then the play itself — the general æsthetic quality. Is there a single complete scene with the true Shakespearian ring? I confess I could not point to one. *Me judice* the drama is a mere maze of bloodthirsty melodrama, pervaded by a fine full-flavoured charnel-house atmosphere. The author dabbles in blood: it is blood, blood everywhere; and we are spared nothing that can revolt and disgust. Really if we are to assign Titus Andronicus to Shakespeare, we had better assume at once that the play was a direct attempt to reproduce and revive the sensational horrors of the Jeronimo type of play-writing. Saving this, most people will be content to believe that Titus Andronicus was written by some inferior dramatist, was just touched by Shakespeare, and then passed off by the theatrical manager, for obvious reasons, as a genuine work of the great poet. This would partially explain the reference to the play by Meres, and its inclusion in the First Folio; while the omission of Shakespeare's name from the title-page of the two Quartos leads us to infer that he did not regard the work as his own. It may be asked where especially in the play we should look for these additions and corrections that Shakespeare is supposed to have made. The following passages have been pointed out as suggestive of Shakespeare's touch: i. 1. 9; i. 1. 70–76; i. 1. 117–119; i. 1. 140, 141; ii. 1. 82, 83; ii. 2. 1–6; ii. 3. 10–15; iii. 1. 82–86; iii. 1. 91–97; iv. 4. 81–86; v. 2. 21–27; v. 3. 160–168. In these places some critics see—*aut vidisse putant*—the hand of the great dramatist, partly because of verbal coincidences with lines in the genuine plays, partly because of what we must vaguely call the Shakespearian style of the verse. But we have no scrap of definite, tangible evidence upon which to go; it is all a matter of the purest conjecture, and no agreement among critics is to be looked for.

Assuming, then, that the play is not Shakespeare's, except so far as some possible emendation and retouching of the work of another man is concerned, we have still to face the inquiry, Who was this "inferior dramatist?" Marlowe, say some critics. But I think not; for one main reason: Titus Andronicus does not contain a single example of that rapturous rhetoric which won for the poet Ben Jonson's immortal praise. In each of Marlowe's authentic dramas there is some one passage—such as the great lines in Tamburlaine on "beauty's worthiness" — that proclaims its authorship trumpet-tongued. Even a mangled and maimed fragment like the Massacre at Paris has the speech of Guise in the second scene: we may look in vain for a similar passage in Titus Andronicus. The play is not so much like Marlowe's own style, as the style of Marlowe's imitators; and among these imitators I should be inclined to pick out George Peele. Direct proofs, of course, in favour of this theory there are none—though a curious coincidence is pointed out in the note on act ii. scene 1. 5-7; but Titus Andronicus, it seems to us, is precisely the type of work that Peele might have written. Peele was, in certain ways, a very charming writer. We owe to him some pretty lyrics; there is much mellifluous verse—too mellifluous verse, Charles Lamb thought—in David and Bethsabe; and The Arraignment of Paris claims praise as a beautiful specimen of the court-play, half masque and half pastoral. But two at any rate of his dramas are full of dreadful rubbish: Edward I. is coarse and

offensive, just as Titus Andronicus is coarse and offensive; and the Battle of Alcazar rings from the first page to the last with the "hectoring rant"—to borrow Mr. Saintsbury's phrase—with which we are satiated in Titus Andronicus. In the face, then, of what Peele achieved in Edward I. and the Battle of Alcazar, is it unjust to his name to think that he may have been responsible for the mutilated Lavinia and the crazed Titus and the incidental murders and horrors that mark the progress of the piece before us? Perhaps the suggestion is worth a thought.

STAGE HISTORY.

From the 27th December, 1593, to the 6th of the following February the Rose Theatre was held by the Earl of Sussex's men. By them Titus Andronicus was acted as a new play on 23rd January, 1594. The company consisted, according to Langbaine (Account of the English Dramatick Poets, p. 464), of "the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their servants." For *Essex* must be read *Sussex*. On the 6th Feb. 1594, the play was acted for the third time, and on the same day it was entered on the Stationers' Register for John Danter. It sprang into immediate popularity, the horrors with which it is now reproached having little to shock audiences that had been fed on the strong meat of Elizabethan tragedy; and it seems shortly after its appearance to have been played by different companies. With the statement of these facts the student has to be satisfied. The cast of the play is not known, and no incident connected with the representation is preserved. From those days to the present the original play has not been seen upon the English stage. For this fact it is not easy to account. Suspicion as to whether Shakespeare is responsible for the drama was, it is known, aroused from an early date. Into the question of authorship there is no call here to enter. Opinions vary, and will continue so to do. For the exclusion of Titus Andronicus from all subsequent revivals of Shakespeare, dubiety as to authority is not more responsible than the repulsive nature of much of the action. In place of Shakespeare, then, or the author of Titus Andronicus, a mutilation of Ravenscroft alone has held, since the recommencement of histrionic entertainments with the Restoration, a brief nominal possession of the stage. Titus Andronicus, or the Rape of Lavinia, altered from Shakespeare by Edward Ravenscroft, was printed in 4to, 1687, and was acted at the Theatre Royal, subsequently Drury Lane, near the close of 1678. It has had the fortune, rare among alterations of Shakespeare, to win the commendation of critics such as Steevens and Genest, and has received at the hands of Langbaine notice longer than that parsimonious and hide-bound chronicler of things theatrical is accustomed to offer. The praise is, however, undeserved except so far as regards the transposition of portions of the dialogue. To hear the declaration attributed to Steevens that "It rarely happens that a dramatic piece is altered with the same spirit that it was written; but Titus Andronicus has undoubtedly fallen into the hands of one whose feelings were congenial with those of the original author," is only less startling than to find Genest saying that Ravenscroft on the whole "has improved Shakespeare." Concerning the actors taking part in the early performances of Ravenscroft's play nothing is known, nor have we the full cast of any representation. Ravenscroft's prologue appears to have been lost. Refusing to engage in any controversy concerning Shakespeare and Titus Andronicus, Langbaine with a feeling that does him credit says he will leave it to his (Ravenscroft's) "rivals in the wrack of that great man, Mr. Dryden, Shadwell, Crown, Tate, and Durfey." He then continues: "To make Mr. Ravenscroft some reparation I will here furnish him with part of his prologue, which he has lost; and if he desire it, send him the whole." This precious composition, so far as it is preserved, is in the very vein of Tate or Shadwell, bespattering Shakespeare with praise that might almost be taken for satire, and dragging the great dramatist into dishonouring association with his mangler and despoiler:—

To day the Poet does not fear your Rage
Shakspear by him reviv'd now treads the Stage:

Under his sacred Lawrels he sits down
Safe, from the blast of any Criticks Frown.
Like other Poets, he 'll not proudly scorn
To own, that he but winnow'd Shakespear's Corn;
So far he was from robbing him of 's Treasure
That he did add his own to make full Measure.
—Account of the English Dramatick Poets, p. 465.

Ravenscroft, it is well known, in his preface to his adaptation states that the earlier play was "not originally Shakespear's, but brought by a private Author to be acted, and he only gave some Master-touches to one or two of the principal Parts or Characters." It was no custom then to supply authorities; and whence Ravenscroft obtained his information cannot be conjectured. Writing with the boastfulness of all who in those days dealt with Shakespeare, he says in words quoted by Langbaine, that "if the Reader compare the old play with his Copy, he will find that none in all that Authors Works ever received greater Alterations, or Additions; the Language not only refined, but many Scenes entirely new: Besides most of the principal Characters heightened, and the Plot much encreased."

The performance was given on the stage, as Ravenscroft states, "at the beginning of the pretended Popish Plot, when neither wit nor honesty had any encouragement . . . yet it bore up against the Faction, and is confirmed a Stock-Play." The prologue and epilogue were lost "in the hurry of those distracted times," and others were supplied by Ravenscroft, in order to let "the buyer have his penny worth." Langbaine, says Genest, had doubtless bought the prologue from which he quotes "at the door of the theatre, where Prologues and Epilogues (as Malone says) were usually sold on the first night of a new play" (Account of the Stage, i. 236).

Downes mentions Titus Andronicus with The Merry Wives of Windsor, Philaster, The Devil's an Ass, The Carnival, The Merry Devil of Edmunton, &c., and says: "These being Old Plays, were Acted but now and then; yet being well Perform'd were very Satisfactory to the Town" (Roscius Anglicanus, 9). Genest assumes that Mrs. Marshall played Tamora, but the conjecture, though plausible, is unsupported by a tittle of evidence.

On 13th August, 1717, in a summer season at Drury Lane, Titus Andronicus "altered from Shakspeare" was given. This was announced as the first performance for fifteen years. A very meagre cast is supplied. Such as it is, as the earliest it is worth quoting.

Aaron	=Quin.	Lucius	=Ryan.
Titus	=Mills.	Marcus	=Boman.
Bassianus	=Walker.	Saturninus	=Thurmond.

The remaining characters are omitted. On this revival it was acted four times.

When at the same house, also in a summer season, 27th June 1721, "Titus Andronicus with the Rape of Lavinia" was once more revived, all mention of the female characters is again omitted. On this occasion Mills was Titus, Walker Aaron, Thurmond Saturninus, Boman Marcus, and Williams Lucius. Near the same period—21st Dec. 1720—Titus Andronicus or the Rape of Lavinia was for the first time acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields. In this case again we have only a fraction of a cast, which, however, includes the women. Quin and Ryan, who had gone to the new house, played the same parts as before, Boheme was Titus, and Leigh Saturninus, Mrs. Gifford was Tamora, and Mrs. Knapp Lavinia.

Here the English stage record ends. No traceable comment upon any of these representations exists, and from this time forward no one has ventured to bring the play upon the stage. From the almost all-embracing series of revivals at Sadler's Wells under the management of Phelps and Greenwood it was excluded, and under the changed conditions of existence it is not likely to see the light. Should it do so it will almost to a certainty be at a private performance.

It has been stated that a play called "Titus and Ondronicus which had never before been acted" was performed by the Earl of Sussex's men Jan. 23, 1593–94 (Henslowe's Diary, p. 33, ed. Shakespeare Society); and also (p. 35) that in June, 1594, an Andronicus was acted by the Lord Admiral's and the Lord Chamberlain's company.

Titus and Andronicus was not likely to attract French dramatists, who long resisted the introduction of deeds of violence on the stage,

and no acted play in which any indebtedness to Shakespeare or to Ravenscroft is to be traced is to be found in French literature. The Titus of Debelloy, acted at the Théatre Français 28 Feb. 1759, is drawn from La Clemenza di Tito of Metastasio. Titus Andronicus is assumably one of the plays acted in Germany by the English actors during their visits to that country. In the extravagant piece included in the first volume of Englische Comedien vnd Tragedien, 1620, v. 1624, 12mo, reprinted by Ludewig Tieck in the Deutsches Theater, vol. i. Berlin, 1817, and entitled "A Most Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus and the haughty Empress, wherein are found Memorable Events," the main lines of Titus Andronicus are closely followed. Herr Albert Cohn, who reprints this piece with a translation in his Shakespeare in Germany, pt. II. 159–236, draws in the prefatory observations to his volume the conclusion that Titus and Vespasian, acted, according to Henslowe's Register, 11th April, 1591, was the original on which Titus Andronicus is founded. In favour of this he can only advance the fact that Vespasian is introduced as a principal character in the German play, in which he appears as a partisan of Titus Andronicus, for whom he claims the empire of Rome. After the death of Titus he becomes his "son and avenger who at the conclusion obtains the crown" (Shakespeare in Germany, cxii). An argument resting on so slight a foundation will, of course, be taken for what it is worth. A Dutch imitation of Titus Andronicus appeared in 4to in 1641 with the title "Aran en Titus, of Wraak en Weerwraak," from the pen of Jan Vos. Eleven editions of this had seen the light by the year 1661. This play was popular on the Dutch stage until well into the eighteenth century. A version of it was given in 1712 by Salomon Van Rusting and another in 1716 by Jacob Rosseau. (See the Athenæum for 13th July, 1850, p. 738, and 4th January, 1851, p. 21.)—J. K.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Titus Andronicus is not an inspiring subject of criticism. Looked at from any and every point of view it stands convicted of a thousand shames—hopeless in its sheer crudity of construction; in its lack of even the average verbal eloquence and distinction of style which Shakespeare can at any moment command; in the grotesqueness of the characterization; above all, hopeless in its lavish display of everything that can revolt and disgust the reader, to say nothing of the spectator. Rudely robust must have been the nerves of the Elizabethan theatre-goer who could tolerate and possibly enjoy the spectacle of a maimed and mutilated heroine; and even more robust is the Shakespearian loyalty—rather a false loyalty—which, pinning its faith to the First Folio, approaches the play with a full belief in its authenticity, and straightway is able to find in it something more than a chaotic muddle of melodramatic horrors. It appears to me that if the internal evidence of style is ever to count for anything, this is essentially a place where the æsthetic test should apply; and if we may not in the case of Titus Andronicus deny the possibility of Shakespearian authorship on the ground of the utter, unredeemed badness of the work, why, then, æsthetic criticism must for ever hide its diminished head, and Francis Meres and the editors of the First Folio may triumph and rejoice greatly. If genuine, Titus Andronicus must in point of time have been closely connected with Lucrece. Conceive what Lucrece would have been if carried out in the Titus Andronicus spirit. There is nothing that we might not have had, no horror of incident and representation that might not have been inflicted on us. Shakespeare could write Venus and Adonis and Lucrece and not shock us, though each in its theme and idea was full of unpleasant possibilities. Now it is not the function of the artist to disgust, and Shakespeare knew this: he never wantonly goes out of his way to pain the reader by the introduction of superfluously objectionable incidents. But Titus Andronicus is nothing if not nasty; and so stupidly nasty. The comedy makes us weep, and the tragedy not unfrequently laugh.

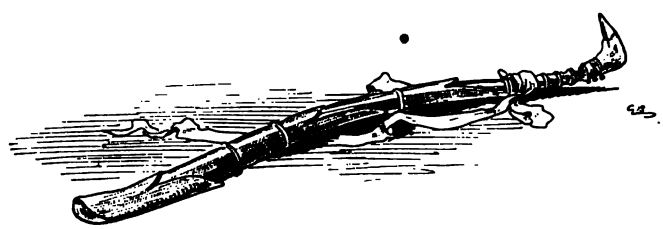
We are told that many German critics accept the play as authentic. It is quite possible. Schlegel firmly believed in the genuineness of

Thomas Lord Cromwell. German critics are not infallible, and in any case it is late in the day to ask us to formulate our judgments solely by their *dicta*. We may be content—especially in a case like this where language, style, and literary quality of workmanship are the real points at issue—to fall back upon the opinions of our own great critics; and upon the genuineness or non-genuineness of Titus Andronicus English criticism speaks with no uncertain voice. By the judgment of such critics as Coleridge (whose word would countervail a legion of learned foreigners), Dyce, Hallam, and Sidney Walker, the play stands condemned; while other authorities—Malone, Staunton—hold that Shakespeare's hand is periodically traceable in the work. Believing, that is, that there must have been some original foundation for the theory that Shakespeare wrote the play, they credit Shakespeare with having undertaken the duty of revising the work of some unknown and manifestly incompetent dramatist. This, to my mind, is the safest ground to take up. Titus Andronicus, I believe, was written by a fifth-rate playwright who had read—and read not wisely but too well—the Spanish Tragedy of Thomas Kyd: hence the atmosphere of insensate melodrama which pervades the five acts; hence the rhapsody and rant, the profusion of blood and burlesque, the thousand and one incidental touches that remind us of the old-fashioned tragedy which Shakespeare himself effectually drove from the field. And then Shakespeare gave the work half an hour's revision and—far more important—his name; and the less critical of the "groundlings" may have accepted the piece in all sincerity and simplicity as a genuine and characteristic achievement of the great dramatist. We may admire their unquestioning faith, but personally I cannot imitate it.

Of the dramatis personæ a word. In many respects the character-treatment, such as it is, follows that of Marlowe, though at a considerable distance, with much less unity of conception and sustained elevation of manner. The characters, so far as they have individuality, are almost all worked out on a few simple lines of passion, without complexity of motive, and in a manner not wholly unsuggestive of the personifications of single virtues and vices in the older drama. Some clue is given to the working of the author's mind in this regard when Tamora poses before Titus as Revenge, sent from below to join with him and right his wrongs, and points to her sons as her ministers Rapine and Murder. The allegorizing tendency shows most clearly through the thin guise of this wildly extravagant strategy, but from the very first scene, in which her eldest son is slain by the sons of Titus, it is always as Revenge, Rapine, and Murder, not as human beings, that Tamora and her sons cross the stage. She is the "heinous tiger," beast-like and devoid of pity, and the "tiger's young ones" are always ready not only to gratify her revenge, but to suggest more brutal methods of carrying it out than she herself dreams. Of the other characters, two only are worth noticing, the deeply-dyed villain Aaron, and Titus Andronicus himself. There is a touch—far off, perhaps, but still a touch—of power in the latter. His pagan stoical pitilessness in killing his son; his desperate, consuming desire of revenge, a desire that soon passes into actual madness; and this real madness, heightened, accentuated, relieved by the assumed insanity of the last scene; these are elements of impressiveness. But all is rough, unwrought. There is no continuity of effect, nothing more than a passing suggestion from time to time of inspiration; if we linger with pleasure over one speech, we are shocked by the next. And we need not wonder that it should be so. The theory that the play represents Shakespeare's careless, perfunctory revision of some hopelessly bad original would account for the irregularity and unevenness of the character of the protagonist of the drama. Titus Andronicus could never be anything more than what we find him—a melodramatic creation such as the uncritical in all ages have applauded. And Titus Andronicus has an appropriate counterpart in Aaron. Aaron is simply a vulgar embodiment of very inferior villainy. His vice has nothing of the artistic quality, the finish, the subtlety that lend such distinction to the motiveless malignity of Iago. And he cannot claim to be ori-

ginal. He is a stock character of the Elizabethan stage in its earliest days; a piece of theatrical property, so to speak, a lay-figure which the uninventive playwright kept in his studio and periodically produced, with the certainty of touching an unlettered audience. There is little art in such a character, and less nature. At best Aaron can only possess a certain antiquarian interest for us as being a type of the conventional villain of the footlights, much such a monster, in fact, as Marlowe made his Barabbas in the last three acts of The Jew of Malta.

Perhaps nothing more damning can be said of the play than this—that these characters are the only figures in the motley crowd of puppets that merit a single line of comment. The others are neither more nor less than dramatic machinery, and very bad machinery too; and it is with infinite relief that one turns from a work as dreary and depressing as any that dramatic literature can show.



Lav. O, bless me here with thy victorious hand.—(Act i. 1. 163.)

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol.*

The Tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft. Enter, below, from one side, SATURNINUS *and his Followers; and, from the other side,* BASSIANUS *and his Followers; with drums and colours.*

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore th' imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right,—
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep, then, this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence,[1] and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *aloft, with the crown.*

Marc. Princes,—that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited[2] home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd

[1] *Continence,* temperance.

[2] *Accited,* summoned.

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend[1] to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy[2]
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed[3] with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS; *after them, two Men bearing a coffin, covered with black; then* LUCIUS *and* QUINTUS. *After them,* TITUS ANDRONICUS; *and then* TAMORA, *with* ALARBUS, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, AARON, *and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and* TITUS *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel-boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,—
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou[4] great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.—

[*The tomb is opened.*

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,[5]
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum[6] sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

[1] *Pretend*, intend.
[2] *Affy* = trust.
[3] *Circumscribed*, restrained.
[4] *Thou*, *i.e.* Jupiter Capitolinus.
[5] *In store*, in keeping.
[6] *Ad manes fratrum* = to the shades of my brothers.

Tit. I give him you,—the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.
Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.
Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.
Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening looks.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,
The self-same gods, that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,—
When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,—
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, *and* MUTIUS, *with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth[1] naught, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise; but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!
Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy,
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!
Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date,[2] for virtue's praise!

Enter, below, MARCUS ANDRONICUS *and Tribunes; re-enter* SATURNINUS *and* BASSIANUS, *attended.*

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triúmpher in the eyes of Rome!

[1] *Remaineth, i.e.* there remaineth.
[2] *And fame's eternal date, i.e.* may you live longer than fame herself.

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus*,[1] then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What[2] should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, "Long live our emperor!"

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say, "Long live our Emperor Saturnine!"
[*A long flourish.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset,[3] Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,[4]
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pántheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine—
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor—do I consecrate

[1] *Candidatus*, referring to the white toga worn by candidates for office.
[2] *What* = why.
[3] *For an onset* = as a beginning.
[4] *Empress*, a trisyllable.

My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.
Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.
Tit. [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.
Sat. [*Aside*] A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can[1] make you greater than the Queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?
Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum. [*Flourish.*
[*Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb-show.*
Bas. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine. [*Seizing Lavinia.*
Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest, then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.
Marc. *Suum cuique*[2] is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt!—Where is the emperor's guard?—
Treason, my lord,—Lavinia is surpris'd!
Sat. Surpris'd! by whom?
Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome?
[*Stabbing Mutius.*
Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;
My sons would never so dishonour me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful-promis'd love. [*Exit.*
Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I 'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.
Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,[3]
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?
Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.
Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

[1] *Can*, *i.e.* that can.
[2] *Suum cuique*, *i.e.* to each that which is his own. Apparently *cuique* must be pronounced *cuique*.
[3] *To make a stale*, to make a dupe of.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,—
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.
Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.
Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.
Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon.—Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we cónsummate our spousal rites.
[*Exeunt Saturninus attended, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and Goths.*
Tit. I am not bid[1] to wait upon this bride:—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged[2] of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see, O see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.
Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!
Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.
Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:—
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.
Quin. } And shall, or him we will accom-
Mart. } pany.
Tit. "And shall"! what villain was it spake that word?
Quin. He that would vouch[3] 't in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?
Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*
Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman,—be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—
[*Marcus and the others rise.*
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

[1] *Bid* = invited.
[2] *Challenged* = accused.
[3] *Vouch* = make good.

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.
All. [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.
Marc. [*Rising with the rest*] My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?
Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,—
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not, then, beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Marc. Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, SATURNINUS *attended,* TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and* AARON; *from the other,* BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, *and others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!
Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so, I take my leave.
[*Sat.* Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?]
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.
Sat. 'T is good, sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.
Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may
Answer[1] I must, and shall do with my life.
Only this much I give you grace to know,—
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.
Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'T is thou and those that have dishonour'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine!
Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.
Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?
Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonour you!
But on mine honour dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—
[*Aside to Saturninus*] My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey,[2] take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,—
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,—
Yield at entreats; and then let me alone:
I 'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 't is to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,—
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.
Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

[1] *Answer, i.e.* answer for.

[2] *Upon a just survey, i.e.* after fairly considering the matter.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd[1]
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

[*Marcus, Lavinia, and the sons of Titus kneel.*

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honour and our own

Marc. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;
I will not be denied: sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit[2] these young men's heinous faults.

[*Marcus and the others rise.*

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we 'll give your grace *bonjour*.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning-flash;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
[To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.—
Holla! what storm is this?]

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *braving*.[3]

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so[4] in this, to bear me down with braves.
'T is not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

[1] *Pass'd* = pledged. [2] *Remit*, pardon. [3] *Braving* = threatening each other. [4] *So* = also.

Aar. [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glu'd within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?
[*They draw.*
Aar. [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.
Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—
Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.
Aar. Away, I say!—
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon[1] a prince's right?
[What, is Lavinia, then, become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?]
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

[1] *Jet upon* = encroach on.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
—(Act ii. 1. 43, 44.)

And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
[*Chi.* Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose t' achieve her whom I love.
Aar. T' achieve her!—how?
Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn[1] Vulcan's badge.[2]
Aar. [*Aside*] Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.
Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.
Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aar. Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed?
Chi. Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, so I were one.
Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'T is policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,]
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me,—Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
[The forest-walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind[3] for rape and villany:]
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred[4] wit
To villany and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
[The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.
Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.
Dem. Sit fas aut nefas,[5] till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, *with Hunters, &c.*, MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, *and* MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,[6]
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
T' attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *and Attendants.*

Many good morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good:—
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung[7] it lustily, my lord;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?
Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport.—[*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.
Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

[1] *Worn*, pronounce as a dissyllable.
[2] *Vulcan's badge* = the cuckold's horns.
[3] *Kind* = nature. [4] *Sacred, i.e.* cursed: Lat. *sacer.*
[5] *Sit fas*, &c.; be it right or wrong.
[6] *Bay* = barking. [7] *Rung, i.e.* on the horn.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A lonely part of the forest.*

Enter AARON, *with a bag of gold.*

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit[1] it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
That have their alms out of the empress' chest. [*Hides the gold.*

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
[And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping noise;
And—after conflict such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.]

[1] *Inherit*, to possess.

Aar. [Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn[2] is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering[3] in my head.]
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—
This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
[His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.]
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more,—we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.
Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!
Aar. No more, great empress,—Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter BASSIANUS *and* LAVINIA.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?
Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!
[*Lav.* Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;

[2] *Saturn*, a malignant planet.
[3] *Hammering*, being plotted.

And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'T is pity they should take him for a stag.]
Bas. [Believe me, queen, your swarth[1] Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.]
Why are you séquester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an óbscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?
[*Lav.* And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.
Bas.] The king my brother shall have note of this.
Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place:—
A barren[2] detested vale you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:—
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,[3]
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

[1] *Swarth*, i.e. black. [2] *Barren;* a monosyllable.
[3] *Urchins*, hedgehogs.

No sooner had they told this hellish ta
But straight they told me they woul
me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
[And then they call'd me foul adulter
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest t
That ever ear did hear to such effect:]
And, had you not by wondrous fortune
This vengeance on me had they execut
Revenge it, as you love your mother's
Or be not henceforth call'd my childre
Dem. This is a witness that I am th
[*Stabs Bas*
Chi. And this for me, struck home t
my strength.
[*Also stabs Bassianus, w*
Lav. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, ba
Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy o
Tam. Give me thy poniard;—yo
know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your m
wrong.
[*Dem.* Stay, madam; here is more
to her;
First thresh the corn, then after burn the
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted[5] hope she brav
mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grav
Chi. An if she do, I would I were an
Drag hence her husband to some secre
And make his dead trunk pillow to ou
Tam. But when ye have the honey
sire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to s
Chi. I warrant you, madam, we wil
that sure.—
Come, mistress, now perforce we will
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.
Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a w
face,—
Tam. I will not hear her speak; aw
her!
Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear
a word.

[4] *Children*, a trisyllable. [5] *Painted*, sp

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath,—she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
[*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.
Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?
Lav. 'T is true,—the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O could I find it now!—
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish[1] in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!
Tam. I know not what it means.—Away with her!
Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.—
[Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.
Tam. What begg'st thou, then? fond woman, let me go.
Lav. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.
Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name![2]
Confusion fall—
Chi. Nay, then I 'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.]

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure:—
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed
Till all th' Andronici be made away.
[Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour.]

[*Exit.*

Re-enter AARON, *with* QUINTUS *and* MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.
Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mart. And mine, I promise you; were 't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*Falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fall'n?—What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

[1] *Famish*, starve.

[2] *General name*, i.e. to womanhood in general.

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!
Aar. [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may give a likely guess
How these were they that made away his brother. [*Exit.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Chi. Nay, then I 'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou her husband.—(Act ii. 3. 185.)

Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear[1] I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthly cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell-devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.
Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

[1] *To fear* = so as to fear.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me,—I come to thee.
[*Falls in.*

Enter SATURNINUS *with* AARON.

Sat. Along with me: I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.—
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. Th' unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter TAMORA, *with Attendants;* TITUS ANDRONICUS, *and* LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter to Saturninus.*
The complot of this timeless[1] tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads*] "An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."—

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?—
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.—
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
[*Showing it.*

Sat. [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life.—
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,—
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.—
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my father's reverent tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.—
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word,—the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt Saturninus, Tamora, Aaron, and Attendants, with Quintus, Martius, and the body of Bassianus; then Andronicus and Lucius.*

[SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* CHIRON, *with* LAVINIA, *ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,

[1] *Timeless*, untimely.

Who 't was that cut[1] thy tongue and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who 's this,—my niece,—that flies away so fast?—
Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—
Speak, gentle niece,—what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches,—those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath defloured thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 't is so?
O that I knew thy heart! and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not, then, have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O could our mourning ease thy misery!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS *and* QUINTUS, *bound, passing on to the place of execution;* TITUS *going before, pleading.*

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,

[1] *Cut, i.e.* cut out.

Because they died in honour's lofty bed.
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write
[*Throwing himself on the ground.*
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:
Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetites;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.
[*Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c. with the Prisoners.*
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, *with his sword drawn.*

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.
Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.
Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—
Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.
Tit. Why, 't is no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me. Yet plead I must:
And bootless unto them since I complain,
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they 're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax,—tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,—
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.— [*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?
Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.
Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!—
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS *and* LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.
Marc. This was thy daughter.
Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.
Luc. Ay me, this object kills me!
Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—
Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st;
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.
Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet-varied notes, enchanting every ear!
Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring[1] wound.
Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.[2]—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance because she knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows, yet not dry,
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb-shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.
Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Marc. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.
Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin[3] cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,—
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I 'll send the emperor
My hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,

[1] *Unrecuring*, incurable. [2] *By this* = by this time. [3] *Napkin*, handkerchief.

That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you:
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?[1]
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I 'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*

Re-enter LUCIUS *and* MARCUS.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.—
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited,—that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call!—[*To Lavinia*] What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibility,[2]
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Are not my sorrows deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
[Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.]

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

[1] *Castle*, helmet.

[2] *With possibility* = reasonably.

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,—
Thy griefs their sport, thy resolution mock'd;
That woe is me to think upon thy woes
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
Those miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal;
But sorrow flouted-at[1] is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!
[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy[2] people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.—
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let 's kiss and part, for we have much to do.
[*Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,—
The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *A room in Titus's house. A banquet set out.*

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, *and* Young Lucius.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,

[1] *Flouted-at* = jeered at.

[2] *Heavy* = sorrowful.

Then thus I thump it down.—
[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.
Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.—
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,—
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let 's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
Here is no drink!—Hark, Marcus, what she says;—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd[1] upon her cheeks:—
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still[2] practice learn to know thy meaning.
Young Luc. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.
Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?
Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.
Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for[3] my company.
Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.
Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.—
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.—
Ah, sirrah!
Yet, I think, we are not brought so low
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.
Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I 'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Mesh'd*, *i.e.* mashed, as though the tears and sorrow were mixed together, like malt and water.
[2] *Still*, constant.
[3] *For* = fit for.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Rome. The garden of Titus's house.*

Enter TITUS *and* MARCUS. *Then enter* YOUNG LUCIUS, *running, with books under his arm, which he lets fall, and* LAVINIA *running after him.*

Young Luc. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Young Luc. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.
Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean:—
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.
Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
Young Luc. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,—
Causeless,[1] perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
Marc. Lucius, I will.
[*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.*
Tit. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
Marc. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact;—ay, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
Young Luc. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses;
My mother gave it me.
Marc. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves!
[*Helping her.*
What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes[2] the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—
See, see!—
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—
[Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.]
Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but friends,—

[1] *Causeless*, an adverb.

[2] *Quotes*, observes.

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
[Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?]
Marc. Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit down by me.—
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here:—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!—

Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?—(Act iv. 1. 77.)

Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*
Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?—
"*Stuprum*[1]—*Chiron*—*Demetrius.*"
Marc. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
Tit. *Magni dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?[2]

Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as, with the woful fere[3]
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.
[*Tit.* 'T is sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,

[1] *Stuprum* = violation.

[2] i.e. lord of great heaven, are you so slow to hear, so slow to see, crimes?

[3] *Fere* = spouse, mate; the husband being Collatinus.

She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You 're a young huntsman, Marcus; let 't alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel[1] will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where 's your lesson, then?—Boy, what say you?

Young Luc. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Young Luc. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.]

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armory;
Lucius, I 'll fit thee; and withal, my boy,
Shalt carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Young Luc. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I 'll teach thee another course.—
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we 'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Young Lucius.*

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?—
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just that he will not revenge:—
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter, from one side, AARON, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON; *from the other side,* YOUNG LUCIUS, *and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Young Luc. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus,—
[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

[*Dem.* Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what 's the news?

Young Luc. [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd,[2] that 's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape.]—May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armory
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both,—[*Aside*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Young Lucius and Attendant.*

Dem. What 's here? A scroll; and written round about?
Let 's see:—

[Reads] "*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,*
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu."[3]

Chi. O, 't is a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just,[4]—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.—
[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here 's no sound jest! th' old man hath found their guilt;
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace-gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

[1] *Gad of steel* = the *stylus* used by the ancients in writing on wax.

[2] *Decipher'd, i.e.* discovered.

[3] The man of stainless life and free from sin needs not the darts or the bow of the Maurian.

[4] *Just* = just so.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.
[*Aar.* Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?
Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.
Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.
Dem. Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.
Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over.] [*Flourish within.*
Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike for joy the emperor hath a son.
Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child in her arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!—
She is deliver'd, lords,—she is deliver'd.
[*Aar.* To whom?
Nur. I mean, she 's brought a-bed.]
Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she 's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.
[*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse,[1] you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. That which thou canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!]
Chi. It shall not live.
Aar. It shall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. I 'll broach[2] the tadpole on my rapier's point:—
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.
Aar. [Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.]
[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
[Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,]
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress[3] from me, I am of age
To keep mine own,—excuse it how she can.

[1] *Blowse* = wench.
[2] *Broach*, *i.e.* pierce, as with a spit; F. *broche*.
[3] *The empress*, pronounce *th' emperess*.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

[*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress; this,[1] myself,—
The vigour and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.]

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.[2]

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here 's a young lad fram'd of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine own."
[He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he 's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.]

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety. [*They sit.*

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords![3] when we join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say, again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:—
Two may keep counsel when the third 's away:—
Go to the empress, tell her this I said:—
[*He stabs her: she screams and dies.*
Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?

Aar. O Lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,—
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no:
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muli lives, my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack[4] with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
And you must needs bestow[5] her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron bearing off the dead Nurse.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I 'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*

[1] *This*, *i.e.* the child. [2] *Escape* = transgression, shame.
[3] *Lords*, a dissyllable.
[4] *Pack* = make an arrangement with. [5] *Bestow* = see to.

SCENE III. *The same. A public place.*

Enter TITUS, *bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him* MARCUS, YOUNG LUCIUS, PUBLIUS, SEMPRONIUS, CAIUS, *and other Gentlemen, with bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come:—kinsmen, this is the way.—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there straight.—
Terras[1] *Astræa reliquit:*
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled.—
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea;
Yet there 's as little justice as at land:—
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night t' attend him carefully,
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters! What,
Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Plato sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by th' heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung[2] with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And, sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak[3] our wrongs.—
Come, to this gear.—You 're a good archer, Marcus; [*He gives them the arrows.*
Ad Jovem, that 's for you:—here, *Ad Apollinem:*—
Ad Martem, that 's for myself:—
Here, boy, *To Pallas:*—here, *To Mercury:*—
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy.—Marcus, loose when I bid.—
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There 's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*]—O, well said, Lucius!—
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou 'st shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock

[1] *Terras*, &c., Astræa has left the earth.

[2] *Wrung* = pressed. [3] *Wreak* = revenge.

That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.
Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!]

Enter a Clown with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.—
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?
Clo. O, the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd till the next week.
Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?
Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.
Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?
Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.
Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?
Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.
Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.
Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?
Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I never could say grace[1] in all my life.
Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here's money for thy charges.—
Give me pen and ink.—
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?
Clo. Ay, sir.
Tit. Then here is a supplication for you.
And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.
Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.
Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.—
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.
Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.
Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Grace*, an obvious quibble on the two meanings of the word.

SCENE IV. *The same. Before the palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, *Lords, and others; Saturninus with the arrows in his hand that Titus shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for th' extent
Of egal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there naught hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,—
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's *To Jove*, and this *To Mercury;*
This *To Apollo;* this *To the god of war;*—
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning[2] our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,

[2] *Blazoning*, proclaiming.

He 'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.
Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts.—[*Aside*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor 's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?
Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistress-ship be emperial.
Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.
Clo. 'T is he.—God and Saint Stephen give you godden:[1] I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.
[*Saturninus reads the letter.*
Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.
Clo. How much money must I have?
Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.
Clo. Hang'd! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*
Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villany?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne,—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honour shall shape[2] privilege:—
For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

What news with thee, Æmilius?
Æmil. Arm, arm, my lord,—Rome never had more cause!
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power[3]
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of his revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.
Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms:
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'T is he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often overheard them say—
When I have walked like a private man—
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.
Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?
Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.
Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.
Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that, were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

[1] *Godden*, "good evening."
[2] *Shape*, procure him.
[3] *Power*, army.

Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
[*To Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador:
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS, *and an army of Goths, with drums and colours.*

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from Great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,[1]
Let him make treble satisfaction.
First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,—
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.
Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.
Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.—
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON *with his Child in his arms.*

Sec. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
["Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.]
Peace, villain, peace!"—even thus he rates the babe,—
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpris'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.
Luc. O worthy Goth, this is th' incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;

[1] *Scathe* = harm.

[This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.—]
Say, wall-ey'd[1] slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?—
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.
Aar. Touch not the boy,—he is of royal blood.
Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,—
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.—
Get me a ladder.
[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*
Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I 'll speak no more but—vengeance rot you all!
Luc. Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.
[*Aar.* An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously[2] perform'd:
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.
Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.]
Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.
Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?
Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble[3] for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I 'll urge him:—therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,

Sec. Goth. With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him, Surpris'd him suddenly.—(Act v. 1. 37, 38.)

That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover naught to thee.
Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.
Aar. [First know thou, I begot him on the empress.
Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious[4] woman!
Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

[1] *Wall-ey'd*=fierce-eyed.
[2] *Piteously*, *i.e.* in such a way as to excite pity.
[3] *Bauble*=plaything.
[4] *Luxurious*, lustful.

Luc. O détestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?
Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; and 't was
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That codding[1] spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;[2]
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.—]
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.
First Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.
Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As, kill a man, or else devise his death;
[Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;]
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle stray and break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd-up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrow almost was forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.
[*Aaron is brought down from the ladder.*
Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!
Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Third Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.
Luc. Let him come near.

Enter Æmilius.

Welcome, Æmilius: what's the news from Rome?
Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.
First Goth. What says our general?
Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March, away!
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[1] *Codding*, lustful. [2] *Set*=game, match.

SCENE II. *Rome. Before Titus's house.*

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, *and* CHIRON, *disguised.*

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habilitment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.
[*They knock.*

Enter TITUS, *above.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.
Tam. Titus, I now am come to talk with thee.
Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds[1] of me; therefore no more.
Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.
Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches[2] made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?
Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from th' infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
[Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear,] but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,—
Revenge,—which makes the foul offenders quake.
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?
Tam. I am; therefóre come down, and welcome me.
Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
[Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stand;]
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,—
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I 'll come and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globe.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I 'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine[3] and Murder there.
Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.
Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?
Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.
Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are!
And you, the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad-mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.
[*Exit above.*
Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:

[1] *Odds* = advantage.
[2] *Trenches*, *i.e.* the lines on his cheeks.
[3] *Rapine*, equivalent to *rape*.

Whate'er I forge[1] to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I 'll make him send for Lucius his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.—
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS, *below.*

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house:—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?—
For well I wot the empress never wags[2]
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

[*Tam.* What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I 'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he 's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he 's a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.]

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

[*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam.] [*Aside to Demetrius and Chiron*] What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad,
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,—
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

Dem. [*Aside to Tamora*] Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. [*Exit Tamora.*

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

[1] *Whate'er I forge*, i.e. whatever story I invent.
[2] *Wags*, stirs.

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, CAIUS, *and* VALENTINE.

Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you these two?
Pub. The empress' sons,
I take them,[1] Chiron and Demetrius.
Tit. [Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd,—
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:—]
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:—
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—(Act v. 2. 167.)

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.
[*Exit.*

[*Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS, *with* LAVINIA; *he bearing a knife, and she a basin.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
[Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.]

[1] *Take them* = take them to be.

Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:—
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
[And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.[1]]
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:
And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious[2]
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So:—
Now bring them in, for I will play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

SCENE III. *Court of Titus's house: tables set out.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, *and Goths, with* AARON *prisoner, and his Child in the arms of an Attendant; other Attendants.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.
Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.
[*Exeunt some Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS *and* TAMORA, *with* ÆMILIUS, *Tribunes, Senators, and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break[3] the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath órdain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefóre, draw nigh, and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will.
[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at table.*

Enter TITUS, *dressed like a Cook,* LAVINIA, *veiled,* YOUNG LUCIUS, *and others.* TITUS *places the dishes on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.
Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.—
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius

[1] *Increase, i.e.* produce. [2] *Officious,* eager. [3] *Break,* commence.

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;
[*Kills Lavinia.*
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!
Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage;—and it now is done.
[*Sat.* What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.
Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?]
Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?
Tit. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius:
[They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;]
And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp point. [*Kills Tamora.*
Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed! [*Kills Titus.*
Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!
[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and their Partisans go up into a gallery.*
Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
[*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend: as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad-attending ear
The story of that baleful-burning night
When subtle Greeks surpris'd King Priam's Troy,—
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is our captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.
Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell fault our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd[1]
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
I am the turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

[1] *Cozen'd, i.e.* he was cozened.

Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. [Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child,—

[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*

Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.]
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss,—show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Romans. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!

Marc. [*To Attendants*] Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful-slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[*Exeunt some Attendants.*

LUCIUS, MARCUS, *&c.*, *descend.*

Romans. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim[1] awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task:—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips

[*Kissing Tit*

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss f kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay then

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, ar learn of us
To melt in showers: thy grandsire lov'd th well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillo
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tend spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate[2] friends in grief an woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave
Do him that kindness, and take leave of hi

Young Luc. O grandsire, grandsire! ev with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth

Re-enter Attendants with AARON.

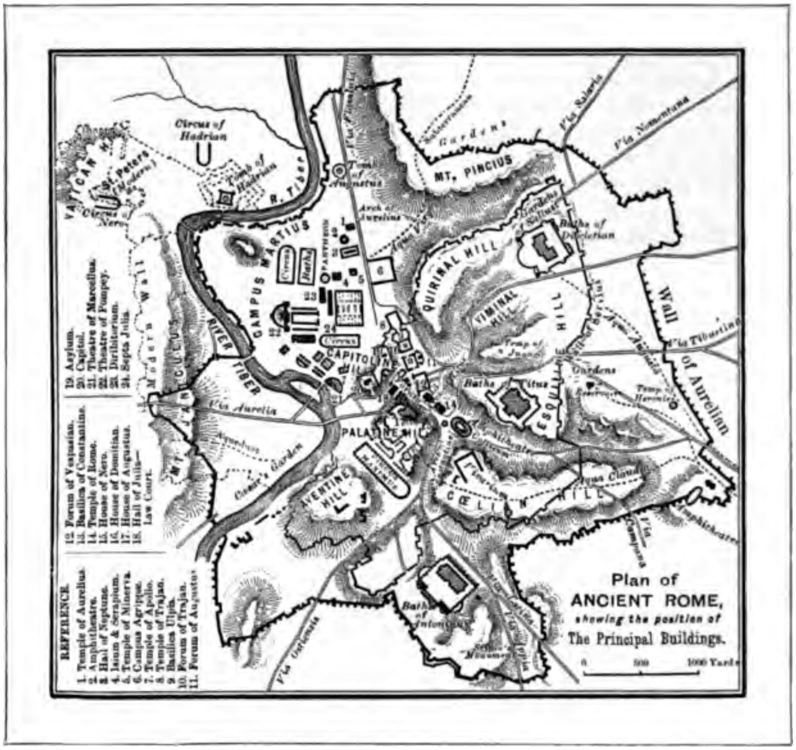
Æmil. You sad Andronici, have done wi woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire event

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, an famish him;
There let him stand, and rave, and cry f food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

[1] *Give me aim, i.e.* direct me. [2] *Associate,* join.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.
Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want[1] of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Want, i.e.* lack.



NOTES TO TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. Scene 1.

1. Line 4: *Plead my* SUCCESSIVE *title*.—That is, the title which gives me a right to succeed. Shakespeare has the expression "*successive* heir" twice: II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 49, and Sonnet cxxvii. 3.

2. Line 9: *Romans,—friends, followers*.—An anticipation, perhaps, of the great speech in Julius Cæsar, iii. 2. 78.

3. Line 27: *is* ACCITED *home*.—Only here and twice in II. Henry IV., ii. 2. 64 (where it looks like a misprint for *excites*) and v. 2. 141.

4. Line 32: *and* CHASTISED.—Accentuate *chástiséd*, and cf. Richard III. iv. 4. 331:

> And when this arm of mine hath *chástiséd*.
> —Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, p. 392.

5. Line 69: *the enemies of Rome*.—In the Variorum Edition this is treated as the end of the first scene.

6. Line 70: *victorious in* THY *mourning weeds*.—Warburton changed to *my;* but, to quote Johnson's words, "We may suppose the Romans, in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with mournful habits." Dyce followed Warburton.

7. Line 80: *Half of the number that King Priam had.*—In Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 175, the number is given as fifty-one.

8. Lines 87, 88:

> *Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,*
> *To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?*

A reminiscence, probably, of the Sixth Æneid, lines 325-330; the idea is entirely classical.

9. Lines 100, 101: *That so the shadows*, &c.—Alluding to the classical belief that the spirits of unburied men returned to the world and demanded of the relations of the dead the rites of burial. So the sailor in Horace's famous ode, I. xxviii. asks of Archytas a handful of "wandering sand."

10. Line 106: *in* PASSION *for her son.*—For *passion* = the expression of grief, cf. Hamlet, ii. 2. 541:

> And *passion* in the gods.

11. Line 119: *Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.*—We may remember Portia's great speech, The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 184-205.

12. Line 121: PATIENT *yourself* —*Patient* as a verb = to compose one's self, is ἄπαξ λεγόμενον in Shakespeare.

13. Line 131: *was ever* SCYTHIA.—For Scythia, taken as a type of barbarism, see Lear, note 32.

14. Line 138: *Upon the Thracian tyrant in* HIS *tent.*—Strictly it was the tent in which Hecuba and the other Trojan women were confined: hence some editors read "*her* tent." The story is told in Euripides' Hecuba; the tyrant in question was Polymestor.

15. Line 151: *repose you here* IN REST.—I do not see why *in rest* should be omitted; the words occur in Qq. and Ff. Pope omitted.

16. Lines 159, 160:

> *Lo, at this tomb my* TRIBUTARY TEARS
> *I render.*

The phrase is repeated later on, iii. 1. 270:

> And make them blind with *tributary tears.*

17. Line 177: *That hath aspir'd to* SOLON'S HAPPINESS. —Alluding to the Greek maxim, "Call no man happy till he die." Compare the opening lines of Sophocles' Trachiniæ for a famous version of the proverb:

> There is a saying, time-honoured among men,
> That of a man's life, till the day he dies,
> Whether it be good or evil, none may know.
> —Whitelaw's Translation.

18. Line 192: *And set* ABROAD.—"Trouble all the people with business that should be the care of one only or a few" (Schmidt). Q. 1 and F. 1 agree in reading *abroad;* F. 3 and F. 4 have *set abroach* = cause, a phrase which occurs in three passages: II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 14; Richard III. i. 3. 325; and Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 111. One meets with it outside Shakespeare, *e.g.* in Locrine, v. 5:

> Turmoil our land, and *set* their broils *abroach.*
> —Tauchnitz ed. of Doubtful Plays, p. 194.

Compare, too, the same play, ii. 4:

> And *set* that coward blood of thine *abroach;*
> —p. 152.

where the idea is that of broaching a cask or vessel.

19. Line 242: *in the sacred* PÁNTHEON.—The Quartos and Folios print a strange variant, *Pathan.*

20. Line 309: *that changing* PIECE.—*Piece* sometimes, as here, conveyed an idea of contempt; cf. Troilus and Cressida, iv. 1. 62:

> The lees and dregs of a flat tamed *piece,*

where the meaning is extremely offensive. Usually, however, the word is used (according to Schmidt) to denote excellence; *e.g.* "a *piece* of virtue," in Pericles, iv. 6. 118; and "O ruin'd *piece* of nature!" Lear, iv. 6. 137; and so on through several passages equally to the point.

21. Line 313: *To* RUFFLE *in the commonwealth of Rome.* —*Ruffle* in the sense of "be boisterous and turbulent," is of not infrequent occurrence in the dramatists, and occasionally the verb is transitive; *e.g.* Wit Without Money, v. 3:

> Can I not go about my meditations, ha!
> But such companions as you must *ruffle* me?
> —Beaumont and Fletcher, Works, iv. 189;

and The False One, v. 4:

> They *ruffled* me;
> But that I could endure.
> —Beaumont and Fletcher, vi. p. 299.

In other places the idea is merely swaggering, pretentious behaviour, as in Cynthia's Revels, iii. 3:

> Lady, I cannot *ruffle* it in red and yellow.
> —Ben Jonson, Gifford's ed. ii. p. 290.

For Shakespeare, note Lear, iii. 7. 41; and same play, ii. 4. 304, where, however, Qq. read *russel.*

22. Line 359: "*And* SHALL"! *What villain was it spake that word?*—Rather a similar touch occurs in Tamburlaine, part I. iii. 3. 40, 41:

> *Tamb.* Well said, Theridamas; speak in that mood;
> For *will* and *shall* best fitteth Tamburlaine.
> —Marlowe's Works, Bullen's ed. i. p. 57.

23. Line 368: *not* WITH *himself.*—As we should say, "beside himself." A curious idiom, that does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Ff. omit *with.*

24. Line 380: *wise Laertes' son.*—Compare Sophocles, Ajax, 1332-1345.

25. Line 381: *for his* FUNERALS.—The plural form, as in Julius Cæsar, v. 3. 105:

> His *funerals* shall not be in our camp.

Compare *nuptial* and *nuptials: e.g.* Tempest, v. 1. 308:

> Where I have hope to see the *nuptial;*

and Pericles, v. 3. 80: "We 'll celebrate their *nuptials.*" Since writing the above I have come across the form *funerals* in one of Peele's plays, viz. The Battle of Alcazar, v. last line:

> So to perform the prince's *funerals.*
> —Dyce's Greene & Peele, p. 440.

26. Lines 389, 390:

> *No man shed tears for noble Mutius;*
> *He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.*

Evidently, says Steevens (Var. Ed. xxi. p. 280), a translation of the distich of Ennius:

> Nemo me lacrumis decoret, nec funera fletu
> Facsit. cur? volito vivu' per ora virum.

"Let no one honour me with tears, or celebrate my funeral with weeping. For why? Alive I flit from mouth to mouth of men."

27. Line 391: *these* DREARY *dumps.*—So the Quartos; the Folios give *sudden,* which seems less satisfactory.

28. Line 398: *Yes, and will,* &c.—Only in Ff., where it is given to Titus; assigned to Marcus by Dyce, I think rightly.

29. Line 399: PLAY'D *your* PRIZE. — A term borrowed from fencing, and of frequent occurrence; cf. The Family of Love, v. 3: "At that he hath *played his doctor's prize*" (Middleton's Works, iii. p. 116). So The Humorous Lieutenant, v. 2:

> I had it with a vengeance;
> It *play'd his prize.*
> —Beaumont and Fletcher, Works, vi. p. 529;

and Dekker, The Honest Whore, part I. scene xi.: "nay

let me alone to *play my master's prize*" (Works, ed. 1873, ii. p. 63).

30. Line 494: BONJOUR.—A French salutation, as Mercutio is careful to tell Romeo (Romeo, ii. 4. 47).

ACT II. Scene 1.

31. Lines 5–7:

As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
GALLOPS THE ZODIAC *in his glistering coach.*

Has anyone noted the not insignificant fact that this rather curious expression "gallops the zodiac" occurs twice in Peele's works? Compare the Descensus Astrææ:

And made the silver morn and heaven's bright eye
Gallop the zodiac.
—Dyce's Greene & Peele (1883), p. 541;

also Anglorum Feriæ, 23, 24:

the rising sun
Gallops the zodiac in his fiery train.
—Ibid. p. 595.

Surely this last line is simply a variation on the present passage, or *vice versa*. See, too, Romeo and Juliet, note 116, with the quotation given there from Marlowe's Edward II.

32. Line 14: *And mount her* PITCH.—Properly *pitch* is a hawking term, "used of the height to which a falcon soars" (Schmidt). It occurs several times in this sense; *e.g.* in II. Henry VI. ii. 1. 6, 12.

33. Line 17: *Than is Prometheus tied to* CAUCASUS.—For the locality, contrast the first lines of Æschylus' Prometheus Vinctus.

34. Line 22: *this* SEMIRAMIS. — Mentioned by Ovid, Metamorphoses, v. 85:

Inde *Semiramio* Polydæmona sanguine cretum;
"Then Polydæmon born of the race of Semiramis."

Also iv. 58. Compare Taming of the Shrew, Induction, 2. 41.

35. Line 37: CLUBS, CLUBS!—See As You Like It, note 168.

36. Line 39: *Gave you a* DANCING-RAPIER; *i.e.* a sword worn only as an ornament in dancing. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare, but the reference is the same as in All 's Well, ii. 1. 32, 33:

and no *sword* worn
But one to *dance with*.

So again, Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 11. 35, 36:

he at Philippi kept
His *sword* e'en like a *dancer*.

37. Line 62: *This petty* BRABBLE.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 296.

38. Line 72: *I love Lavinia more than all the world.*—Re-echoed (?) in Edward II. i. 4. 77:

Because he *loves me more than all the world*.
—Marlowe, ii. p. 135.

39. Line 79: A THOUSAND DEATHS.—As a coincidence it may be worth while to note that the same phrase comes in II. Tamburlaine, v. 2. 22, 23:

Methinks I could sustain *a thousand deaths*
To be revenged of all his villany.
—Marlowe, Works, i. p. 195.

40. Lines 82, 83:

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won.

Shakespeare must be speaking; cf. I. Henry VI. v. 3. 77, 78:

She 's beautiful, and therefore to be *woo'd*;
She is a woman, therefore to be *won*.

Compare too, for the form of the expression, Sonnet xli. 5, 6:

Gentle thou art, and therefore to be *won*,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be *assail'd*;

and Richard III. i. 2. 228, 229:

Was ever woman in this humour *woo'd*?
Was ever woman in this humour *won*?

41. Line 85: *more water glideth.*—Steevens quotes, without any reference, a Latin version of the saying: "Non omnem molitor quæ fluit unda videt;" "the miller does not see all the water that flows," *i.e.* by his mill.

42. Line 87: *Of a cut loaf to steal a* SHIVE.—A curious word, which still survives as a provincialism; cf. Miss Jackson's Shropshire Wordbook, p. 376, where two quotations are made from Ray's Proverbs: "Give a loaf and beg a *shive*," p. 192, and "to cut large *shives* of another man's loaf," p. 175. Miss Jackson defines the word thus: "a thin slice, as of bread, bacon, &c.; said of bread chiefly." I notice it also in Mr. Elworthy's West Somerset Words, p. 664, Dialect Society Publications.

43. Line 100: *To* SQUARE *for this; i.e.* to quarrel; cf. Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 30: "But they do *square*," where see note 72.

44. Line 110: *A speedier course* THAN *lingering languishment.*—Qq. and Ff. all have *this:* the correction was made by Rowe.

45. Line 126: *The emperor's court is like the* HOUSE OF FAME.—An allusion, no doubt, to Chaucer's poem.

ACT II. Scene 2.

46. Line 1: *the morn is bright and* GRAY. — Hanmer changed to *gay;* most inappositely, however, since this very expression occurs in the Old Wives' Tale:

The day is clear, the welkin *bright and gray*.

Compare also "*gray*-ey'd morn" in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3. 1.

47. Line 3: *make a* BAY.—*Bay* = barking, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare.

ACT II. Scene 3.

48. Lines 10–29: *My lovely Aaron,* &c.—In Malone's opinion this is the only speech in the play that has a Shakespearian ring (Variorum Ed. xxi. p. 296).

49. Line 15: *And make a* CHEQUER'D SHADOW *on the ground.*—Steevens reminds us of Milton's

many a maid
Dancing in the *chequer'd shade*.
—L'Allegro, 95, 96.

He might also have quoted Pope's

And you my critics! in the *chequered shade*.
—The Dunciad, iv. 125.

Compare too Windsor Forest, 17.

50. Lines 23, 24:

When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave.

The reference is to Virgil, Æneid, iv. 160–172.

51. Line 31: SATURN *is dominator over mine.*—The implication being that he (Aaron) is in no mood for love, since Saturn was the planet of hate and moroseness; cf. Much Ado, i. 3. 12: "born under *Saturn*."

52. Line 64: *should* DRIVE *upon; i.e.* rush upon; but the word is very strange. A good correction is *thrive*.

53. Line 75: *Why are you* SEQUESTER'D.—Compare As You Like It, ii. 1. 33, with note 36.

54. Line 95: *and* BALEFUL *mistletoe.*—*Baleful* because of the old superstition that the berries of the plant were poisonous; or perhaps because of the connection of mistletoe with the savage rites of Druidism. See Thiselton Dyer's Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 219.

55. Line 97: *or* FATAL RAVEN.—The raven is always mentioned in some gloomy or opprobrious context: cf. Macbeth, i. 5. 39; and Hamlet, iii. 2. 264: "the *croaking raven* doth bellow for revenge;" not to mention many other equally apposite passages. See Othello, note 181.

56. Line 102: *Would make such fearful and confused cries.*—Compare Romeo and Juliet, iv. 3. 47, note 179.

57. Line 149: *the raven doth not hatch a lark.*—The writer may have remembered Horace's

neque imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.
—Odes, bk. iv. 31, 32;

i.e. "Nor do fierce eagles breed the unwarlike dove."

58. Line 187: *see that you* MAKE HER SURE.—Properly *to make sure* = to affiance: thus Cotgrave gives "the betrothing or *making sure* of a man and woman together" as the equivalent of *accordailles*. The expression is not uncommon; cf. for instance, The Jew of Malta, ii. 3. 239:

That ye be both *made sure* ere you come out.

In the present passage the irony is obvious.

59. Line 231: *So pale did shine the moon on* PYRAMUS.—The story of Pyramus and Thisbe (for which see Midsummer Night's Dream) is given in Ovid, Metamorphoses, iv. 55-166. For the *pale moon*, cf. Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 125, and Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 104.

60. Lines 266, 267:

And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Re-echoed in Hamlet, i. 5. 108.

61. Line 287: *How easily murder is discovered!*—As Launcelot says, "murder cannot be hid long" (Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 87). So Marlowe's Edward II. v. 6. 46:

I feared as much; *murder can not be hid.*
—Works, vol. ii. p. 232.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

62. Line 5: *she can* SCROWL.—Ff. have *scowl: scrowl* looks like a mistake for *scrawl*, which, indeed, Delius reads.

63. Line 13: *If I do dream*, &c.—"If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking" (Johnson).

64. Line 21: *As* HAVE *thy love.*—Qq. and F. 1 and F. 2 read *halfe*: the quite certain correction is due to Theobald.

65. Line 26: *But, sure, some Tereus hath defloured thee.*—Apart from Ovid's account (which would be accessible in Golding's translation) the story of Tereus must have been familiar to an Elizabethan audience from Gascoigne's poem, The Complaynt of Philomene, 1576, reprinted by Arber with The Steele Glas.

66. Line 46: *And make the silken strings delight to* KISS *them.*—Compare Sonnet cxxviii. 1–6.

67. Line 51: *As* CERBERUS *at the Thracian poet's feet.*—Compare the great passage in the fourth Georgic—the Orpheus and Eurydice episode; in particular, line 483:

tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora;
"and Cerberus held wide his triple mouth."

ACT III. SCENE 1.

68. Line 11: *Because they died in* HONOUR'S LOFTY BED.—Compare Edward II. iv. 5. 7:

And in this *bed of honour* die with fame.
—Marlowe, ii. p. 196.

69. Line 17: *two ancient* URNS.—This is Hanmer's correction of the old copies, which read *ruins*.

70. Line 22: *So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.*—The line is not unsuggestive of III. Henry VI. ii. 3. 15:

Thy brother's *blood the thirsty earth hath drunk.*

71. Line 71: *like* NILUS.—Referring, obviously, to the annual overflow of the Nile; so Antony and Cleopatra, i. 2. 50: "E'en as the *o'erflowing Nilus* presageth famine." Shakespeare uses both forms, *Nilus* and *Nile*.

72. Line 82: *O, that delightful* ENGINE OF HER THOUGHTS.—So Venus and Adonis, 367:

Once more the *engine of her thoughts* began.

73. Line 90: *some* UNRECURING *wound; i.e.* some wound that cannot be cured, the use of the adjective being parallel to that of *unexpressive* in As You Like It, iii. 2. 10. See Abbott, Grammar, p. 19.

74. Line 91: *my* DEER.—Quibbling, perhaps, as Johnson suggested, on *deer* and *dear*, a pun that occurs several times; cf. Venus and Adonis, 231:

I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my *deer.*

So Macbeth, iv. 3. 206; Merry Wives, v. 5. 18; with other passages given by Schmidt.

75. Line 112: *as doth the* HONEY-DEW.—This was "a secretion deposited by a small insect which is distinguished by the generic name of Aphis" (Thiselton Dyer, p. 86).

76. Line 149: *As far from help as* LIMBO *is from bliss!*—The full phrase, *Limbo Patrum*, occurs in Henry VIII. v. 4. 67, with which we may compare The Captain, iv. 2:

all the rest,
Except the captain, are in *limbo patrum.*
—Beaumont and Fletcher, Works, iii. p. 268.

So Middleton's The Black Book: "I told him in plain terms that I had a warrant to search from the sheriff of *Limbo*" (Bullen's ed. viii. p. 12).

77. Lines 160, 161:

With all my heart, I 'll send the emperor
My hand.

Perhaps, with Capell, we should arrange thus:

With all my heart I 'll send the king my hand;

king and *emperor* being throughout the play applied to the same person.

78. Line 170: *the enemy's* CASTLE.—Grose, in his Treatise on Ancient Armour, p. 243 (ed. 1801), says: "The *castle* was perhaps a figurative name for a close head-piece, deduced from its enclosing and defending the head, as a castle did the whole body; or a corruption from the old French word *casquetel*, a small or light helmet." This is decidedly vague, but it is all that can be quoted in favour of the reading *castle*. Theobald printed *casque*, Hanmer *cask*, and Walker proposed *crest*.

79. Lines 203, 204:

O, how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!

Not unlike Faustus' exclamation when he has determined to sell himself to Mephistophelis, scene i. 76:

How am I glutted with conceit of this.
—Marlowe, i. p. 216.

80. Line 212: *breathe the welkin dim.*—We are reminded of a line in Doctor Faustus, scene iii. 4:

And *dims the welkin* with her pitchy breath.
—Marlowe's Works, i. p. 223.

The Clown in Twelfth Night, iii. 1. 65, thought that *welkin* was much preferable to the more hackneyed *element*.

81. Line 261: *Rend off thy* SILVER *hair.*—For *silver* as an epithet applied to hair, cf. Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 296; and Sonnet xii. 4, note 29.

82. Line 269: *And would* USURP UPON.—Compare the following from Florio's Montaigne: "in my youth, I ever opposed myselfe to the motions of love, which I felt to *usurpe upon* me, and laboured to diminish its delights" (ed. 1632, p. 572). In much the same way we find "command *upon*;" *e.g.* in Macbeth, iii. 1. 16, 17:

Let your highness
Command upon me.

See Abbott, p. 127.

83. Line 282: *Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these* THINGS.—Qq. and F. 1 begin the line with *and*, a repetition, perhaps, of the *and* in the previous verse. Qq. end the line with *armes*, which in the Folios is changed to *things;* upon this latter point the Cambridge editors have an ingenious note. "Perhaps," they say, "the original MS. had as follows:

And thou, Lavinia, shalt be imployd,
Beare thou my hand sweet wench between thy teeth.

The author, or some other corrector, to soften what must have been ludicrous in representation, wrote 'armes' above 'teeth' as a substitute for the latter. The printer of the First Quarto took 'armes' to belong to the first line, and conjecturally filled up the lacuna with 'in these,' making, also, an accidental alteration in the position of 'thou.' Then a corrector of the Second Quarto, from which the First Folio was printed, made sense of the passage by substituting 'things' for 'armes' (Cambridge Shakespeare, vi. p. 534).

ACT III. Scene 2.

84. Line 4: *that sorrow-wreathen* KNOT; i folded arms; cf. Tempest, i. 2. 224: "His arms *knot.*"

85. Line 6: *And cannot* PASSIONATE *our ten Passionate* here is equivalent to "passionate it does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare; in the Faerie Queene, bk. i. canto xii. stanza

Great pleasure, mixt with pittiful regard
That goodly King and Queene did *passion*
—Spenser's Works, Glo

86. Line 12: *map of woe.*—A common turn sion; see Richard II. note 281.

87. Line 15: WOUND *it with* SIGHING.—There mon idea that to sigh exhausted the strength various epithets applied to sighs, "blood-c "blood-drinking," "blood-sucking," &c. Se mer Night's Dream, note 184.

88. Line 27: *To* BID ÆNEAS *tell*, &c.—Cert ference to the opening lines of the second b Æneid.

89. Line 29: *O,* HANDLE *not the theme, to tal* —The same quibble occurs in Troilus and Cr 55:

Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her *hand*

90. Line 37: *she drinks no other* DRINK *but T* may remember Venus and Adonis, 949:

Dost thou *drink tears*, that thou provok'st such w

91. Line 54: *thou* KILL'ST *my* HEART.—So i ii. 1. 92, the hostess says of Falstaff: "The kin *his heart.*"

92. Line 62: *lamenting* DOINGS.—Theobald ingeniously enough, *dolings*.

93. Line 76: YET, *I think.*—*Yet* = as yet, and tic position of the monosyllable makes it equ two syllables; cf. Lear, i. 4. 365:

Though I condemn not, *yet*, under pardon.

94. Line 78: *a* COAL-BLACK *Moor.*—We find t several times in Shakespeare; *e.g.* in Lucrece, 1 and Adonis, 533; Richard II. v. 1. 49. So Loc "all the *coal-black* Ethiopians" (Doubtful Pla

ACT IV. Scene 1.

95. Line 12: CORNELIA *never with more care.*— we need scarcely say, was the mother of the G

96. Line 14: *and Tully's* ORATOR; *i.e.* Cicero *De Oratore*.

97. Line 42: *'t is Ovid's Metamorphoses.*—A b apart from the fact of its use as a text-book in t of the time, was sufficiently familiar to Shakesp temporaries from Golding's well-known transla lished in 1564.

98. Line 46: *What would she find?—Lavini read!*—In Qq. and Ff. the line stands as follow

Helpe her, what would she finde? Lauinia shall I

It seems pretty clear that the words *helpe her* the stage-direction out of its place; the arran the text is that of Dyce.

99. Line 53: *Forc'd in the* RUTHLESS, *vast, and gloomy* WOODS.—A curious touch of "pathetic fallacy."

100. Lines 81, 82:

Magni dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides!

From the Hippolytus of Seneca, act ii. 671, where, however, the first line runs rather differently—*Magne Regnator deum.*

101. Line 89: *the woful* FERE.—So Pericles, prologue 21. The word is variously spelt *fere* and *pheere*. Compare The Silent Woman, ii. 3: "her that I mean to choose my bed-*phere*," with Gifford's note; Ben Jonson, Works, iii. pp. 385, 386. Mr. Churton Collins prints yet another form in Tourneur's The Transformed Metamorphosis:

Awake, O heav'n and all thy pow'rs awake,
For Pan hath sold his flocke to Thetis' *pheer*.
—Cyril Tourneur's Works, ii. p. 204.

For a further reference, see Hero and Leander, Fourth Sestiad, 227 (Marlowe's Works, iii. p. 66).

102. Line 97: *if she* WIND *you once.*—As we should say, get wind of you, *i.e.* scent you; not elsewhere in Shakespeare.

103. Line 103: GAD *of steel.*—That is, a sharp point of metal. *Gad* and *goad* are cognate. For the phrase "upon the *gad*," see Lear, note 73.

104. Line 105: *Will blow these sands, like* SIBYL'S LEAVES, *abroad.*—Referring obviously to Æneid, vi. 74, 75:

Foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis:

"Only entrust not your prophetic words to leaves, lest they fly abroad the sport of the wanton winds."

The speaker is Æneas, who has gone to consult the Sibyl at Cumæ. I suppose this is the origin of Coleridge's title for some of his poems—"Sibylline Leaves."

105. Line 129: *Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!*—Qq. and Ff. read *Reuenge the heauens*; the correction (made by Johnson) has been generally adopted.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

106. Line 22: *a verse in* HORACE.—The quotation is from the first book of the Odes, xxii lines 1, 2.

107. Line 23: *the* GRAMMAR.—What Grammar? Lilly's, which Shakespeare quotes from in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 3?

108. Line 27: WEAPONS WRAPP'D *about with lines.*—Just as in King John, ii. 1. 227, we have "*bullets wrapp'd* in fire," an expression which in turn can be traced back to Marlowe's Jew of Malta, ii. 2. 54:

We 'll send thee *bullets wrapt* in smoke and fire.
—Bullen's ed. ii. p. 40.

109. Line 31: *let her* REST *in her* UNREST *awhile.*—Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 29:

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth.

See, too, the Sonnets, note 380.

110. Line 43: *A charitable wish,* &c.—Walker (Crit. Exam. ii. p. 187) assigns this line to Aaron, and Dyce adopts the suggestion; unnecessarily, I think.

111. Line 65: *she 's the* DEVIL'S DAM.—Compare I. Henry VI. i. 5. 5:

Devil or *devil's dam*, I 'll conjure thee.

In Doctor Faustus (scene vi. 96, 97), Lucifer bids Faustus

think of the *Devil*,
And of his *dam* too.
—Marlowe, i. p. 244.

112. Line 89: *by the* BURNING TAPERS *of the* SKY.—We may remember how Iago swears by the "ever-burning lights above;" see Othello, note 169.

113. Line 93: *not* ENCELADUS.—The "jaculator audax" of Horace, Odes, III. iv. 56; he was one of the Giants; cf. Æneid, iii. 578.

114. Line 94: TYPHON'S *brood.*—The more common form of the name was *Typhoeus;* see Æneid, ix. 716: "Inarime . . . . imposta *Typhoeo;*" so bk. i. 665. He too was one of the Giants who made war on the Gods.

115. Line 98: *ye alehouse painted signs!*—A term of contempt which only occurs here and in another doubtful play, viz. II. Henry VI., where it is found twice—iii. 2. 81, and v. 2. 67.

116. Line 119: *of another* LEER.—For *leer* = face, see As You Like It, note 130.

117. Line 152: *Not far,* &c.—Qq. and Ff. have *not farre, one Mulitens my Country-man.* Some correction seems necessary; the reading here given is that of Steevens, adopted by the Globe ed.

118. Lines 177, 178:

I 'll make you FEED *on berries and on roots,*
And FEED *on curds and whey.*

It looks as if in one line or other *feed* were wrong; Hanmer substituted *feast* in line 178.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

119. Line 4: *Terras Astræa reliquit.*—From Ovid, Metamorphoses, i. 149, 150:

Victa jacet Pietas: et virgo cæde madentes,
Ultima cælestum, *terras Astræa reliquit.*

"Goodness lies conquered, and, last of the immortals, the virgin Astræa has left the blood-stained earth."

It is superfluous, perhaps, to add that "Astræa Redux" furnished Dryden with the title of a poem, and that Peele was responsible for Descensus Astrææ.

120. Line 29: *And* FEED *his* HUMOUR.—In Dido, Queen of Carthage, iii. 1. 50, we have:

I go to *feed the humour* of my love.
—Marlowe, ii. p. 332.

121. Line 30: *some* CAREFUL *remedy.*—It is tempting to follow Walker (Critic. Exam. iii. p. 221) and read *careful.*

122. Lines 43, 44:

I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by th' heels.

This couplet is not unsuggestive of Marlowe's Tamburlaine, part II. ii. 4. 98–100:

And we descend into the infernal vaults,
To hale the Fatal Sisters by the hair,
And throw them in the triple moat of hell.
—Marlowe's Works, Bullen's ed. i. pp. 140, 141, with Bullen's note.

123. Line 56: To Saturn, *Caius, not to Saturnine!*—Qq.

and Ff. have *to Saturnine, to Caius;* but Caius, as Capell notices, is one of Titus' kinsmen.

124. Line 65: BEYOND THE MOON.—This seems to have been a proverbial expression for anything extravagant or out of reach; cf. Heywood's A Woman Killed With Kindness:

> But, oh! I talk of *things impossible,*
> *And cast beyond the moon.*
> —Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 53.

Compare, too, Drayton, Eclogue, 5, quoted by Nares:

> whither art thou rapt
> *Beyond the moon,* that strivest thus to strain?

where rhapsody, extravagance of language, is the idea suggested.

125. Line 92: *the* TRIBUNAL PLEBS.—As it stands a meaningless phrase; probably a blunder for *tribunus plebis.*

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

126. Line 11: *in his* WREAKS.—*Wreaks,* which Collier's MS. Corrector altered to *freaks,* must here = fits of rage.

127. Line 17: *What 's this but* LIBELLING.—*Libelling* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare; cf. however, Edward II. ii. 2. 34, 35:

> What call you this but private *libelling*
> Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother.
> —Marlowe, ii. p. 155.

128. Line 37: *Thy life-blood out.*—So Qq. and F. 1; F. 2 has *ont.* The text is not very satisfactory; I suppose it must mean "I have touched (*i.e.* as it were, *lanced*) thee to the quick, so that thy life-blood is out."

129. Line 76: *was* WRONGFULLY.—The adverb is curious, but not without parallel; cf. Tempest, ii. 1. 321: "That 's *verily.*" It is easy to understand some participle from the context.

130. Lines 81-86: *King, be thy thoughts,* &c.—Professor Dowden (Shakspere Primer, p. 62) remarks that "no lines in the play have more of a Shaksperian ring" than these, and Mr. Swinburne speaks to the same effect.

131. Line 81: *thy thoughts* IMPERIOUS.—For *imperious* = imperial, cf. Venus and Adonis, 996. In some places, *e.g.* in this play, i. 1. 250, *imperial* is substituted in the Folios for the *imperious* of the Quartos. So Hamlet, v. i. 236.

132. Line 91: *or* HONEY-STALKS *to sheep.*—Probably by *honey-stalks* some sweet-tasted kind of clover is meant, and as Mr. Thiselton Dyer says "it is not uncommon for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover and die; hence the allusion by Tamora," which he proceeds to quote (Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 201).

133. Line 113: *Then go* SUCCESSANTLY.—Changed to *successfully* and *incessantly,* all three being, to my mind, equally pointless.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

134. Line 42: *This is the* PEARL *that pleas'd your empress'* EYE.—Alluding, says Malone, to the proverb, "A black man is a *pearl* in a fair woman's eye." Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, v. 2. 12:

> *Black men* are *pearls* in beauteous *ladies' eyes.*

So in the Anatomy of Melancholy we find, "*A black man* is a *pearl* in a fair *woman's eye,* and is as acceptable as lame Vulcan was to Venus."—The Ninth Edition of the Anatomy (1800), vol. ii. pp. 234, 235.

135. Line 44: *Say,* WALL-EY'D *slave.*—So King John, iv. 3. 49: "*wall-ey'd* wrath," where see note 242.

136. Line 88: LUXURIOUS *woman.*—For *luxurious* = lustful, see Troilus and Cressida, note 298; and Much Ado, note 262.

137. Line 102: *as ever fought* AT HEAD.—Compare Epigrams by J. D., In Publium, xliii. 3-6:

> To Paris-garden doth himself withdraw;
> Where he is ravish'd with such delectation,
> As down amongst the bears and dogs he goes;
> Where, whilst he skipping cries, "*to head, to head.*"
> —Marlowe's Works, iii. p. 241.

There *to head* evidently signifies the cry with which the dogs were encouraged; and Nares (*sub voce*) mentions a very similar phrase "to run on head," the sense being the same.

138. Line 103: *Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.*—The confession, or rather boastful enumeration, of crimes, which follows, is entirely in Marlowe's manner; cf. The Jew of Malta, ii. 3. 177-215 (Bullen, ii. pp. 48, 49).

139. Line 107: *For up and down.*—That is, "completely;" cf. Much Ado, ii. 1. 124, "Here 's his dry hand *up and down.*"

140. Line 119: *She* SWOONED.—So Folio 3; the earlier copies have *sounded,* a mistake, I suppose, for *swounded.* The form *swound* = swoon is common enough; cf. The Faerie Queene, bk. iv. canto vii. st. ix. 8, 9:

> She almost fell againe into a *swound,*
> Ne wist whether above she were or under ground.
> —Spenser, Globe ed. p. 263.

Thus we find in Dryden, Palamon and Arcite, bk. i. lines 55, 56:

> The most in years of all the mourning train
> Began; but *swounded* first away for pain;

where, by the way, Mr. Christie remarks (Globe ed. p. 513): "in the first folio edition the word is *sounded,* which must be a misprint for *swounded,*" an interesting parallel to the present passage. Compare in the same poem, same book, line 537; also book iii. line 982.

141. Line 121: *What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?*—So Oxford asks in III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 96-97:

> Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
> Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
> And not bewray thy treason with a *blush?*

142. Line 122: *Ay, like a black dog,* &c.—In Ray's Proverbs, p. 218.

143. Line 132: *Make poor men's cattle* STRAY AND *break their necks.*—The line as it stands in the copies is defective; Dyce adds the words *stray and,* which give good sense.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

144. Line 8: Stage-direction. Enter Titus, above.—"From what ensues, it appears that Titus came out into the elevated balcony at the back of the stage" (Collier).

145. Line 18: *wanting a* HAND *to give it* ACTION.—

Middleton refers to this line in his Father Hubburd's Tales: "Nevertheless, for all my *lamentable action of one arm, like old Titus Andronicus*, I could purchase no more than one month's pay" (Bullen's ed. of Middleton, viii. pp. 94, 96).

146. Line 19: *Thou hast the* ODDS *of me; i.e.* advantage. Compare As You Like It, i. 2. 169, with note 18.

147. Lines 21–60.—Coleridge expresses the opinion that these lines were written by Shakespeare "in his earliest period." See the Lectures on Shakspere (Bohn's ed. 1884, p. 304).

148. Line 48: *And then I'll come and be thy wagoner*, &c.—This speech reads like a burlesque version of Mercutio's "O, then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you" (Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 53–95).

149. Line 52: *And find out* MURDERERS *in their guilty* CAVES.—Qq. and Ff. all have *murder:* Capell corrected. Also, Qq. and F. 1 read *cares* for *caves*.

150. Line 56: HYPERION'S *rising*.—The early copies make the most curious blunders over the name; both Quartos, for example, read *Epeon's*. Shakespeare always accents the word on the second syllable, as in Hamlet, i. 2. 140 and iii. 4. 56. Strictly the penultimate syllable should be long.

151. Line 172: *This goodly summer with your winter mix'd*.—Mr. Simpson (The School of Shakspere, i. p. 188) compares a line in The Play of Stuke'ly, 754:

> *Mix not my forward summer* with sharp breath.

152. Line 189: *And of the* PASTE *a* COFFIN *I will rear*.—*Coffin* was regularly used of the crust of a pie; cf. The Staple of News, ii. 1:

> I love it still; and therefore if you spend
> The red-deer *pies* in your house, or sell them forth, sir,
> Cast so, that I may have their *coffins* all
> Return'd here, and piled up.
>
> —Ben Jonson, v. p. 209.

Shirley makes the word a verb; see The Sisters, ii. 2:

> Cold as the turkies *coffin'd up in crust*.
>
> —Gifford's Shirley, v. p. 373.

Compare, too, the foot-note on The Taming of the Shrew, iv. 3. 82.

153. Line 192: *her own* INCREASE.—That is, offspring, produce. Every one will recollect, "then shall the earth bring forth her *increase*."

154. Line 204: *the* CENTAURS' FEAST.—For a description of the Centaurs at a banquet we may turn to Ovid, Metamorphoses, xii. 219–535. They could not agree with the Lapithæ.

ACT V. Scene 3.

155. Line 13: *The venomous malice of my swelling heart!*—Obviously a variation on I. Henry VI. iii. 1. 25, 26:

> The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
> *From envious malice of thy swelling heart*.

156. Line 38: *Because she was enforc'd*.—Not according to the legend; cf. Macaulay's poem in the Lays.

157. Line 63: *'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp point*.—This is decidedly poor in comparison with Ravenscroft's brave couplet:

> Thus cramm'd, thou 'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,
> And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up. [*Stabs the empress.*
>
> —Var. Ed. xxi. p. 373.

158. Line 81: *he did discourse*, &c.—Compare The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage, ii. 1. 143 to end of act (Marlowe, ii. pp. 322–329).

159. Line 86: *the* FATAL ENGINE.—Referring, of course, to the story of the Trojan horse.

160. Line 124: DAMN'D *as he is*.—Qq. and Ff. read *And;* the correction is due to Theobald, who reminds us of Brabantio's

> O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my daughter?
> *Damn'd as thou art*, thou hast enchanted her.
>
> —Othello, i. 2. 62, 63.

The Globe edition, while printing the old reading, marks the line as corrupt.

161. Line 149: GIVE *me* AIM.—To *give aim* was a phrase signifying "to direct;" it is fully explained by Gifford in a note on Massinger's Bondman, i. 3, and the substance of his explanation is this: "he who *gave aim* was stationed near the butts, and pointed out, after every discharge, how wide or how short the arrow fell of the mark" (Gifford's Massinger, ii. p. 25). The expression, therefore, as we see, came from archery; its use may be illustrated by various passages; *e.g.* The Spanish Gipsy, ii. 1. 92: "I can tell you great bubbers (*i.e.* bibbers) have shot at me, and shot golden arrows, but I myself *gave aim*" (Bullen's Middleton, vi. p. 139). So A Mad World My Masters, i. 1. 116, 117:

> plotting his own abuse,
> To which himself *gave aim*.
>
> —Middleton's Works, iii. 258.

and Edward I.:

> Good master, an if you love the friar,
> *Give aim* awhile, I you desire.
>
> —Dyce's Greene & Peele, p. 402.

Compare also Dyce's Webster (1877), page 20; and note the parallel expression "to *cry aim*" in King John, ii. 1. 196 (note 87); and Merry Wives, iii. 2. 45.

162. Line 182: *This is our doom*.—The revised Restoration version of Titus Andronicus provided a robuster, more romantic form of poetic justice. In Steevens' words, "That justice and cookery may go hand in hand to the conclusion of the play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once racked and roasted on the stage."—Var. Ed. vol. xxi. p. 378.

163. Line 204: *may ne'er it* RUINATE.—So Lucrece, 944:

> To *ruinate* proud buildings with thy hours.

Also in Sonnet x. 7:

> Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*.

Compare, too, Marlowe, The Massacre at Paris, scene 2. 71:

> If I repair not what he *ruinates*.
>
> —Works, ii. p. 244.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TITUS ANDRONICUS.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
*A-bed[1]	iv.	2	62
Abjectly	ii.	3	4
Alphabet	iii.	2	44
Anchorage	i.	1	73
Architect	v.	3	122
Aries	iv.	3	71
Auditory	v.	3	96
Battle-axe	iii.	1	169
Bay[2] (sub.)	ii.	2	3
Beast-like	v.	3	190
Bewet	iii.	1	146
Big-boned	iv.	3	46
Blowse	iv.	2	72
Bonjour	i.	1	494
*Breast-deep	v.	3	179
*Bright-burning	iii.	1	69
Cabin[3] (verb)	iv.	2	179
Chaps[4]	v.	3	77
Chase[5] (sub.)	ii.	3	255
Chilling	ii.	3	212
Cimmerian	ii.	3	72
Cleanly[6] (adv.)	ii.	1	94
Closure[7]	v.	3	134
Codding	v.	1	99
Compassion (vb.)	iv.	1	124
Complainer	iii.	2	39
Continence	i.	1	15
Counsel-keeping	ii.	3	24
Crevice	v.	1	114
Dawning (verb)	ii.	2	10
*Deadly-standing	ii.	3	32
Devoid	v.	3	199
Devourers	iii.	1	57
Dismallest	i.	1	384
	ii.	3	204
Dreary	i.	1	891
Drought	iii.	1	19
Effectually[8]	iv.	4	107
Egal	iv.	4	4
*Elder-tree	ii.	3	272, 277
Emperial[9]	iv.	3	94
	iv.	4	40
Enacts (sub.)	iv.	2	118
Execrable	v.	3	177
Extent[10]	iv.	4	3
*Fatal-plotted	ii.	3	47
Feebleness	i.	1	188
Flourish[11] (verb)	iv.	2	49
Footman[12]	v.	2	55
*Foul-spoken	ii.	1	58
Franticly[13]	iii.	2	31
Gad[14] (sub.)	iv.	1	103
Gibbet-maker	iv.	3	80
Gleeful	ii.	3	11
Grammar	iv.	2	23
Hay-stacks	v.	1	133
Headless[15]	i.	1	186
*Highest-peering	ii.	1	8
*High-resolved	iv.	4	64
*High-witted	iv.	4	35
*Honey-dew	iii.	1	112
*Honey-stalks	iv.	4	91
Horning (verb)	ii.	3	67
Interrupter	i.	1	208
Languor	iii.	1	13
Libelling	iv.	4	17
Love-day	i.	1	491
Lovingly	i.	1	165
*Lurking-place	v.	2	35
*Man-of-war[16]	iv.	3	22
Martyred (adj.)	iii.	2	36
Massacre (verb)	i.	1	450
Meshed	iii.	2	38
Mightful	iv.	4	5
Miller	ii.	1	86
Misbelieving	v.	3	143
Mistletoe	ii.	3	95
Mistress-ship	iv.	4	40
New-shed	ii.	3	200
*New-transformed	ii.	3	64
Nice-preserved	ii.	3	135
Obscurity[17]	v.	2	36
Overshade	ii.	3	273
Palliament	i.	1	182
Pantheon	i.	1	242, 333
Panther	i.	1	493
	ii.	2	21
	ii.	3	104
Passionate (verb)	iii.	2	6
Patient (verb)	i.	1	121
Plebs	iv.	3	92
Plotter	v.	3	122
Popish	v.	1	76
Rapine	v.	2	59, 62, 83, 103
*Raven-coloured	ii.	3	83
Remunerate	i.	1	398
Reproachful	i.	1	308
	ii.	1	55
Re-salute	i.	1	75, 326
*Rude-growing	ii.	3	199
Rue[18] (verb)	i	1	105
*Sad-attending	v.	3	82
*Sad-faced	v.	3	67
Scrowl	ii.	4	5
*Sea-salt	iii.	2	20
*Shallow-hearted	iv.	2	97
Sheaf[19] (sub.)	v.	3	71
Shive	ii.	1	87
Smoke[20]	iv.	2	111
Somewhither	iv.	1	11
Sorrow-wreathen	iii.	2	4
Stanch (verb)	iii.	1	14
Substituted[21]	iv.	2	150
Successantly	iv.	4	113
Sumptuously	i.	1	351
Surance	v.	2	46
Swarth (adj.)	ii.	3	72
Thick-lipped	iv.	2	175
Thrash[22]	ii.	3	123
Ticed	ii.	3	92
Trenches[23]	v.	2	23
*True-betrothed	i.	1	406
*True-divining	ii.	3	214
Unappeased	i.	1	100
Uncurls	ii.	3	34
Unrecuring	iii.	1	90
Unroll	ii.	3	35
Unsearched	iv.	3	22
Uprightness	i.	1	48
Vaunter	v.	3	113
Venereal	ii.	3	37
*Waggon-wheel	v.	2	54
Weighed[24]	i.	1	73
Weke!	iv.	2	146
*Well-tuned[25]	ii.	3	18
Whey	iv.	2	178
White-limed	iv.	2	98
Wind[26] (verb)	iv.	1	97

1 "brought *a-bed*" = delivered; = in bed, in other passages.
2 = barking: frequently used elsewhere in other senses.
3 = to lodge; Mach. iii. 4. 24.
4 = wrinkles, cracks; Lucrece, 1452.
5 = ground stored with game; used in other senses elsewhere.
6 = quite, entirely, Venus and Adonis, 694; = without stain, I. Henry IV. v. 4. 169.
7 = conclusion, end.
8 = efficaciously; = in reality, Son. cxiii. 4.
9 Used by the Clown.
10 = application, use, maintenance; in other senses the word occurs four times.
11 Of trumpets.
12 = a hired runner.
13 Venus and Adonis, 1059.
14 = a sharp point of metal; = spur (of the moment), Lear, i. 2. 26.
15 = having no chief.
16 = a ship of war.
17 Venus and Adonis, 760.
18 = to pity; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.
19 The pl. occurs in Son. xii. 7.
20 = to suffer.
21 Also in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 84.
22 i.e. corn; = to beat, drub, Troilus, ii. 1. 51.
23 = furrows on the cheeks, wrinkles; used figuratively here and in Son. ii. 2.
24 Of an anchor.
25 Lucrece, 1080; Son. viii. 5.
26 = to scent.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

NOTES AND INTRODUCTION BY

ARTHUR SYMONS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.
MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia.
CAMILLO, ANTIGONUS, CLEOMENES, DION, — Four Lords of Sicilia.
POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.
FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.
ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.
Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.
A Mariner.
A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.
PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.
EMILIA, a lady attending on the Queen.
MOPSA, DORCAS, — Shepherdesses.

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE—Partly in Sicilia and partly in Bohemia.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Indefinite.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of this play, according to Mr. Daniel, comprises eight days represented on the stage, with intervals.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.
Day 2: Act II. Scene 1.—Interval of 23 days.
Day 3: Act II. Scenes 2 and 3; Act III. Scene 1.
Day 4: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval (Antigonus' voyage to Bohemia).
Day 5: Act III. Scene 3.—Interval (Act IV. Scene 1) of 16 years.
Day 6: Act IV. Scenes 2 and 3.
Day 7: Act IV. Scene 4.—Interval (the journey to Sicilia).
Day 8: Act V. Scenes 1, 2, 3.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The Winter's Tale was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it is placed last among the comedies. In the diary of Dr. Simon Forman, among the Ashmole MSS. in the Bodleian, there is a curious reference to a performance of this play at the Globe in 1611:

"In the Winters Talle at the glob, 1611, the 15 of maye. Obserue ther howe Lyontes the Kinge of Cicillia was overcom with Ielosy of his wife with the Kinge of Bohemia, his frind, that came to see him, and howe he contriued his death, and wold haue had his cupberer to haue poisoned, who gaue the King of bohemia warning ther-of, & fled with him to bohemia | Remember also howe he sent to the Orakell of appollo, & the Aunswer of apollo, that she was giltles, and that the King was Ielouse, &c, and howe Except the child was found Again that was loste, the Kinge should die with-out yssue, for the child was caried into bohemia, & ther laid in a forrest, & brought vp by a sheppard. And the Kinge of bohemia his sonn maried that wentch, & howe they fled in Cicillia to Leontes, and the sheppard hauing showed the letter of the nobleman by whom Leontes sent away that child, and the Iewelles found about her. she was knowen to be leontes daughter, and was then 16 yers old.

"Remember also the Rog. that cam in all tottered like coll pixci | and howe he feyned him sicke & to haue bin Robbed of all that he had, and how he cosened the por man of all his money, and after cam to the shop sher with a pedlers packe, & ther cosened them Again of all ther money. And how he changed apparrell with the Kinge of bomia his sonn, and then how he turned Courtiar, &c | beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawninge fellouse" (Ashmole MSS. 208, pp. 201, 202).

This entry shows that the Winter's Tale was being played in the early part of 1611. A memorandum in the Office Book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, gives some ground for supposing that it was then a new play. The entry is as follows:

"For the King's players. An olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemmings his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missinge; and therefore I returned itt without a fee, this 19 of August, 1623."

Sir George Bucke, though he is known to have licensed plays at an earlier period, did not obtain his official appointment till August, 1610; so that it is not improbable that the play was licensed at the end of that year, or early in 1611.

A passage in the Induction to Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, 1614, has been thought to be a side-hit at the Winter's Tale and the Tempest: "If there be never a servant-monster i' the Fair, who can help it? he says; nor a nest of Antiques. He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like drolleries." If this is really meant for Shakespeare, I fail to see anything at all spiteful in it; nor can the remark made to Drummond in 1619, and carefully noted down by that diligent person, be thought surprising, or even really ill-natured, from so scrupulous a preserver of the unities, and, in his own way, so thorough an artist, as Ben Jonson. "He said," Drummond notes, "that Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles."

The sources of Shakespeare's plot are to be found in a tale of Greene's, named in 1588,

when it was first published, Pandosto, the Triumph of Time, but re-christened in 1636, The Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia. It was extremely popular, and was reprinted in edition after edition, till in 1735 it attained the seventeenth in the form of a chap-book. Its popularity was natural. The style is a modification of the fashionable euphuism of the day, sufficiently euphuistic to please by its ornamentation, but not so overloaded with conceits as to swamp the story. With the story itself, in its main outlines, we are all familiar. Shakespeare has followed the narrative, at all events the first part of it, very closely. Certain verbal resemblances will be pointed out in the notes; they are slight enough, and of little importance. As for human interest, the old story has but little of it, and at the most but scanty hints for the conception or development of the dramatis personæ. Words here and there in the speeches of Bellaria (Shakespeare's Hermione) may have thrown out a fructifying hint or two; and Pandosto affords some traits of Leontes. But practically, for all the characters as characters, and for the invention of Paulina and her husband, Autolycus and the shepherd's son, Shakespeare alone is responsible. In following the narrative with an almost conscientious exactness, adopting and dramatizing the smallest suggestion, he at the same time replaces several awkward contrivances of Greene by much more probable and dramatic expedients. The whole conclusion is entirely remodelled; Greene makes Pandosto first fall in love with his unrecognized daughter, and then, after the recognition has been happily effected, the reconciliation of the kings and the marriage of their children brought about, Pandosto, for no conceivable purpose, has a return of his moody madness, and kills himself, so "closing up the Comedie with a Tragicall stratageme." In Pandosto the injured queen really dies; and it is for this important modification of the original story that Shakespeare invented the character of Paulina. Autolycus, a roguish *deus ex machina*, is invented in order to bring about the final explanations, which in Pandosto are very tamely effected. Shakespeare has boldly accepted all Greene's anachronisms, and has even added to them. For some not very obvious reason he has exactly transposed the kings and kingdoms as we have them in the novel, so that Pandosto, king of Bohemia, becomes Leontes, king of Sicily, and Egistus, king of Sicily, appears as Polixenes, king of Bohemia.

STAGE HISTORY.

The first recorded performance of The Winter's Tale took place at the Globe Theatre, 15th May, 1611, when it was seen by Dr. Simon Forman, who, as in the case of Macbeth and Cymbeline, is at the pains to give the plot. Its first appearance on the stage probably belongs to the previous year. Sir Henry Herbert mentions it in the office-book under the date 19th Aug. 1623, as "an olde playe called Winters Tale, formerly allowed of by Sir George Bucke, and likewyse by mee on Mr. Hemmings his worde that there was nothing prophane added or reformed, thogh the allowed booke was missinge; and therefore I returned itt without a fee." Sir George Bucke, who obtained, in 1603, a reversionary grant of the office of the Master of the Revels, expectant on the death of Tylney, who died in 1610, "did not really succeed to the office, as is shown by documents at the Rolls, before August, 1610; in short, a few weeks previously to the decease of Tylney" (Halliwell-Phillipps, Outlines, ii. 300. Ed. 1886). As Deputy to the Master of the Revels, Sir George licensed dramas for publication some years previously, and probably for acting also. Mr. Fleay states that his powers to "allow" plays dated from 1607 onwards (Life of Shakespeare, 247). He does not dispute, nor does he mention, what Halliwell-Phillipps takes for granted, that the comedy was not produced until after the month of August, 1610. Mr. Fleay also believes it to be, with the Tempest, Shakespeare's last play, and adds, "He (Shakespeare) began his career with the Chamberlain's company (after his seven years' apprenticeship in conjunction with others, 1587-94) with a Midsummer Dream (*sic*), he finishes with a Winter's Tale, and so his play-wright's work is rounded; twenty-four years, each year an hour in the brief day of work, and then the rounding with a sleep" (ib. 249, 250).

) fact in connection with the performance, ɔt that it took place at the "Glob," is ıicled by Forman, who little knew how :e ages would grudge him his reticence. ı period of one hundred and thirty years ıear nothing further. In the revival of est in things theatrical following the oration it had no share; it is unmentioned ibber in his "Apology" and by Pepys s "Diary," and is not included among the als of Betterton. This neglect was pro- y due to the fact that the defiance of unities was such as daunted the seven- h-century sticklers for such observance. wholly loss is it, at least, that Dryden, enant, Tate, and Shadwell, and the entire of patchers, botchers, and manglers left rerely alone.

; Goodmans Fields on 15th Jan. 1741, ter's Tale, written by Shakespeare, and unced as not acted one hundred years, layed, the tickets being advertised as one, and three shillings. Far from a strong was that assigned it. Goodmans Fields a second-rate theatre, which had been ferred from Odell, the dramatist, to Gif- had not yet been open more than a dozen , and was to wait, in order to become us, for the advent of Garrick. As the recorded cast, however, the names of the rmers may be given in full. These were llows:—

Leontes	=	Giffard (the manager).
Polixenes	=	Marshall.
Florizel	=	W. Giffard.
Camillo	=	Paget.
Antigonus	=	Walker.
Shepherd	=	Julian.
Autolycus	=	Yates.
Clown	=	Dunstall.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Giffard.
Perdita	=	Miss Hippisley.
Paulina	=	Mrs. Steel.
Emilia	=	Mrs. Yates.
Mopsa	=	Mrs. Dunstall.
Dorcas	=	Mrs. Jones.

ith the exception of Giffard and his wife, were respectable actors, and Yates, who, gh destined to develop into an admirable dian, was then in a chrysalis state, there tle in the performers to arrest attention, and nothing is known concerning a representation that should yet have had some interest if only on the score of novelty.

When once its merits received the illumination of the stage, the piece was not allowed to sleep. Writing forty years later, Tom Davies, while asserting the superiority of Shakespeare over Fletcher, and expressing the judicious opinion that, without considerable alterations, fine music, gay scenes, beautiful decorations, and excellent performers, he would not, in those "cultivated times," hazard The Faithful Shepherdess upon a London stage, says: "It will give strength to my argument in favour of the superior skill of Shakspeare to govern the spirit of the public, to observe, that the pastoral part of The Winter's Tale, Florizel and Perdita, without any assistance from the antients, or of modern Italy, perpetually triumphs over the passions of an English auditory" (Dramatic Miscellanea, ii. 401). It was of Garrick's adaptations from Shakespeare, however, rather than of the poet's own work, that Davies was speaking.

Covent Garden was not long in following the lead of Goodmans Fields. It produced The Winter's Tale on 11th Nov. 1741, and acted it on the four following days. Later in the season, 21st Jan. 1742, it was once more given. The cast of the first revival is not given. It probably did not differ greatly from that of the second, which, so far as it is preserved, was as follows:—

Leontes	=	Stephens.
Polixenes	=	Ryan.
Florizel	=	Hale.
Camillo	=	Bridgewater.
Antigonus	=	Rosco.
Clown	=	Hippisley.
Autolycus	=	Chapman.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Horton.
Perdita	=	Mrs. Hale.
Paulina	=	Mrs. Pritchard.

When first seen at Drury Lane The Winter's Tale was in Garrick's alteration. It was then, 21st Jan. 1756, announced as "A Comedy altered from Shakespeare, called The Winter's Tale, or Florizel and Perdita." To this version was prefixed a prologue by Garrick, written in that tone of mingled depreciation

of censure and eulogy of self which distinguishes the trespassers upon Shakespeare's domain, among whom Garrick ranks as a chief offender. After bidding the spectators welcome to a hostelry which he calls the "Shakespeare's Head," and poking some not very humorous fun at

> The learned Critics brave and deep
> Who catch at words and, catching, fall asleep,

he explains what has been his task in the following disingenuous lines:—

> The five long acts from which our three are taken,
> Stretched out to sixteen years, lay by forsaken.
> Lest then this precious liquor run to waste,
> 'T is now confin'd and bottled for your taste.
> 'T is my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,
> To lose no drop of that immortal man.
> —Poetical Works of Garrick, 1785, i. 142.

The sixteen years refers, of course, to the period over which the action of The Winter's Tale extends. As to losing no drop of Shakespeare Garrick spilled more than half of his work. Garrick, who played Leontes, spoke the prologue. The remainder of the cast was as follows:—

Florizel	=	Holland.
Polixenes	=	Havard.
Camillo	=	Davies.
Clown	=	Woodward.
Autolicus (*sic*)	=	Yates.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Pritchard.
Perdita	=	Mrs. Cibber.
Paulina	=	Mrs. Bennett.

The representation was a thorough success. Mrs. Cibber's singing as Perdita took the town. Mrs. Pritchard and Woodward were said to be excellent, and Yates almost ideal. Garrick's own acting, especially in the statue scene, is declared to have been masterly. Garrick's additions are, of course, contemptible. A verse of one of Perdita's songs supplies one of the most characteristic stories in Boswell's Johnson. The verse is as follows:—

> That giant ambition we never can dread,
> Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head;
> Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
> They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

Praising Garrick's talent for light, gay poetry, Mrs. Thrale repeated the poem from which the above is taken, and dwelt with emphasis on the line, which she misquoted,

> I 'd smile with the simple, and feed with the door.

"Nay, my dear lady," said Johnson, "this will never do. Poor David smile with the simple;—what folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise and feed with the rich." The comment repeated to Garrick caused him considerable annoyance (see Boswell's Johnson, ed. Birkbeck Hill, ii. 79). The story is worth quoting as illustrative of the kind of tinsel with which Garrick would "gild" the "refined gold" of Shakespeare.

In Garrick's play the jealousy of Leontes, the death of Hermione, and the exposure of Perdita are narrated at the outset by Camillo. In an attempt at correctness the scene is changed from Bohemia to Bithynia.

Garrick had not been the first to hit upon the idea of shortening the story of The Winter's Tale. For Barry's benefit at Covent Garden on 25th March, 1754, The Sheep-shearing, or Florizel and Perdita, attributed to Macnamara Morgan, author of the tragedy of Philoclea, was produced. In this the action is principally concerned with the love-making between Florizel and Perdita and the rogueries of Autolicus (*sic*). The additions are in wretched taste, but the whole hit the public taste and was not infrequently revived. Barry was Florizel, Miss Nossiter Perdita, Shuter Autolicus, and Sparks Alcon. To finish with this mutilation it may be said that on 13th March, 1758, Mrs. Bellamy was Perdita to the Florizel of Barry, who the following day resigned the part to Smith. On 12th April, 1774, at Drury Lane, Cautherley was Florizel, King Autolicus, and Mrs. Canning Perdita. So Genest. It is not quite clear, however, that this was not Garrick's play. Moody was the Clown. On 11th Feb. 1790, at Covent Garden, Holman was Florizel, King (for his benefit) Autolicus, Aikin Polixenes, Hull Antigonus, Powell Camillo, Cubit Clown, and Miss Brunton Perdita. Miss Murray made at Covent Garden, 12th May, 1798, her first appearance on the stage as Perdita, Munden being Autolicus, Murray Polixenes, and Holman once more Florizel.

A fresh adaptation, with the same title, was acted once at the Haymarket in 1777. Edwin was Autolicus, Jackson Clown, Du Bellamy Florizel, Bannister Servant, Mrs. Collis Perdita, and Mrs. Poussin Paulina. It was reproduced, 20th Aug. 1783, with Mrs. Bannister as Perdita, Bensley as Polixenes, and Bannister, jun., in Florizel. To 1756, when it was printed in 8vo, belongs an alteration of The Winter's Tale by Charles Marsh. In this version, as in Garrick's, the first fifteen years of Shakespeare's action are cut off, and the scene is transferred from Bohemia to Bithynia. Some resentment against Garrick for preferring his own rendering is said to have been felt by Marsh. As his adaptation was never acted, Mr. Marsh may be left to the protection of his obscurity.

Before returning to Shakespeare's play the principal repetitions of Garrick's adaptation may conveniently be dismissed. It was revived at Drury Lane 27th Jan. 1762, with Garrick, Holland, Yates, Mrs. Pritchard, and Mrs. Cibber in their former characters, and King as the Clown; and produced for the first time at Covent Garden for Woodward's benefit, 12th March, 1774. Smith was the Leontes, Lewis Florizel, Bensley Polixenes, Hull Camillo, Woodward the Clown, and Quick Autolicus. Miss Dayes, an actress of little note, was Perdita, and "the beautiful" Mrs. Hartley Hermione. Mrs. Robinson played Perdita and Mrs. Hartley Hermione at Drury Lane 20th Nov. 1779; and eleven days later Miss Farren for the first time essayed Hermione. About this time the adaptation was at the height of its popularity. Henderson played Leontes for the first time at Covent Garden 19th May, 1783, with Aikin also for the first time as Polixenes, Lewis as Florizel, Edwin as Autolicus, Quick as Clown, Miss Satchell, subsequently Mrs. Elizabeth Kemble, as Perdita, and Mrs. Yates for the first time as Hermione. For Mrs. Wilson's benefit it was given at Drury Lane 1st May, 1788. Wroughton was Leontes, Bensley Polixenes, Barrymore Florizel, Dodd Autolicus, Suett Clown, Miss Farren Hermione, and Mrs. Crouch Perdita. It reappears at Covent Garden 11th May, 1792, with Harley as Leontes, Holman as Florizel, Munden as Autolicus, Quick as Clown, Mrs. Pope as Hermione, and Mrs. Mountain for the first time as Perdita, and at the same house disappears finally so far as records can be traced on 22nd December, 1795, when Pope was Leontes, Holman Florizel, Harley Polixenes, Mrs. Pope Hermione, and Miss Wallis Perdita.

Shakespeare's Winter's Tale, announced as not having been acted for thirty years, was revived at Covent Garden 24th April, 1771, the occasion being the benefit of Hull, who played Camillo and Chorus; Mrs. Hull was, "by particular desire," Paulina. Other features of interest were the Hermione of Mrs. Mattocks and the Perdita of Mrs. Bulkeley. Du Bellamy was Autolycus and Kniveton the Old Shepherd.

Another long pause appears to have occurred before, on 25th March, 1802, it was revived at Drury Lane by Kemble. An interesting cast may be given. It was as follows:—

Leontes	=	Kemble.
Florizel	=	C. Kemble.
Polixenes	=	Barrymore.
Camillo	=	Powell.
Antigonus	=	Dowton.
Autolycus	=	Bannister, jun.
Clown	=	Suett.
Old Shepherd	=	Waldron.
Hermione	=	Mrs. Siddons.
Perdita	=	Miss Hickes (her first appearance on any stage).
Paulina	=	Mrs. Powell.

Hermione was the last of Mrs. Siddons' new characters. She still had beauty enough left "to make her so perfect in the statue scene, that assuredly there was never such a representative of Hermione. Mrs. Yates had a sculpturesque beauty that suited the statue, I have been told, as long as it stood still; but when she had to speak, the charm was broken, and the spectators wished her back to her pedestal. But Mrs. Siddons looked the statue even to literal illusion; and, whilst the drapery hid her lower limbs, it showed a beauty of head, neck, shoulders, and arms, that Praxiteles might have studied. This statue scene has hardly its parallel for enchantment even in Shakespeare's theatre. The star of his genius was at its zenith when he composed it; but it

was only a Siddons that could do justice to its romantic perfection. The heart of every one who saw her when she burst from the semblance of sculpture into motion, and embraced her daughter, Perdita, must throb and glow at the recollection." Thus writes Campbell (Life of Mrs. Siddons, ii. 265, 266). In a similar vein Boaden writes: "She stood one of the noblest statues, that even Grecian taste ever invented. The figure composed something like one of the Muses in profile. The drapery was ample in its folds, and seemingly stony in its texture. Upon the magical words, pronounced by Paulina, 'Musick; awake her: strike,' the sudden action of the head absolutely *startled*, as though such a miracle had really vivified the marble; and the descent from the pedestal was equally graceful and affecting" (Life of John Philip Kemble, ii. 314). The same authority declares with faint praise that Mr. Kemble in Leontes "was every thing that either feeling or taste could require," states that the affection of Paulina never had a representative equal to Mrs. Powell, and credits the exponent of Perdita with being "a very delicate and pretty young lady." The Monthly Mirror, xiii. 282, declared Kemble remarkably great in Leontes, and lavished upon him terms of eulogy. Bannister's Autolycus is described to be exceedingly pleasant. The revival was on an elaborate scale, though little effort seems to have been made after archæological accuracy. It was followed with much interest and was accounted one of the most successful experiments in its class of the time. In playing Hermione Mrs. Siddons swept her skirts across the footlights. But for the promptitude of a carpenter, who crept on his knees and extinguished the flames which burned the bottom of her train without the knowledge of the actress, she must have been burned to death. She declared that in consequence of this experience she could never think of The Winter's Tale without palpitation of the heart.

Kemble revived The Winter's Tale at Covent Garden, 11th Nov. 1807, resuming the part of Leontes, and was once more supported by Mrs. Siddons as Hermione and Charles Kemble as Leontes. Pope replaced Barrymore as Polixenes and Munden Bannister as Autolycus. Miss Norton was Perdita, Mrs. Charles Kemble Paulina, Murray Antigonus, Creswell Camillo, Blanchard Old Shepherd, and Liston Clown. Upon a further revival, 28th Nov. 1811, Egerton was Antigonus and Fawcett Autolycus, Mrs. H. Johnston being Perdita and Mrs. Powell Paulina. An announcement was made that The Winter's Tale, *revised*, could only be had in the theatre. The "revisions" included the termination of Garrick's version, which was subsequently maintained by Macready. Genest witnessed a performance of The Winter's Tale in Bath, 27th April, 1813, with Bengough as Leontes, Stanley as Florizel, Chatterley as Autolycus, Woulds as Clown, Mrs. Campbell as Hermione, and Mrs. Weston as Paulina. He remarks Mrs. Siddons alone could have played Paulina better than "Mrs. Weston" (Account of the Stage, viii. 388).

Upon the revival of The Winter's Tale at Covent Garden, 7th Jan. 1819, Young was Leontes, Charles Kemble was again Florizel, and Egerton once more Polixenes, Liston, Fawcett, and Blanchard also reappearing respectively as Clown, Autolycus, and Old Shepherd; Abbott was Antigonus, Miss Somerville, subsequently Mrs. Bunn, Hermione, Miss Beaumont Perdita, and Mrs. Yates Paulina. It was twice acted. The Theatrical Inquisitor, which speaks of this as one of Shakespeare's least popular plays, says it was revived for the purpose of introducing Miss Somerville in the character of Hermione. Miss Somerville was, it states, "throughout dignified, commanding, and impressive; and in the scene where she appears as the statue, her fine figure produced a charming effect." Young's Leontes is said to have been "an admirable piece of acting," and Fawcett's Autolycus was "highly amusing." As Perdita Miss Beaumont displayed "a fascinating artlessness and naïveté," which recommend her greatly (vol. xiv. p. 74). Macready made at Drury Lane his first appearance as Leontes, 3rd Nov. 1823. The piece was then announced as not acted (at Drury Lane) for eighteen years. Archer was Polixenes, Wallack for the first time Florizel, Munden

Autolycus, Harley Clown. Miss Somerville (now Mrs. Bunn) Hermione, Mrs. W. West for the first time Perdita, and Mrs. Glover Paulina. This performance the Monthly Mirror, ix. 538, dismisses with short but eulogistic comment. "It has been attended with much success" (it was in fact acted twelve times), "Munden being rich in Autolycus, Mrs. Bunn dignified in Hermione, and Macready fervid and impetuous in Leontes. The statue scene is quite perfect." So completely overshadowed, however, was the revival by the production, a fortnight later (18th Nov.), of Knowles' tragedy of Caius Gracchus, that Macready abstains from any comment upon or mention of his own impersonation. One more revival of this play is chronicled by Genest. It took place at Covent Garden, 5th Dec. 1827. Young was again Leontes and Egerton Camillo. Diddear made as Polixenes his first appearance at Covent Garden, Bartley was Antigonus, Keeley the Clown, Mrs. Faucit Hermione, Miss Jarman Perdita, and Mrs. Chatterley Paulina. Kean was now at Covent Garden, and in the blaze of his popularity. This revival, like other representations on off-nights, attracted little attention.

On 30th September, 1837, Macready began with a revival of The Winter's Tale his management at Covent Garden. He played Leontes, according to his own declaration, "artist like, but not until the last act very effectively" (Reminiscences, ed. Pollock, ii. 90). Mr. Anderson, the well-known tragedian, made his debut as Florizel, and Miss Taylor, subsequently Mrs. Walter Lacy, was Perdita. Macready, with characteristic reticence, mentions none of the actors except himself. In May, 1843, Macready once more revived the play, Miss Helen Faucit being assumably the Perdita. Phelps produced The Winter's Tale, 19th November, 1845, during the second year of his tenure of Sadler's Wells. He acted Leontes, George Bennett was Antigonus, Henry Marston Florizel, A. Younge Autolycus, Mrs. Warner Hermione, Miss Cooper Perdita, and Mrs. Henry Marston Paulina. It does not appear to have been subsequently revived at Sadler's Wells. Mrs. Warner had previously revived The Winter's Tale at the Marylebone Theatre during her management of that house, and her Hermione had attracted a public different from that which ordinarily attended the theatre.

Charles Kean's revival of The Winter's Tale was one of the most ambitious of his Shakespearean experiments, and may perhaps be regarded as the most famous representation ever given of the play. It was exhibited 28th April, 1856. The version was Shakespeare's, Charles Kean having contented himself with necessary excisions and re-arrangement. Somewhat pedantically, however, he adhered to Hanmer's suggestion, and transferred to Bithynia the portion of the action supposed to pass in Bohemia. The views in Syracuse were especially picturesque and elaborate; a large amount of dancing and pageantry was introduced; and a "classic allegory" representing the course of Time formed a much-discussed feature. Thanks to these attractions rather than to any supreme merit of interpretation the revival had a success then regarded as "phenomenal," the play being given over one hundred times. A large number of supernumeraries was concerned in the production. Charles Kean's Leontes was a careful and an adequate performance. Like most of his Shakespearean impersonations it came short of greatness, but it had picturesqueness, variety, and intelligence, and a certain measure of fire. Mrs. Charles Kean's Hermione had an engaging womanliness. The actress was no longer young, but her appearance in the statue scene was effective and justified the customary allusions to "the chisel of Phidias and Praxiteles." A feminine representative was found for Florizel in the person of Miss Heath, subsequently Mrs. Wilson Barrett, Perdita being played by Miss Carlotta Leclercq. Mr. Ryder was a stalwart Polixenes.

The twelfth season of Chatterton's management of Drury Lane opened 28th September, 1878, with The Winter's Tale. Miss Wallis was the Hermione; Mrs. Hermann Vezin the Paulina, a character in which in recent years she has had no equal; and Miss Emily Fowler the Perdita. Charles Dillon was a

melodramatic Leontes; Cowper, Edgar, Compton, and Ryder also took part in the interpretation.

Many other revivals might be dragged from their obscurity. One only calls, however, for mention. During her tenure of the Lyceum Miss Mary Anderson revived The Winter's Tale, 10th September, 1887. On this occasion she ventured upon a unique and dangerous experiment which nothing short of success could have justified. This consisted in doubling the rôles of Hermione and Perdita. That gain as well as loss attended this experiment must be owned. The resemblance between Hermione and Perdita, amounting practically to identity, simplifies the action. It is difficult to conceive what Shakespeare would have held concerning such treatment of his play, but pardonable to think he would pardon a procedure the result of which was to secure for the play a triumph and a run greater than it had previously known. Experiments of the kind were unheard of in Shakespeare's days. Modern sticklers for the text are bound to resent what has been done. With memories of the grace and beauty of the representation still fresh it is difficult to be stern in condemnation. Comparatively little meddling with the text was involved, and it was only in the last act that it was necessary to resort to the clumsy expedient of a double. Miss Anderson's performance of Hermione had a full measure of dignity and some intensity. In tenderness it failed. Her Perdita meanwhile was bewitching. The virginal grace and charm of Miss Anderson told with singular effect. Nothing could be more beautiful than the pastoral scenes; and the dance of the shepherdesses, led off by the actress, dwells caressingly in the memory. It had a delightful rusticity and grace, and might be seen again and again with increasing admiration and enjoyment. Mr. Forbes Robertson depicted in excellent fashion the soul-consuming jealousy of Leontes; Miss Sophie Eyre was Paulina, a part in which she was after a time succeeded by Mrs. Billington; Mr. F. H. Macklin was Polixenes; Mr. Fuller Mellish, Florizel; Mr. J. Maclean, Camillo; Mr. W. H. Stephens, the Old Shephead; Mr. Charles Collette, Autolycus; Mr. George Warde, Antigonus; and Mr. J. Anderson, a brother of the exponent of Hermione and Perdita, the Clown. To such small characters as Mopsa and Dorcas, agreeably played by Misses Tilbury and Ayrton, the care of the management extended. For some hundreds of nights in England and America Miss Anderson repeated her double performance.

A revival of The Winter's Tale a dozen or more years ago in Liverpool, in which Miss Rose Leclercq played Hermione, attracted some attention, but does not call for much notice. It was transferred to Edinburgh 6th November, 1876.—J. K.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The Winter's Tale is a typically romantic drama, a "winter's dream, when nights are longest," constructed in defiance of probabilities, which it rides over happily. It has all the license and it has all the charm of a fairy tale; while the matters of which it treats are often serious enough, ready to become tragic at any moment, and with much of real tragedy in them as it is. The merciful spirit of Shakespeare in his last period, grown to repose now after the sharp sunshine and storm of his earlier and middle years—the delicate art which that period matured in him, seen at its point of finest delicacy in this play and in The Tempest, alone serve to restrain what would otherwise be really painful in the griefs and mistaken passions of the perturbed persons of the drama. Something—the very atmosphere, the dawning of light among the clouds at their blackest—at first a hint, then, distinctly, a promise, of things coming right at last, keeps us from taking all these distresses, genuine as they are, too seriously. It is all human life, but life under happier skies, on continents where the shores of Bohemia are washed by "faery seas." Anachronisms abound, and are delightful. That Delphos should be an island, Giulo Romano contemporary with the oracles, that Puritans should sing psalms to hornpipes, and a sudden remembrance call up the name of Jove or Proserpina to the forgetful lips of Christian-speaking characters—all this is of no more importance than a trifling error in the count of miles traversed by a witch's broom-

stick in a minute. Too probable figures would destroy the illusion, and the error is a separate felicity.

It is quite in keeping with the other romantic characteristics of the play, that, judged by the usual standard of such a Romantic as Shakespeare himself, it should be constructed with exceptional looseness, falling into two very definite halves, the latter of which can again, in a measure, be divided. The first part, which takes place in Sicilia, is a study of jealousy; the whole interest is concentrated upon the relations of the "usual three—husband and wife and friend"—Leontes, Hermione, and Polixenes. The jealousy is in possession when we first see Leontes: it bursts out, comes to a climax, almost at once: in its furious heat runs through its whole course with the devouring speed of a race-horse: and then has its downfall, sudden and precipitate, and so dies of its own over-swiftness. Act iii. scene 2 ends the first part of the play; and with the third scene begins part ii., taking us from Sicilia, where the widowed and childless king is left mourning, to Bohemia, where the children, not long born when we last saw Sicilia, are now come to years of love. Then, all through the fourth act, we are with Florizel and Perdita—a sweet pastoral, varied with the dainty knaveries of a rogue as light-hearted as he is light-fingered; that too, the pastoral, coming to a sudden and disastrous end, not without a doubtful gleam of hope for the future. With act v. we return to Sicilia, having from the beginning a sense that things are now at last coming to a desired end. Leontes' proved faithfulness, his sixteen years' burden of "saint-like sorrow," gives him the right, one feels, to the happiness that is so evidently drawing near. All does, indeed, fall well, as the whole company comes together at the court of Sicilia, now re-united at last, husband with his lost wife (another Alcestis from the grave), father and mother with child, lover with lover (the course of true love smooth again), friend with friend, the faithful servants rewarded — with each other, the worthless likeable knave, even, in a good way of getting on in the world.

The principal charm in The Winter's Tale, its real power over the sources of delight, lies in the two women, true mother and daughter, whose fortunes we see at certain moments, the really important crises of their lives. Hermione, as we have just time to see her before the blow comes, is happy wife, happy mother, fixed, as it seems, in a settled happiness. Grave, not gay, but with a certain quiet playfulness, such as so well becomes stately women, she impresses us with a feeling, partly of admiration, partly of attraction. It is with a sort of devoted reverence that we see her presently, patient yet not abject, under the dishonouring accusations of the fool her husband. "Good my lords," she can say—

> I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
> Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
> Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
> That honourable grief lodged here which burns
> Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
> With thoughts so qualified as your charities
> Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
> The king's will be perform'd!

All Hermione is in those words, no less than in the calm forthrightness of her defence, spoken afterwards in the Court of Justice. She has no self-consciousness, is not aware that at any time in her life she is heroic; "a very woman," merely simple, sincere, having in reverence the sanctity of wifehood and in respect the dignity of queenship. In Perdita, the daughter so long lost and in the end so happily restored to her, we see, in all the gaiety of youth, the frank innocence and the placid strength of Hermione. She is the incarnation of all that is delightful and desirable in girlhood, as her mother incarnates for us the perfect charm of mature woman. And, coming before us where she does, a shepherdess among pastoral people, "the queen of curds and cream," she seems to sum up and immortalize, in one delicious figure, our holiday loves, our most vivid sensations of country pleasures. It is the grace of Florizel that he loves Perdita; he becomes charming to us because Perdita loves him. In these young creatures the old passion becomes new; and for an hour we too are as if we had never loved, but are now, now, in the first moment of the unique discovery.

This charm of womanhood, this purely delightful quality, of which the play has so much, though it remains, I think, the predominant feeling with us after reading or seeing the course of action, is not, we must remember, the only quality, the whole course of the action. Besides the ripe comedy, characteristic of Shakespeare at his latest, which indeed harmonizes admirably with the idyl of love to which it serves as background, there is also a harsh exhibition, in Leontes, of the meanest of the passions, an insane jealousy, petty and violent as the man who nurses it. For sheer realism, for absolute insight into the most cobwebbed corners of our nature, Shakespeare has rarely surpassed this brief study, which, in its total effect, does but throw out in brighter relief the noble qualities of the other actors beside him, the pleasant qualities of the play they make by their acting. With Othello there is properly no comparison. Othello could no more comprehend the workings of the mind of Leontes than Leontes could fathom the meaning of the attitude of Othello. Leontes is meanly, miserably, degradedly jealous, with a sort of mental alienation or distortion—a disease of the brain like some disease of vision, by which he still "sees yellow" everywhere. The malady has its course, disastrously, and then ends in the only way possible—by an agonizing cure, suddenly applied. Are those sixteen years of mourning, we may wonder, really adequate penance for the man? Certainly his suffering, like his criminal folly, was great; and not least among the separate heartaches in that purifying ministry of grief must have been the memory of the boy Mamillius, the noblest and dearest to our hearts of Shakespeare's children. When the great day came (is it fanciful to note?) Hermione embraced her husband in silence; it was to her daughter that she first spoke.

The end, certainly, is reconciliation, mercy—mercy extended even to the unworthy, in a spirit of something more than mere justice; as, in those dark plays of Shakespeare's great penultimate period, the end came with a sort of sombre, irresponsible injustice, an outrage of nature upon her sons, wrought in blind anger. We close The Winter's Tale with a feeling that life is a good thing, worth living; that much trial, much mistake and error, may be endured to a happier issue, though the scars, perhaps, are not to be effaced. This end, on such a note, is indeed the mood in which Shakespeare took leave of life—in no weakly optimistic spirit, certainly, but with the air of one who has conquered fortune, not fallen under it—with a genial faith in the ultimate result of things.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.—(Act i. 1. 6–8.)

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Antechamber in Leontes' palace.*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what 's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were train'd together in their childhood; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed[1] with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seem'd to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

[1] *Attorneyed*, performed by proxy.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A state-room in Leontes' palace.*

Enter LEONTES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, POLIXENES, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star[1] hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one "We-thank-you" many thousands moe
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping[2] winds at home, to make us say,
"This is put forth too truly:" besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We 'll part the time between 's, then: and in that
I 'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'T were needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay,
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission
To let[3] him there a month behind the gest[4]
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar[5] o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You 'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, "Sir, no going." Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's "verily" is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees[6]
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread "verily,"
One of them you shall be.

[1] *The watery star, i.e.* the moon. [2] *Sneaping*, nipping.
[3] *Let*, hinder. [4] *Gest*, stopping-place, limit.
[5] *Jar*, tick. [6] As debtors did.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.
Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But you kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?
Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending.—(Act i. 2. 56, 57.)

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine[1] of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven
Boldly, "not guilty;" the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.[2]
Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.
Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to 's; for
In those unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young playfellow.
Her. Grace to boot![3]
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;

[1] *Doctrine* should be pronounced as a trisyllable.
[2] "Not guilty," setting aside original sin.
[3] *Grace to boot!* i.e. God help us!

The offences we have made you do, we'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.
Leon. Is he won yet?
Her. He 'll stay, my lord.
Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st
To better purpose.
Her. Never?
Leon. Never, but once.
Her. What! have I twice said well? when was 't before?
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.
Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."
Her. 'T is Grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.
Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me; my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd smiles,
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as 't were
The mort[1] o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?
Mam. Ay, my good lord.
[*Leon.* I' fecks![2]
Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.]
Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash,[3] and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: [but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks,[4] as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.] Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin[5] eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may 't be?—
Affection![6] thy intention stabs the centre:
[Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicat'st with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 't is very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.]
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He something seems unsettled.
Pol. How, my lord!
Leon. What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?
Her. You look as if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?

[1] *Mort*, death. [2] *I' fecks!* In faith!
[3] *Pash*, head. [4] *Blacks*, mourning garments.
[5] *Welkin*, blue, or heavenly.
[6] *Affection*, natural instinct.

Leon. No, in good earnest.
How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts[1] I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash,[2] this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?
Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.
Leon. You will? why, happy man be 's dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince as we
Do seem to be of ours?
Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.
Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me. We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lov'st us, show in our brother's welcome;
[Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:]
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.
Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?
Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,
Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
[How she holds up the neb,[3] the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence,
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates, and those gates open 'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 't is predominant; and 't is powerful, think it,
From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!
Mam. I am like you, they say.
Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.]
What, Camillo there?
Cam. Ay, my good lord.
Leon. Go, play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man. [*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.
Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.
Leon. Didst note it?
Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.
Leon. Didst perceive it?—
[*Aside*] They 're here with me already; whispering, rounding,
"Sicilia is a—so-forth:" 't is far gone,

[1] *Methoughts*, i.e. methought, by false analogy from *methinks*.
[2] *Squash*, an unripe peascod.
[3] *Neb*, mouth.

When I shall gust[1] it last. How came 't,
Camillo,
That he did stay?
[*Cam.* At the good queen's entreaty.
Leon. At the queen's be 't: "good" should be
pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks:[2] not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.
Cam. Business, my lord? I think most
understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leon. Ha!
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leon. Ay, but why?]
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress? satisfy?
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleans'd my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leon. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes[3] honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be
counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake
drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest.
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 't was a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'T is none of mine.
Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
[But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—] or heard,—
For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
[To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife 's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts-to
Before her troth-plight: say 't, and justify 't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.
Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web,[4] but theirs, theirs
only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is
nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these
nothings,
If this be nothing.]

[1] *Gust*, taste. [2] *Blocks*, blockheads.
[3] *Hoxes*, houghs, hamstrings.
[4] *Pin and web*, diseases of the eye.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 't is most dangerous.
Leon. Say it be, 't is true.
Cam. No, no, my lord.
Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: [were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.
Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee.—(Act i. 2. 299, 300.)

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal,[1] hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who,] if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly, as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.
Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash[2] potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot

[1] *Her medal, i.e.* a medal (portrait) of her.

[2] *Rash*, hasty.

Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,—
Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint[1] myself in this vexation; [sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;]
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?[2]
Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he 's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.
Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.
Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.
Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.
Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me. [*Exit.*
Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master; one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows: if I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'd not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, most royal sir!
Pol. What is the news i' the court?
Cam. None rare, my lord.
Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me, and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my lord.
Pol. How! dare not? do not? Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me. 'T is thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shows me mine chang'd too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.
Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry[3] than our parents' noble names,
In whose success[4] we are gentle,—I beseech you,

[1] *Appoint*, attire.
[2] *Blench*, start or fly off.
[3] *Gentry*, rank as gentlemen.
[4] *Success*, succession.

If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not answer,
Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I cónjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be even as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter 't, or both yourself and me
Cry "lost," and so good night!
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the king.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice[1] you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!
Cam. Swear his thought over[2]
By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.
Pol. How should this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I 'm sure 't is safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born.
If, therefore, you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will by twos and threes at several posterns
Clear them o' the city: for myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.
Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she s rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd[3] to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.
Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Vice*, screw, force.
[2] *Swear . . . over*, i.e. overswear.
[3] *Profess'd*, i.e. professed friendship.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A room in Leontes' palace.*

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and Ladies.*

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'T is past enduring.
First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?
Mam. No, I 'll none of you.
First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?
Mam. You 'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.
Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?
Mam. Not for because

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'T is past enduring.—(Act ii. 1. 1, 2.)

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.
Sec. Lady. Who taught you this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?
First Lady. Blue, my lord.
Mam. Nay, that 's a mock: I 've seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.
First Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.
Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

Her. [What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again:] pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.
Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.
Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you 're powerful at it.
Mam. There was a man—
Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.
Her. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and Guards.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?
First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.
Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure,[1] in my true opinion!
Alack for lesser knowledge! how accurs'd
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
[Camillo was his help in this, his pander:]
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?
First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.
Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?
Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
[Away with him! and let her sport herself
With that she 's big with; for 't is Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.
Her. But I 'd say he had not,
And I 'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
Leon.] You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, "She is a goodly lady," and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
"'T is pity she 's not honest, honourable:"
[Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which, on my faith, deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum, or ha, these petty brands
That calumny doth use; O, I am out,
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said "she 's goodly," come between,
Ere you can say "she 's honest:" but] be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adulteress.
Her. [Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd[2] villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She 's an adulteress; I have said with whom:]
More, she 's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary[3] with her; [and one that knows,

[1] *Censure*, judgment.

[2] *Replenish'd*, complete, consummate.
[3] *Federary*, confederate, accomplice.

What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles;] ay, and privy
To this their late escape.
Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me throughly then, to say
You did mistake.
Leon. No, if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A schoolboy's top. Away with her, to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.
Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspéct more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!
Leon. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress
Has deserv'd prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.
Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!
[*Exeunt Hermione, guarded, and Ladies.*
First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.
First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down, and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.
[*Ant.* If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no further trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.
Leon. Hold your peaces.
First Lord. Good my lord,—
Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some putter-on[1]
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine and some five;
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I 'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.
Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel.
Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There 's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.]
Leon. What! lack I credit?
First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

[1] *Putter-on*, instigator.

Leon. [Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which, if you, or stupefied
Or seeming so in skill,[1] cannot or will not
Relish a truth, like us, inform yourselves
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.[2]

Leon. How could that be?]
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
[Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation[3]
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,]—doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For, in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild,[4] I have dispatch'd in post[5]
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise[6] us all.

Ant. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Skill*, cunning. [2] *Overture*, disclosure.
[3] *Approbation*, attestation. [4] *Wild*, *i.e.* rash.
[5] *In post*, in haste, as we say now *post-haste*.
[6] *Raise*, *i.e.* rouse.

Scene II. *A prison.*

Enter Paulina, *a Gentleman, and Attendants.*

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am.
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady,
And one who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourselves.
[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*

Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."

Paul. I dare be sworn:

These dangerous unsafe lunes[1] i' the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says, "My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you."—(Act ii. 2. 26-29.)

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there 's no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammered of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.
Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't,
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.
Emil. Now be you bless'd for it!
I 'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.
Gaol. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
The child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised; not a party to

[1] *Lunes*, frenzies.

{The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
{If any be, the trespass of the queen.
{ *Gaol.* I do believe it.]
Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in Leontes' palace.*

Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, *Lords, and Servants.*

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
{The cause were not in being,—[part o' the cause,
{She the adulteress; for the harlot king
{Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank[1]
{And level[2] of my brain, plot-proof; but she
{I can hook to me:] say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who 's there?
First Serv. My lord?
Leon. How does the boy?
First Serv. He took good rest to-night;
'T is hoped his sickness is discharged.
Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Servant.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

First Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That 's enough.
Sec. Atten. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips[3] for your highness.
Leon. How!
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,
Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.
Ant. La you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.
Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient councillor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting[4] your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.
Leon. Good queen!
Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.
Leon. Force her hence.

[1] *Blank*, the white or bull's-eye of a target; mark.
[2] *Level*, aim.
[3] *Gossips*, sponsors.
[4] *Comforting*, encouraging.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 't is; commends it to your blessing.
[*Lays down the Child.*
Leon. [Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to pass for honest.
Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
[*To Antigonus*] Thou dotard, thou art woman-tir'd,[1] unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!
Leon. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then 't were past all doubt
You 'd call your children yours.
Leon. A nest of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one that 's here, and that 's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.
Leon. A callat[2]
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband,
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:]
Hence with it; and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!
Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 't is the worse. [Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip;
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!]
Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.
Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.
Leon. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.
Leon. I 'll ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy—something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.
Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!
Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send her

[1] *Woman-tir'd*, henpecked. [2] *Callat*, trull.

A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*
Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.

[My child? away with it! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 't is done,
And by good testimony, or I 'll seize thy life,

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours.—(Act ii. 3. 125, 126.)

With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard-brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.]
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.
First Lord. We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.
Leon. You 're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,
Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.
Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now

Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
[You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 't is a bastard,
So sure as this beard 's gray,—] what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much:
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.
Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. I will, my lord.
Leon. Mark, and perform it: [seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon.] We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it strangely[1] to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss![2]
[*Exit with the Child.*
Leon. No, I 'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.
First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.
Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords:
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accus'd, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A town in Sicilia.*

Enter CLEOMENES *and* DION, *attended.*

Cleo. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

[1] *Commend it strangely, i.e.* commit it as a stranger.

[2] *Loss,* casting away.

Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surpris'd my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A court of justice.*

Enter LEONTES, *Lords, and Officers.*

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried,
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even[1] to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.
Offi. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Enter HERMIONE, *guarded;* PAULINA *and Ladies attending.*

Leon. Read the indictment.
Offi. [*Reads*] "Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence[2] whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night."

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say, "Not guilty:" mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devis'd
And play'd to take spectators. [For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe[3]
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear.] For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'T is a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter[4] so uncurrent I
Have strain'd,[5] to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!
[*Leon.* I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.
Her. That 's true enough;
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.
Leon. You will not own it.
Her. More than mistress of

[1] *Even*, equal, impartial. [2] *Pretence*, design.
[3] *Owe*, possess.
[4] *Encounter*, behaviour or intercourse.
[5] *Strain'd*, swerved.

Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge.] For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confess
I lov'd him as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know what
You 've underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
[My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I 'll lay down.]

Leon. [Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.] As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact[1] are so,—so past all truth:
Which to deny concerns more than avails; [for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so] thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug[2] which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:[3]
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: [myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion;] lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'T is rigour, and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt some Officers.*

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES *and* DION.

First Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that since then
You have not dar'd to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Offi. [*Reads*] "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

First Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

[1] *Those of your fact, i.e.* those who have done as you have done. [2] *Bug*, bugbear. [3] *Commodity*, profit.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

A Servant rushes in.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit[1] and fear
Of the queen's speed,[2] is gone.

Leon. How? gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down,
And see what death is doing.—(Act iii. 2. 149, 150.)

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione swoons.*]
How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover:
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.*

Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with

[1] *With mere conceit*, i.e. with the mere conception.
[2] *Speed*, fortune.

Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Through my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!
First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?
Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine,—O, think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 't was nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry "woe!"—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead; and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say she 's dead; I 'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture[1] or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserv'd
All tongues to talk their bitterest.
First Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas, I have show'd too much
The rashness of a woman! he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!
I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.
Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long

[1] *Tincture*, colour.

I daily vow to use it. Come, and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS *with the Child, and a Mariner.*

Ant. Thou art perfect,[1] then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?
Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.
Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee.
Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.
Ant. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.
Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*
Ant. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: "Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,

[1] *Perfect*, well assured.

There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more." And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd[2] by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of king Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character:[3] there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed[4] thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [*Exit pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; [for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—] Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 't is by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne;[5] a very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder! A pretty

[2] *Squar'd*, regulated.
[3] *Thy character*, i.e. the writing concerning thee.
[4] *Breed*, keep. [5] *Barne*, i.e. bairn, child.

one; a very pretty one: [sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here.] I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my son come; he halloo'd but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa! 80

Shep. What, art so near? [If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten,] come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it

Shep. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne!—(Act iii. 3. 69-71.)

is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it? 88

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest[1] and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather. 104

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not wink'd since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half din'd on the gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have help'd the old man! 111

Clo. I would you had been by the ship-side,

[1] *Yest*, foam.

to have help'd her: there your charity would have lack'd footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth[1] for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open 't. What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next[2] way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst,[3] but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'T is a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.

Enter Time, *the Chorus.*

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now receiv'd: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass, and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies, so grieving
That he shuts up himself. Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues,
I list not[4] prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 't is brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,[5]
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

[1] *Bearing-cloth*, i.e. christening-cloth.

[2] *Next*, nighest, nearest. [3] *Curst*, savage.
[4] *I list not*, i.e. I do not choose to.
[5] *Allow*, approve. [6] *O'erweeu*, presume.

Scene II. *Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.*

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 't is a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween[6] to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not

out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: [the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships.[1]] Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question[2] with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy[3] to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *Friendships*, friendly services.
[2] *Question*, conversation.
[3] *Not uneasy*, i.e. easy, not difficult

SCENE III. *A road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With, heigh! the sweet birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my pugging[4] tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,
With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have serv'd Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile;[5] but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father nam'd me Autolycus; who being, as I am, litter'd under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. [With die and drab I purchas'd this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat.] Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

[4] *Pugging*, thievish.
[5] *Three-pile*, i.e. three-pile velvet.

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man songmen[1] all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means[2] and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron, to colour the warden-pies; mace; dates, none, that's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun. 52

Aut. O that ever I was born!

[*Grovels on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me!

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O, sir, the loathsomeness of them offend me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions. 61

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman. 68

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

[1] *Three-man songmen*, i.e. singers of catches in three parts. [2] *Means*, tenors.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee. 83

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want:

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.—(Act iv. 3. 79, 80.)

offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you? 90

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames:[3] I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipp'd out of the court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide. 99

[3] *Troll-my-dames*, Fr. *trou-madame*, an old game.

Aut. Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compass'd a motion[1] of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig,[2] for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but look'd big and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet, sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unroll'd,[3] and my name put in the book of virtue!

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way, [*Sings.*
And merrily hent[4] the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

[1] *Motion*, puppet-show. [2] *Prig*, thief.
[3] *Unroll'd*, struck off the roll of thieves.
[4] *Hent*, clear.

SCENE IV. *The Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me:
O, pardon that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing,[5] and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd[6] up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly, and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush
To see you so attired; sworn, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
[Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.]

Per. O but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,

[5] *Wearing*, dress. [6] *Prank'd*, dress.

With these forc'd thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.
Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!
Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO *disguised; Clown,* MOPSA, DORCAS, *and other Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour, and the thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip. You are retir'd,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. [*To Polixenes*] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Camillo*] You 're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there 's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. [Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden 's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. For[1] I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.
Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art
Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.
Per. I 'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 't were well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.] Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.
Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

[1] *For*, because.

Per. Out, alas!
You 'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; [and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:] O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou lett'st fall
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!
Flo. [What, like a corse?
Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms.] Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.
Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I 'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.
Per. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.
Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.
Per. I 'll swear for 'em.
Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.
Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.
Clo. Come on, strike up!
[*Dor.* Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!
Mop. Now, in good time![1]
Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up!]
[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*
Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?
Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding:[2] but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he 'll stand, and read
As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
Pol. She dances featly.
Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,

[1] *In good time!* à la bonne heure.
[2] *A worthy feeding, i.e.* a valuable pasturage.

That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?—(Act iv. 4. 166, 167.)

it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: [he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens of dildos and fadings, "jump her and thump her;" and where some stretch-mouth'd rascal would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer, "Whoop, do me no harm, good man;" puts him off, slights him, with "Whoop, do me no harm, good man."

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv.] He hath ribands of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross; inkles,[1] caddises,[2] cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over, as they were gods or goddesses [; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on't].

[1] *Inkles*, tapes. [2] *Caddises*, worsted laces.

Clo. Prithee, bring him in; and let him approach singing.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to[1] think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, *singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle[2] bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

[*Mop.* I was promis'd them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle-off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'T is well they are whispering: clamour[3] your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promis'd me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have ab many parcels of charge.

Clo.] What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a in print a-life,[4] for then we are sure t true.

[*Aut.* Here 's one to a very doleful tu a usurer's wife was brought to bed of money-bags at a burthen, and how she to eat adders' heads and toads carbona

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month ol

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usu

Aut. Here 's the midwife's name t Mrs. Taleporter, and five or six hones that were present. Why should I ca abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let 's l moe ballads; we 'll buy the other things

Aut. Here 's another ballad of a fis appeared upon the coast on Wednes fourscore of April, forty thousand above water, and sung this ballad aga hard hearts of maids: [it was thought a woman, and was turn'd into a cold she would not exchange flesh with o lov'd her:] the ballad is very pitiful, true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, a nesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but pretty one.

Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry o goes to the tune of "Two maids w man:" there 's scarce a maid westwa she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three p

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month

Aut. I can bear my part; you mus 't is my occupation: have at it with yo

Song.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.

[1] *Go about to, i.e.* am going to.
[2] *Bugle*, bead of black glass.
[3] *Clamour*, stop.
[4] *A-life, i.e.* of life, of all things in life
[5] *Carbonado'd*, cut in slices for broilin

Dor. Whither? *Mop.* O, whither? *Dor.* Whither?
Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
Dor. Me too, let me go thither.
Mop. Or thou goest to the grange or mill:
Dor. If to either, thou dost ill.
Aut. Neither. *Dor.* What, neither? *Aut.* Neither.
Dor. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
Mop. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then, whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad[1] talk, and we 'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let 's have the first choice. Follow me, girls.

[*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

[*Follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st, fin'st wear-a?
Come to the pedlar;
Money 's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exit.*

[*Re-enter Servant.*

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry[2] of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danc'd before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squire.[3]

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*]

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O father, you 'll know more of that hereafter.
[*To Camillo*] Is it not too far gone? 'T is time to part them.
He 's simple and tells much. How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted[4] with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.
Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime lov'd! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that 's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.
Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.
Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:

[1] *Sad*, serious.
[2] *Gallimaufry*, medley.
[3] *Squire*, foot-rule.
[4] *Marted*, traded.

That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This shows a sound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot speak

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!—(Act iv. 4. 394.)

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?
Flo. I have: but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?
Flo. He neither does nor shall.
Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. [Pray you, once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid

With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute[1] his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?
Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial:] reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.
Flo. I yield all this;
But, for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.
Pol. Let him know 't.
Flo. He shall not.
Pol. Prithee, let him.
Flo. No, he must not.
Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he must not.—
Mark our contrâct.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Throws off his disguise.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—
Shep. O my heart!
Pol. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack as never
I mean thou shalt, we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far[2] than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. [Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't.] [*Exit.*
Per. [Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.] [*To Florizel*] Will 't please you, sir, be gone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.
[*Cam.* Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.
Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. [*To Florizel*] O sir,
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. [*To Perdita*]
O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*]
Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard, delay'd,

[1] *Dispute*, discuss.

[2] *Far*, i.e. O.E. *ferre*, comp. = farther.

But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
[More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?
Cam. Even he, my lord.
Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus!
How often said my dignity would last
But till 't were known!
Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within!] Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am, and by my fancy:[1] if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is desperate, sir.
Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hides
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her who here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to her need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.
Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need!
Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Draws her aside.*
[*To Camillo*] I 'll hear you by and by.
Cam. He 's irremovable,
Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.
Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious[2] business that
I leave out ceremony.
[*Cam.* Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?
Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'd: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.
Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration, on mine honour
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by—
As heavens forfend!—your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.
Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.]
Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?
Flo. Not any yet:

[1] *Fancy*, love.

[2] *Curious*, requiring care.

But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.
Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 't were i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.
Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?
Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.
Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But, as you shake off one to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loth to be: besides you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in[1] the mind.
Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven years
Be born another such.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear 'our[2] birth.
Cam. I cannot say 't is pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.
Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I 'll blush you thanks.
Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.
Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one word. [*They talk aside.*

Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a riband, glass, pomander,[3] brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remember'd. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes[4] till he had both tune and words;

[1] *Take in*, subdue.
[2] *Rear 'our*, a contraction for *rear of our*.
[3] *Pomander*, a ball of perfumes.
[4] *Pettitoes*, literally pigs' feet.

which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears; [you might have pinch'd a placket, it was senseless; 't was nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse;] I would have fil'd keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son, and scar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. [*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. [*Sees Autolycus*] Who have we here?
We 'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shak'st thou so? Fear not, man; here 's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.[1]

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flay'd already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[*Florizel and Autolycus change garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[*Giving it to Perdita.*
Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review[2] Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.

[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more

[1] *Some boot, i.e.* something to boot.

[2] *Review,* see again.

knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punish'd by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him, and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel[1] will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,[2] breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

[*Clo.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given

Aut. Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound? —(Act iv. 4. 733-736.)

us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.[3]]

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure[4] of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy busi-

[1] *Fardel*, bundle. [2] *Having*, property.

[3] *With the manner*, in the fact.

[4] *Measure*, stately tread.

ness, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

[*Clo.* [*Aside to Shepherd*] Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.] 771

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. [*Aside to Shepherd*] This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. [*Aside to Clown*] His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. [*Aside to Shepherd*] He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box? 782

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief. 792

Shep. So 't is said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,[1] let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir? 799

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane[2] to him, though remov'd fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be ston'd; but that death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir? 811

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flay'd alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasps' nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smil'd at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently consider'd, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it. 829

Clo. [*Aside to Shepherd*] He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold: and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, "ston'd," and "flay'd alive."

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir. 841

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flay'd out of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he 'll be made an example.

[*Clo.* [*To Shepherd*] Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 't is none of your daughter

[1] *Hand-fast*, custody. [2] *Germane*, akin.

nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you.] Walk before towards the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him [: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it]. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A room in Leontes' palace.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, *and Servants.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them; and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleon. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and grac'd
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on. [What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenour of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,
Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'T is your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes*] Care not for issue;

The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.]
Leon. Good Paulina,
Who hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, O that ever I
Had squar'd me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes,
Have taken treasure from her lips,—
Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.
Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: [one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we 're offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, "Why to me?"
Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.
Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I 'd shriek, that even your ears
Should rift[1] to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remember mine."
Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife:]
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront[2] his eye.
Cleo. Good madam,—
Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former; but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.
Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bidd'st us.
Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen 's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.
Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance[3] and sudden, tells us
'T is not a visitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And those but mean.
Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.
[*Paul.* O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what 's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, "She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd;"—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 't is shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.
Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot,—your pardon;
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

[1] *Rift*, split
[2] *Affront*, i.e. confront.
[3] *Out of circumstance*, without ceremony.

Paul. How! not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.]
Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*
Still, 't is strange
He thus should steal upon us.
Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.
Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish[1] me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter CLEOMENES *and others, with* FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might have thus stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost—
All mine own folly—the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.
Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity
Which waits upon worn times hath something seiz'd
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measur'd to look upon you; whom he loves—
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.
Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behindhand slackness! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure[2] of her person.
Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.
Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and lov'd?
Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in safety
Here where we are.
Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy[3] father,
A graceful[4] gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,

[1] *Unfurnish*, deprive.

[2] *Adventure*, hazard. [3] *Holy*, virtuous, blameless. [4] *Graceful*, gracious.

Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach[1] his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where 's Bohemia? speak

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?—(Act v. 1. 207, 208.)

Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He 's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question.[2] Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low 's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

[1] *Attach*, arrest. [2] *In question*, under examination.

Leon. That "once," I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth[1] as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.
Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.
Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.
Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Leontes' palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a Gentleman.*

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes. There was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ransom'd, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance[2] were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that happily[3] knows more. The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. [How goes it now, sir? this news which is call'd true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion:] has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you 'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection[4] of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown

[1] *Worth, i.e.* worthiness of descent, high birth.

[2] *Importance,* import.

[3] *Happily, i.e.* haply.

[4] *Affection,* disposition.

another, so and in such manner, that it seem'd sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. [There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.[1]] Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; [then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he] thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. [I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.]

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrackt the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd: she lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes, for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all, [and that which angl'd for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish,] was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confess'd and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an "Alas," I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. [Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.]

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, [who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer:—] thither with all greediness of affection are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

Sec. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let 's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. [Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscover'd. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder-out of this secret, it would not have relish'd among my other discredits.]

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

[1] *Favour, i.e.* face.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You deni'd to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two kings call'd my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister call'd my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins[1] say it, I 'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I 'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I 'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou dar'st venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Chapel in Paulina's house.*

To Hermione, like a statue, curtained, enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 't is well.

[*Paulina draws back a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege:
Comes it not something near?
Leon. Her natural posture!

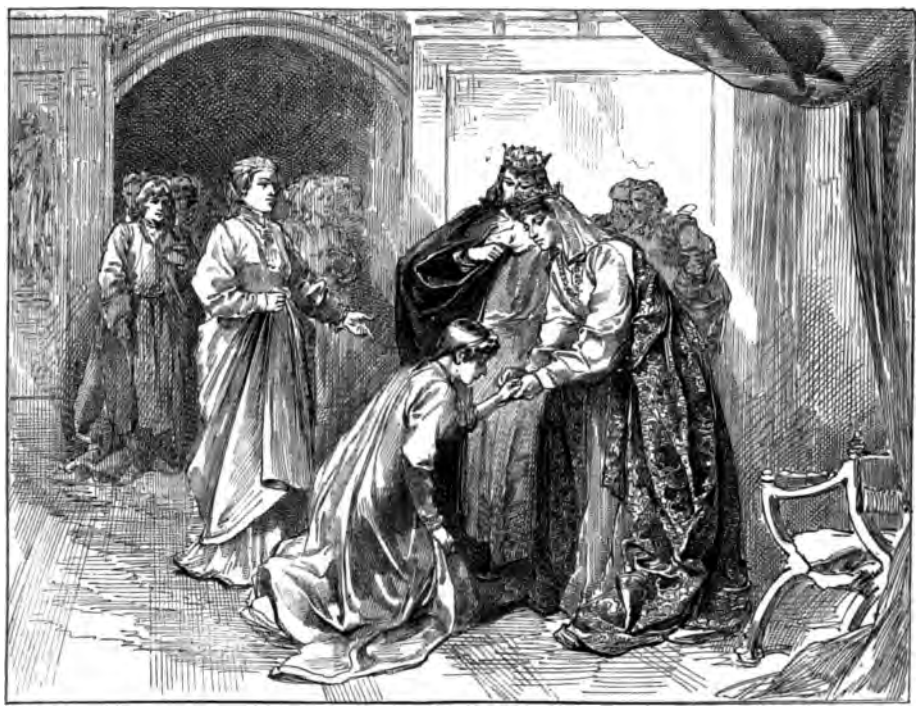
[1] *Franklins*, yeomen.

Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.
Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leon. As now she might have done
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!
Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 't is superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.
Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I 'd not have show'd it.
Leon. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.
Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul. I 'll draw the curtain:
My lord 's almost so far transported, that
He 'll think anon it lives.
Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but I could afflict you further.
Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.
Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leon. No, not these twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you 'll think—
Which I protest against—I am assisted
By wicked powers.
Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 't is as easy
To make her speak as move.
Paul. It is requir'd
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

THE WINTER'S TALE.
Act V. Scene III. lines 79-80.

Leon. Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.
Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*
'T is time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir: nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you.—You perceive she stirs:
[*Hermione steps from her pedestal.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then



Paul. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.—(Act v. 3. 120, 121.)

You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?
Leon. O, she 's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life, let her speak too.
Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has liv'd,
Or how stol'n from the dead.
Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.
Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd
Myself to see the issue.
Paul. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push[1] to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake[2] to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.
Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far,—
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let 's from this place.
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This is your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, who, heavens directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away.
[*Exeunt.*

[1] *Push*, impulse, suggestion.
[2] *Partake*, impart.

NOTES TO THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Lines 29, 30: *their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed.*—F. 1 prints *hath*. The correction is made in F. 2.

2. Line 33: *shook hands, as over a vast sea.*—So F. 1; the later Ff. read *a vast sea*. The reading of F. 1 is confirmed by a passage in Pericles, iii. 1. 1:

> Thou god of this great *vast*, rebuke these surges;

where *vast* is unmistakably used for the boundless sea. Henley observes, in reference to the words quoted from the text, with the latter part of the clause (*and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds*), that Shakespeare may have had in mind "a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from opposite clouds, and joined as in token of friendship over a wide waste of country."

3. Line 43: *one that, indeed,* PHYSICS *the subject.*—Compare Cymbeline, iii. 2. 34:

> Some griefs are med'cinable; that is one of them,
> For it doth *physic* love;

and Macbeth, ii. 3. 55:

> The labour we delight in *physics* pain.

Medicine, as a verb, is used in just the same sense in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 243: "Great griefs, I see, *medicine* the less;" and in Othello, iii. 3. 332.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

4. Lines 12, 13:

THAT *may blow*
No SNEAPING *winds at home.*

That is apparently used for *O that*, as in the passage cited by Farmer from The Two Noble Kinsmen, iii. 1. 12:

In thy rumination
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,
And chop on some cold thought!

Sneaping (*i.e.* checking or nipping) is used in Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 100: "an envious *sneaping* frost;" and in Lucrece, 333:

And give the *sneaped* birds more cause to sing

5. Line 41: *gest.*—This word (from O. Fr. *giste*) means a stage or stopping-place in a journey; commonly used of the royal progresses. Steevens quotes Webster, The White Devil, 1612:

Do, like the *gests* in the progress,
You know where you shall find me.

6. Line 42: *good deed*, meaning *indeed* (the *good* being simply an expletive), may be compared with such a phrase as "in good sooth" (Tempest, ii. 2. 150).

7. Line 43: *a jar o' the clock; i.e.* a tick of the clock. Holt White cites from Heywood, Troia Britannica, 1609, c. 4, st. 107:

He hears no waking-clocke nor watch to *jarre.*

Compare Richard II. v. 5. 51, 52:

My thoughts are minutes; and with sighs they *jar*
Their watches on unto mine ears.

8. Line 44: *What lady* SHE *her lord.*—Schmidt renders this curious expression, "*i.e.* a woman that is a lady." Collier and Dyce read *should* instead of *she*, taking the *she* of the Ff. to be a misprint for the abbreviation *shd.* But compare "my *she*," iv. 4. 360, below. Compare, too, Massinger, The Bondman, i. 3:

I'll kiss him for the honour of my country,
With any *she* in Corinth

and Middleton, Women beware Women, ii. 1:

Sir, I could give as shrewd a lift to chastity
As any *she* that wears a tongue in Florence.

9. Line 62: *lordings.*—*Lording*, the diminutive of *lord*, is found in The Passionate Pilgrim, xvi.: "It was a *lording's* daughter." *Lordings* is frequently used in Chaucer, often at the beginning of a speech, in the sense of "Sirs," See Canterbury Tales, Prologue (ed. Morris, Clarendon Press, 1879), l. 761:

And sayde thus: "Lo, lordynges, trewely
Ye ben to me right welcome hertely;"

and again, l. 788 below: "'*Lordynges*,' quoth he."

10. Lines 69–71:

we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did.

The later Ff. read *The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd*, and some editors have accepted this attempt to amend the metre. *Doctrine* ought, of course, to be pronounced as a trisyllable, and the stress to be laid (as it should be) on *ill* rather than on *doing*—a point of metre which may be illustrated from Mr. Swinburne's Songs of the Springtides, p. 8:

And he that much less loves it than he hates
All *wrong-doing* that is done
Anywhere, always underneath the sun
Shall live a mightier life than time's or fate's.

11. Lines 95, 96:

ere
With spur we HEAT *an acre.*

Heat seems to be used here in the same sense as "a *heat*" in running. Mr. Hudson in his edition of the play says: "Mr. Joseph Crosby, in a letter to me, justly observes that 'the accompanying words, 'to th' goal,' show that the metaphor is from the race-course.' And he adds that '*heat* is not simply the distance run, but the sporting-term for the race itself; 'winning the heat,' 'running the heat,' &c." Collier's Corrector very unnecessarily alters *heat* into *clear.*

12. Line 104: AND CLAP *thyself my love.*—F. 1 has *A clap*, a misprint corrected in the later Ff. To *clap* hands over a bargain is still no uncommon expression (though *strike* is now the more usual word); compare Henry V. v. 2. 133: "and so *clap* hands and a bargain." Malone says that to *clap hands* was a common part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, and he gives an instance of the phrase from Middleton, No Wit, No Help like a Woman's, 1657, iv. 1. 155:

There these young lovers shall *clap hands* together.

13. Line 113: *bounty, fertile bosom.*—I fail to see how this expression is improved, as many editors think, by Hanmer's emendation, *bounty's fertile bosom.* There is a slight difference in the form of the words, and that is all: the original reading being the more poetical. Steevens well compares Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 177–179:

Common mother, thou,
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all.

14. Line 115: *paddling palms.*—See the passage in Othello, ii. 1. 259–265, where *paddling* "with the palm of his hand" is explained by Iago, in all its significance, as a patent sign of Desdemona's fondness for Cassio.

15. Lines 117, 118:

and then to sigh, as 't were
THE MORT O' THE DEER.

This has almost always been explained as a flourish upon the horn, blown at the death of the deer, which makes, certainly, a curious simile. In a letter to the Academy, of October 29, 1887, Prof. Skeat puts forward an explanation which harmonizes very much better with the context, and is probably the true one. "The fact is," he says, "that *mort* just seems 'death;' neither more nor less, 'la mort, sans phrase.' The sigh is that of the exhausted and dying deer; and the simile is natural and easy. The commentators wanted to air their learning, and Steevens quotes from Greene: 'He that bloweth the *mort* before the death of the buck, may very well miss of his fees;' see this quotation, and another like it, duly entered in Nares. Again, Steevens refers to the oldest copy of 'Chevy Chase'—'The [they] blewe a *mort* uppone the bent;' and so, indeed, the line appears in Percy's *Reliques.* I regret to say I have fallen into the trap myself. I have so printed the line in my *Specimens of English*, part iii. p. 68, l. 16. But I honestly collated the text with the

MS., and duly made a note that the MS. reading is *mot*. And *mot* happens to be quite right. The careful Cotgrave duly explains the French *mot* as 'the note winded by a huntsman on his horne,' and it is the true and usual word. We have Chaucer's authority for it in the *Book of the Duchesse*, l. 376. In the 'Treatise on Venery,' by Twety, printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, i. 153, we read: 'And when the hert is take, ye shal blowe foure *motys*.' It is clear that the phrase 'to blow a mot' was turned into 'to blow a *mort*' by that powerful corrupter of language, popular etymology." Collier, in his edition of Shakespeare privately printed in 1876, explains the term correctly: "the '*mort*' o' the deer is the death of the deer, when it heaves its last sigh."

16. Line 123: *We must be* NEAT; *not neat, but cleanly, captain.*—"Leontes," says Johnson, "seeing his son's nose smutch'd, cries, 'We must be neat:' then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned cattle*, he says, 'not neat, but cleanly.'"

17. Line 125: *Still* VIRGINALLING.—Steevens compares Dekker's Satiromastix, 1602: "When we have husbands, we play upon them like *virginal jacks*, they must rise or fall to our humours, else they 'll never get any good strains of music out of one of us." Compare in this connection Sonnet cxxviii., where the idea in the text is developed. The *virginal* was a sort of rectangular or oblong spinet, of the same shape as the clavichord, and with the same arrangement of keyboard. An ancient inscription on a wall of the Manor House of Leckington, Yorkshire, said to be as old as the time of Henry VII., reads:

> A slac strynge in a Virginall soundithe not aright,
> It doth abide no wrestinge, it is so loose and light;
> The sound-borde crasede, forsith the instrumente,
> Throw misgovarnance, to meke notes which was not his intent.

Compare Blount, Glossographia, 1656: "Virginal (virginalis), maidenly, virginlike, hence the name of that musical instrument called Virginals, because maids and virgins do most commonly play on them." Another explanation of the name is that keyed stringed instruments were used to accompany the hymn "Angelus ad Virginem," as similar instruments without keys, the psaltery for instance, had been before them. From Henry VII.'s time to nearly the close of the 17th century, *Virginal* in England included all quilled keyboard instruments, the harpsichord and trapeze-shaped spinet, as well as the rectangular spinet. I take these particulars from Mr. Barclay Squire's article, *Virginal*, in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, vol. iv.

18. Lines 131, 132:

> *false*
> *As o'er-dyed* BLACKS.

Blacks was a term used for mourning garments. Compare Massinger and Middleton, The Old Law, ii. 1:

> I would not hear of *blacks*, I was so light,
> But chose a colour orient like my mind:
> For *blacks* are often such dissembling mourners,
> There is no credit given to 't; it has lost
> All reputation by false sons and widows.
> Now I would have men know what I resemble,
> A truth, indeed; 'tis joy clad like a joy;
> Which is more honest than a cunning grief,
> That 's only faced with sables for a show,
> But gaudy-hearted.

19. Line 137: *my collop!*—Compare I. Henry VI. v. 4. 18:

> God knows thou art a *collop* of my flesh;

and see the note on that passage (vol. i. p. 343, note 254).

20. Line 148: LEON. *What cheer! how is 't with you, best brother!*—Hanmer gives this line to Polixenes, and the change has been adopted by most editors—even the Cambridge. It seems to me unnecessary. Leontes wants to say something, because he sees Polixenes and Hermione are observing his altered looks, and so, in answer to the former's *How, my lord!* he replies with a counter-question, in which one may even see a touch of his uneasy suspicion, to which he cannot help giving vent in indirect ways. It will be noticed that Leontes, a little below, calls Polixenes *brother*, as in this line; and again, a little below that, he speaks to Hermione of "our *brother's* welcome."

21. Line 149: *you look as if you held a brow of much distraction.*—This line is printed by most editors as two, *you look* being joined, metrically, with the preceding line; an arrangement which does not result in harmony. It is evident that the printers of the Folio set the line in its present form advisedly, for in the original copy the catch-word *Leo.* is moved back so as to get room for the whole line.

22. Lines 161, 162:

> *Will you take eggs for money?*
> Mam. *No, my lord, I 'll fight.*

To take eggs for money was a proverbial phrase, meaning to put up with an affront, or to act in a cowardly manner. Boswell quotes Robert Dallington, A Method for Travell, 1593: "L'infanterie Francoise escaramouche bravement de loin et la Cavallerie a une furieuse brutée a l'affront, puis apres q'elle *s'accomode*." Reed gives a translation of this sentence, occuring in Relations of the most famous Kingdomes and Commonwealths thorowout the World, 1630: "The French infantry skirmisheth bravely afarre off, and cavallery gives a furious onset at the first charge; but after the first heat they will *take eggs for their money*" (p. 154).

23. Line 163: *happy man be 's dole!*—A proverbial expression. See Taming of the Shrew, note 38.

24. Line 177: APPARENT *to my heart; i.e.* next to my heart. Compare the French *apparenté*, related, or of kin; from which our phrase, the heir *apparent*, is derived.

25. Line 183: *How she holds up the* NEB, *the bill to him!*—*Neb*, used generally of a bird's bill, is Anglo-Saxon for face, mouth, beak. Skeat, in his Etymological Dictionary, quotes the Ancren Riwle (Camden Society ed.): "Ostende mihi faciem, sheau thi *neb* to me" (p. 73). Ogilvie, Imperial Dictionary, quotes Scott: "the *neb* o' them 's never out of mischief." Boyer, French Dictionary, has "The Nib of a bird, *Bec d'oiseau*." Steevens quotes from the story of Anne of Hungary in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, 1566: "the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart wyth the *nebs* of their forked heads."

26. Line 209: *I am like you,* THEY SAY.—This is the reading of F. 2. F. 1 has *say*.

27. Line 217: *rounding.*—"To *round* in the ear" is a familiar phrase; compare King John, ii. 1. 566, 567:

rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer;

and Browning, Luria, act ii.:

Oh, their reward and triumph and the rest
They *round* me in the ears with, all day long.
—Works, 1879, vol. v. p. 63.

The word to *round* is derived from the German *runen*.

28. Line 226: *some severals.*—This is the only instance of the noun *severals*, meaning single individuals; the word is twice used for that which concerns an individual person or thing: Henry V. i. 1. 86, 87:

The *severals* and unhidden passages
Of his true title to some certain dukedoms;

and Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 179, 180:

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact.

29. Line 227: *lower messes.*—That is, persons of inferior rank, who had their place below the salt, at the lower end of the table. See, on the original meaning of *mess*, note 128 to Love's Labour's Lost (vol. i. p. 62). Collier mentions that each four diners at an inn of court is still said to constitute a *mess*, and has a separate supply of food.

30. Line 244: *Which* HOXES *honesty behind.*—To *hox*, or "hough," or "hock," was to hamstring. Nares quotes Knolles' History of Turks: "recovering his feet, with his faulchion *hoxed* the hinder legs of the mare whereon the sultan rid" (p. 83); and Lyly's Mother Bombie, iii. 4: "I thrust my hand into my pocket for a knife, thinking to *hox* him."

31. Lines 256, 257:

if INDUSTRIOUSLY
I play'd the fool.

This is the only use of the word *industriously* in Shakespeare, and it is here used in somewhat different sense from the usual one, as "deliberately" or "on purpose," the Latin *de industria*.

32. Lines 271, 272:

for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not THINK.

Hanmer reads *think't*, and Theobald *think it*. Certainly one must either understand the line in this way, or else (and perhaps that would be better) as Malone takes it, connecting *think* with the next line, *My wife is slippery*, the object of the verb *thought* above.

33. Line 276: *My wife's a* HOBBY-HORSE.—Ff. print *Holy Horse*. The correction is Pope's.

34. Lines 290, 291:

and all eyes
Blind with the PIN AND WEB.

The *pin and web* (sometimes *pin* only) is the name of a disease of the eye, something of the nature of cataract. The Encyclopædic Dictionary defines it "an obstruction of vision depending upon a speck in the cornea." Florio, World of Words, ed. 1611, has "Cataratta, a dimness of sight, occasioned by humours hardened in the eye, called a cataract, or a *pin and a web*." Compare Lear, iii. 4. 120–123: "This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks at first cock; he gives the *web and the pin*, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip."

35. Line 304: *wife's.*—Ff. misprint *wiues*. The correction was made by Rowe.

36. Line 307: *Why, he that wears her like her medal; i.e.* her portrait in a locket. Malone well compares Henry VIII. ii. 2. 31–33:

a loss of her
That, *like a jewel*, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

and he quotes another close parallel from Gervais Markham, Honour in Perfection, 1624, p. 18: "He hath *hung about the neck* of his noble kinsman, Sir Horace Vere, *like a rich jewel*."

37. Line 316: BESPICE *a cup.*—Steevens cites from Chapman's translation of the Odyssey, book x., a similar use of the word *spice* in the sense of poison:

With a festival
She'll first receive thee, but will *spice* thy bread
With flowery poisons.

38. Line 317: *To give mine enemy* A LASTING WINK.—Compare Tempest, ii. 1. 285–287:

whiles you, doing thus,
To the *perpetual wink* for aye might put
This ancient morsel.

39. Line 320: *To* APPOINT *myself in this vexation.*—Compare Much Ado, iv. 1. 146, 147:

For my part, I am so *attir'd* in wonder,
I know not what to say;

and Twelfth Night, iv. 3. 3:

And though 't is wonder that *enwraps* me thus.

40. Line 378: *Be* INTELLIGENT *to me.*—Shakespeare used *intelligent* in this sense (giving intelligence) only here and in three passages of Lear, iii. 1. 25; iii. 5. 12; and iii. 7. 12: "Our posts shall be swift and *intelligent* betwixt us."

41. Lines 392–394:

which no less adorns
Our GENTRY *than our parents' noble names,*
In whose SUCCESS *we are* GENTLE.

That is, "which no less adorns our rank as gentlemen than the noble names of our parents, in succession to whom we are of gentle birth." Compare *gentry* in Lucrece, lines 568, 569:

She cónjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, *gentry*, and sweet friendship's oath;

and for *gentle*, in this sense, see Henry V. iv. line 45 of Chorus, "mean and *gentle* all." *Success*, meaning succession, is used in one other place, II. Henry IV. iv. ii. 47–49:

And so *success* of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles England shall have generation.

42. Lines 415, 416:

an instrument
To VICE *you to't.*

Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 125, 126:

And that I partly know *the instrument*
That screws me from my true place in your favour.

43. Lines 418, 419:

my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!

The allusion is of course to Judas Iscariot. *Best* is spelt in the Ff. with a capital letter, to point its significance.

Douce mentions that there was a clause in the sentence against excommunicated persons: "let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ. Amen."

44. Lines 426, 427:

you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon.

Douce compares The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 71, 72:

You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height.

45. Lines 445, 446:

Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

This is Capell's rearrangement of the lines printed in the Ff. in an obviously unmetrical form: the second line beginning with *thereon*.

46. Lines 458–460:

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion.

I fail to see any particular obscurity in this passage, though Dyce echoes Warburton and Johnson in declaring it "hopelessly corrupted." If any paraphrase is necessary, Malone's is quite sufficient to the purpose: "Good expedition befriend me by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason the object of his suspicion."

ACT II. Scene 1.

47. Line 11: *Who taught you this?*—This is Rowe's emendation, or rather expansion of F. 1's contraction *Who taught 'this?*

48. Lines 39–45:

There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, &c.

There was formerly a notion that spiders were venomous. Malone quotes from a pamphlet of 1632 entitled Holland's Leaguer: "like the *spider*, which turneth all things to poison which it tasteth." Henderson mentions that one of the witnesses against the Countess of Somerset in the famous Overbury case said, "The Countess wished me to get the strongest poison I could. . . . Accordingly I bought seven great *spiders* and cantharides." Compare the story of Shah Abbas, thus told in Browning's Ferishtah's Fancies, pp. 14, 15:

He too lived and died
—How say they? Why, so strong of arm, of foot
So swift, he stayed a lion in his leap
On a stag's haunch,—with one hand grasped the stag,
With one struck down the lion: yet, no less,
Himself, that same day, feasting after sport,
Perceived a spider drop into his wine,
Let fall the flagon, died of simple fear.

49. Line 51: *a pinch'd thing.*—Perhaps this means treated as a mere puppet, pinched and moved as others please. Several contemporary instances of the use of the word *pinched* are given in the Variorum Shakspeare, vol. xiv. p. 278, but they may be said to need rather than to give explanation.

50. Lines 73, 74:

calumny will SEAR
Virtue itself.

Compare All's Well, ii. 1. 175, 176:

my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise.

51. Line 79: *The most* REPLENISH'D *villain in the world.*—Compare Richard III. iv. 3. 18, 19:

The most *replenished* sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.

52. Line 90: *A* FEDERARY *with her.*—This is probably only another form of the word now usually spelt *feodary*, which is printed *fedarie* in the F. 1 text of Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 122; *Fœdarie* in Cymbeline, iii. 2. 21. See note 105 on Measure for Measure.

53. Lines 104, 105:

He who shall speak for her is AFAR OFF *guilty*
But that he speaks.

This of course means, in Johnson's words, "guilty *in a remote degree.*" Malone compares Henry V. i. 2. 239, 240:

Or shall we sparingly show you *far off*
The Dauphin's meaning?

54. Lines 134, 135:

I 'll keep MY STABLES *where*
I lodge my wife.

Collier's sensitive Corrector altered *my stables* into *me stable;* and Collier observes that Antigonus "means merely that he will take care to keep himself constantly near his wife,—'I 'll keep *me stable* where I lodge my wife,'—in order that she may not offend in the way unjustly charged against Hermione." The change seems quite uncalled for, though it certainly renders the passage much more elegant. Grant White very well says: "The meaning of the passage seems so plainly 'I will degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel,' that had there not been much, quite from the purpose, written about it, it would require no special notice. The idea of horses and dogs being once suggested by the word 'stable,' the speaker goes on to utter another thought connected with it: 'I 'll go in couples,' &c."

55. Line 136: THAN *when I feel and see her no further trust her.*—Ff. print *Then*, but the two words were spelt interchangeably. Pope made the correction in his second edition.

56. Line 141: *some putter-on.*—The meaning of *putter-on* is here evidently instigator; in Henry VIII. i. 2. 23–25, the same word is used of one who sets measures on foot, or causes them:

they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as *putter-on*
Of these exactions.

57. Line 143: *I would* LAND-DAMN *him.*—This strange word, *land-damn*, has given rise to endless conjectures, the most recent and plausible of which—indeed the *first* that can be called plausible—is one contained in Notes and Queries, iii. 464 (June 12, 1875), in a letter signed "Thorncliffe," and dated from Buxton. The writer states that forty years ago an old custom was still in use in these parts of punishing detected slanderers or adulterers "by the rustics traversing from house to house along the

country side, blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles:[1] when an audience was assembled the delinquents' names were proclaimed;" and they were said to be *land-damned*, or, as it was pronounced, *landanned*. It is suggested in a later number of Notes and Queries (July 3, 1875), that *landan*, like the Gloucestershire word *randan* (used in a similar sense), is an imitative word, intended to represent the confused and continued noise of the process.

58. Lines 149, 150:

And I had rather GLIB *myself than they*
Should not produce fair issue.

Glib, we are told by Steevens, is still used in some parts in the sense of castrate, and he quotes Shirley, St. Patrick for Ireland, 1640: "If I come back, let me be *glib'd*." The word seems to be akin to the more general word *lib*, itself a provincialism in the North. Boyer renders it by "châtrer."

59. Line 153: *As you feel doing thus.—Thus* is generally supposed to be grasping Antigonus' arm; perhaps so, perhaps otherwise; the matter is uncertain, and of little consequence.

60. Line 157: *the whole dungy earth.*—This elegant epithet occurs again in Antony and Cleopatra, i. 1. 35, 36:

our *dungy earth* alike
Feeds beast as man.

61. Lines 169, 170:

The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

This metrical arrangement is Theobald's. The Ff. begin line 170 at "Is."

62. Line 172: *Without more* OVERTURE.—Shakespeare generally uses *overture* in the sense of proposal, much as we use it nowadays; here, and in Lear, iii. 7. 89, he seems to give the word rather the signification of disclosure.

63. Lines 181, 182:

't were
Most piteous to be WILD.

That is, no doubt, to be rash; as in iv. 4. 577, 578, below:

a *wild* dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, &c.

64. Line 185: *Of stuff'd sufficiency.*—Compare Much Ado, i. 1. 56: "*stuff'd* with all honourable virtues;" and Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 183: "*Stuff'd* . . . with honourable parts." Consequently the meaning appears to be, of full or complete sufficiency (that is, ability); not, as Johnson says, "of abilities *more than* enough."

ACT II. Scene 2.

65. Line 30: *These dangerous unsafe* LUNES *i' the king.*—Cotgrave has "*Lune*, folie. Les femmes ont des *lunes* dans la tete. Richelet." Steevens compares Cyril Tourneur, The Revenger's Tragedy, iii. 1, 1608:

I know 't was but some peevish *moon* in him.

The French still say, of a man of capricious temper, "il a ses *lunes*" or "il est bien (ou mal) *luné*." The expression given by Theobald—"il y a de la *lune*"—is now obsolete. There is an old French proverb that "les femmes ont trois quartiers de la *lune* dans la tête," and in Pantagruel there is some talk of a voyage to the moon to verify the fact. The word is found in modern editions of Shakespeare in Merry Wives, iv. 2. 22, and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 139, where the Ff. have *lines;* some editors introduce it also in Hamlet, iii. 3. 7, in place of the Ff. *lunacies*.

66. Line 49: *Who but to-day* HAMMERED *of this design.*—See Two Gent. of Verona, i. 3. 18, and the note on the passage (vol. i. p. 167, note 28).

ACT II. Scene 3.

67. Line 4: *the* HARLOT *king.*—The word *harlot* was formerly used of men as well as of women. Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 204, 205:

This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with *harlots* feasted in my house.

The word originally meant a youth; it then came to be used of persons of low birth, and then persons of low conduct. The French use of the word *fille* (originally and literally meaning daughter) may be quoted as a similar example of a word's degradation, having come to mean now, when used by itself—*une fille*—precisely what the English word in question means to-day. Compare Chaucer, Prologue, lines 647, 648:

He was a gentil *harlot* and a kynde;
A betre felawe shulde men noght fynde.

It is said of the Sompnour, who does not seem to have been a person of good conduct.

68. Lines 5, 6:

out of the BLANK
And LEVEL *of my brain.*

Both these terms of gunnery or archery are often used by Shakespeare; as, for example, Othello, iii. 4. 128: "stood within the *blank* of his displeasure;" All 's Well, ii. 1. 158, 159:

I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the *level* of mine aim;

and, *level* being used adverbially, in a passage which combines and illustrates both words, Hamlet, iv. 1. 42, 43:

As *level* as the cannon to his *blank*,
Transports his poison'd shot.

69. Lines 19–21:

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance.

Malone quotes from Shakespeare's original, Greene's Dorastus and Fawnia: "For Pandosto although he felt that revenge was a spurre to warre, and that envy alwaies profereth steele, yet he saw, that Egisthus was not onely of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but had also many Kings of his alliance to ayde him, if neede should serve: for he married the Emperours daughter of Russia" (Hazlitt's Shakespeare's Library, part I. vol. iv pp. 32, 33). It will be seen that Shakespeare has caught at the hint afforded by the words "Emperours daughter of Russia" to give Hermione an added dignity and a sharper contrast at her trial. In Greene it is Polixenes' wife, not Leontes', who is thus referred to.

70. Line 39: WHAT *noise there, ho!*—So the later Ff.; F. 1 has *Who*.

[1] Compare Cotgrave, "Charivaris des poelles, The carting of an infamous person, graced with the harmony of tinging kettles and frying-pan Musicke."

71. Line 56: *in* COMFORTING *your evils.* — That is, in abetting or encouraging your evil practices. Compare Lear, iii. 5. 21: "If I find him *comforting* the king," where the context shows that something more than merely consoling is meant. In Wiclif's version, "be strong in the Lord" (Ephesians vi. 10) is rendered "be *comforted* in the Lord."

72. Line 67: *A* MANKIND *witch!*—Compare Coriolanus, iv. 2. 16, where Sicinius says to Volumnia, sneeringly, "Are you *mankind?*" Singer quotes Abraham Fleming, Junius' Nomenclator, 1585, where "virago" is defined: "A manly woman, or a *mankind* woman." The word was frequently used in this sense; as in Massinger, The City Madam, iii. 1:

> you brache!
> Are you turn'd *mankind?*

and in Fletcher, The Woman-hater, iii. 1: "Are women grown so *mankind*, must they be wooing?"

73. Line 68: *intelligencing.*—This word is used by Shakespeare only here, where it evidently means one who acts the part of a go-between; somewhat similar uses of *intelligencer* will be seen in II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 20, and Richard III. iv. 4. 71.

74. Line 74: *thou art* WOMAN-TIR'D.—To *tire* was used in falconry for "to tear with the beak;" so that the expression is closely allied in meaning with the modern *henpecked.* Compare Venus and Adonis, 55, 56:

> Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
> *Tires* with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.

75. Line 75: *dame Partlet.* — For the story of dame Partlet see Chaucer's Nonne Prestes Tale, where "damoysele Pertelote" or "dame Pertelote" is the favourite of the "sevene hennes" composing the harem of "a cok, highte chauntecleer."

76. Line 76: *crone.*—This word originally meant a toothless old ewe; it came to have its present sense at least in Chaucer's time: *e.g.* Man of Lawes Tale, line 432 (MS. Harl. 7334):

> This olde sowdones this cursed *crone.*

Shakespeare only uses the word in this passage, but it is frequently to be met with in the dramatic literature of his time.

77. Line 90: *A callat.*—Compare II. Henry VI. i. 3. 86:

> Contemptuous base-born *callat* as she is;

III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 145:

> To make this shameless *callat* know herself;

and Othello, iv. 2. 120, 121:

> He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink
> Could not have laid such terms upon his *callat.*

Compare, too, Burns, The Jolly Beggars: "Here's our ragged brats and *callets!*" The etymology of the word is uncertain. The New English Dictionary quotes, among other references, Holland's Livy, 1600, i. lviii. 41: "Any unhonest woman or wanton *callot* [*impudica*]"; and Stanyhurst, Description of Ireland in Holinshed, vi. 52: "Let us . . . leave lieing for varlets . . . scolding for *callets.*"

78. Line 106: *No* YELLOW *in 't.*—Compare Nym's figurative language in Merry Wives, i. 3. 111: "I will possess him with *yellowness;*" *i.e.* jealousy.

79. Line 109: *lozel*, or losel, is defined by Verstegan (Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, 1605, p. 335, cited by Reed) as "one that hath lost, neglected, or cast off his owne good and welfare, and so is become lewde and carelesse of credit and honesty." See Glossary of Yorkshire Words and Phrases, 1856. Compare Spenser, View of the State of Ireland (quoted in Latham's Johnson). "Such *losels* and scatterlings cannot easily, by any sheriff, be gotten, when they are challenged for any such fact." The word is still occasionally met with, as in Browning, Sordello, bk. iii. line 789:

> Keeping, each *losel*, through a maze of lies,
> His own conceit of truth."

80. Line 148: *beseech you.*—This is Rowe's expansion of the reading of F. 1, *beseech'*. The later Ff., as usual, disregard altogether the mark of contraction.

81. Line 162: *So sure as* THIS *beard's gray.*—Some editors have emended *this* into *thy;* without need, I think, for though Leontes certainly means the beard of Antigonus and not his own, he may, as Malone suggested, lay hold of Antigonus' beard (just above he has said "Come you hither," so that it would probably be within reach); or if he merely pointed to it, at close quarters, he might have said *this.* But Leontes had shown himself capable of acts quite as unkingly as pulling an old man's beard.

82. Line 168: *Swear by this sword.*—In the knightly days oaths were frequently taken on the cross-shaped hilt of a sword. The practice is often alluded to by Shakespeare. Compare Hamlet, i. 5. 154, 160, where Hamlet makes his friends swear upon his sword.

83. Line 192: *Poor thing, condemn'd to* LOSS!—Compare iii. 3. 49–51, below:

> poor wretch,
> That, for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
> To *loss* and what may follow!

Halliwell cites Baret, Alvearie, 1580: "*Losse*, hurt, properly things cast out of a shippe in time of a tempest."

ACT III. Scene 1.

84.—The stage-direction to this scene is given in the Cambridge Shakespeare "A seaport in Sicilia" (after Theobald's "A part of Sicily near the seaside"). But, as the Old-Spelling editors point out, "line 21 ['fresh horses!'] implies that the riders had brought in tired horses, and had not just landed."

85. Line 2: *the* ISLE. — Shakespeare follows Greene in speaking of Delphi as an island: "they [*i.e.* the messengers selected by Pandosto] willing to fulfill the Kinges command, and desirous to see the situation and custom of the *Iland*, dispatched their affaires with as much speede as might be, and embarked themselves to this voyage." Warburton suggests, with some probability, that the original cause of the mistake was a mental confusion between "Delphos" and "Delos."

ACT III. Scene 2.

86.—There are in this scene several specially close parallels between the language of Greene's narrative and that of Shakespeare's play. Compare, for instance, with this

passage from the tale: "and as for her, it was her parte to deny such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in forswearing the fact, since shee had past all shame in committing the fault,"—lines 55–58:

> I ne'er heard yet
> That any of these bolder vices wanted
> Less impudence to gainsay what they did
> Than to perform it first.

There is again considerable similarity between Hermione's protestations of the innocence of her love for Polixenes and Bellaria's declarations of her blameless affection for Egistus. For example: "What hath past betwixt him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will presently reveale: that I loved Egistus I can not denie: that I honored him I shame not to confess: to the one I was forced by his vertues, to the other for his dignities. But as touching lascivious lust, I say Egistus is honest, and hope my selfe to be found without spot: for Franion, I can neither accuse him nor excuse him, for I was not privie to his departure, and that this is true which I have heere rehearsed, I referre myselfe to the devine Oracle" (Hazlitt, p. 42). Compare specially lines 62–78. And in lines 112–115:

> if I shall be condemn'd
> Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
> But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
> 'T is rigour, and not law—

we have an absolute quotation: "therefore if she were condemned without any further proofe, it was rigour, and not Law" (p. 38). Polixenes' remorseful and penitent words after his folly has been at last brought home to him (154 *et seq.*) are closely modelled upon Greene. The text of the oracle (133–137) is copied with but a few variations from Greene: "Suspition is no proofe: jealousy is an unequall judge: Bellaria is chast; Egistus blamelesse: Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous: his babe an innocent, and the king shall live without an heire: if that which is lost be not founde" (p. 40, where it is printed in sm. caps.).

87. Line 10: *Silence!*—F. 1 prints *Silence* in italics, as if it were a stage-direction. Capell assigned it to a crier, and he is followed by Dyce. It seems the simplest plan to do as Rowe has done, and allow the officer to command silence.

88. Line 34: *Who.*—Ff. print *Whom*. The correction was made by Rowe.

89. Lines 50, 51:

> *With what* ENCOUNTER *so* UNCURRENT *I*
> *Have* STRAIN'D, *to appear thus.*

Encounter may here be used in the general sense of behaviour (*e.g.* Taming of Shrew, iv. 5. 54), or in the more derogatory sense in which it occurs in Much Ado, iv. 1. 94 ("the vile *encounters* they have had"). *Uncurrent* means, evidently enough, "unwarrantable." *Strain'd* seems to have the signification of "swerved," as the participle is used in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 3. 19:

> Nor aught so good, but, *strain'd* from that fair use,
> Revolts, &c.

Thus Dyce's paraphrase gives the simplest and most natural explanation of the passage: "With what unwarrantable familiarity of intercourse I have so far exceeded bounds, or gone astray, that I should be forced to appear thus in a public court as a criminal."

90. Line 82: *My life stands in the* LEVEL *of your dreams.*—See note 68 above, on *level;* Hermione means here that her life is within the range of his idle suspicions.

91. Line 86: *Those of your* FACT *are so; i.e.* those who have done as you have done. Compare the use of the same word in precisely the same sense, in note 86 above, in the quotation from Greene. *Fact* seems to be always used in Shakespeare in this unfavourable sense, meaning not merely a deed (the Latin *factum*), but an evil deed.

92. Line 93: *The* BUG *which you would fright me with I seek.*—*Bug* was used in Shakespeare's time for what we now (to avoid misunderstandings) call more lengthily "bugbear." Compare Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 211:

> Tush, tush! fear boys with *bugs;*

and Hamlet, v. 2. 22:

> With, ho! such *bugs* and goblins in my life.

In Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 117, "Thessal *bugs*" is given by Abr. Fleming as the translation of Horace's "*portenta*que Thessala;" and in the same book, p. 153, the word is used as the generic name of a congeries of portents, the list of which is interesting enough to quote here: "They [our mothers' maids] have so fraied us with bull beggers, spirits, witches, urchens, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, sylens, kit with the cansticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, giants, imps, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changelings, *Incubus*, Robin good-fellowe, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell waine, the fierdrake, the puckle, Tom thombe, hob gobblin, Tom tumbler, boneles, and such other *bugs*, that we are afraid of our owne shadowes."

93. Line 94: *To me can life be no* COMMODITY.—Schmidt enters *commodity* as used in this line under the head of "convenience;" surely it belongs rather with his second division, "profit, advantage," as in King John, ii. 1. 573, 574:

> That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling *commodity*,
> *Commodity*, the bias of the world.

Grant White quotes The Haven of Health, 1584: "And therefore seeing all my trauaile tendeth to common *commoditie*, I trust euerie man will interpret all for the best" (sig. ¶ ¶ 4b.).

94. Line 100: *Starr'd most unluckily.*—There are several astrological allusions in this play, i. 2. 201, 363 ("Happy star reign now!"); and one might perhaps add the reference to the "influences" of the stars in lines 424–426 of the same scene.

95. Line 146: *Of the queen's* SPEED.—Compare Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 139: "happy be thy *speed!*" In Cymbeline, iii. 5. 167, 168, there is a quibble upon this and the more customary meaning of the word:

> This fool's *speed*
> Be cross'd with slowness!

96. Lines 169, 170:

> *Which you knew great, and to the hazard*
> *Of all incertainties, &c.*

The editor of F. 2 inserted the word *certain* before *hazard*, a very plausible emendation. I can quite fancy that it may have been what Shakespeare wrote, but in the absence

of anything more than a doubtful probability (for the authority of F. 2 is to my mind of the smallest) I hesitate to admit the word into the text.

97. Line 187: *That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant.*—Several absurd emendations of this line have been proposed, where none was needed. The obvious meaning is, as Coleridge well put it, "show thee, being a fool naturally, to have improved thy folly by inconstancy." Compare Phaer's Aeneid:

When this the yong men heard me speak, *of* wild they waxed wood.

98. Line 188: *And* DAMNABLE *ingrateful.*—Adjectival forms of adverbs are frequently met with in Shakespeare. Compare, for this very word, All's Well, iv. iii. 31, 32: "Is it not meant *damnable* in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents?"

99. Line 189: *Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour.*—"How should Paulina know this?" as Malone acutely remarks. "No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance." A precisely similar oversight (for so it seems) occurs in iii. 3. 111, where the shepherd speaks of Antigonus as "the old man," though he has never seen him, and his son has not said that he was old.

100. Line 199: *his gracious* DAM.—*Dam* is several times used by Shakespeare for mother, but always, save here, as a term of contempt. Paulina, as we know, was not a squeamish person; and it is quite characteristic of her to use a word of this sort affectionately.

101. Line 206: TINCTURE *or lustre in her lip.*—Shakespeare only uses *tincture* in the sense of colour, as in Two Gent. of Verona, iv. 4. 160: "the lily-*tincture* of her face."

102. Line 232: *take your patience to you.*—Compare Henry VIII. v. 1. 105–107:

you must *take*
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower.

103. Line 244: To *these sorrows.*—This is the reading of the Ff. S. Walker proposes *Unto*, which is plausible. The Cambridge editors adopt this reading in the Globe Edition. Collier is wrathful with those who adopt this reading, "against every authority, and to the ruin of the beauty of the close of this grand and pathetic scene."

ACT III. Scene 3.

104. Lines 1, 2:

Thou art PERFECT, *then, our ship hath touch'd upon*
The deserts of Bohemia?

Perfect is used two or three times by Shakespeare for "certain," "fully aware," as in Cymbeline, iii. 1. 73–75:

I am *perfect*
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms;

and Cymb. iv. 2. 118: "I am *perfect* what." The idea of a maritime Bohemia, that stumbling-block to precisians, is taken from Greene. "Egistus, King of Sycilia, who in his youth had bene brought up with Pandosto, desirous to show that neither tracte of time, nor distance of place could diminish their former friendship, provided a navie of ships, and *sayled into Bohemia* to visit his old friend and companion" (Hazlitt, p. 24). It will be remembered that Shakespeare has transposed the two kingships.

105. Lines 21, 22:

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd and so becoming.

Certain commentators (such as the too ingenious Mr. W. N. Lettsom, from whose persistent passion of emendation no Shakespearian idiom was safe) have objected to the idea of a *vessel*, or even of a woman, being *becoming*. The suggested substitution of *o'errunning* would, as Singer justly says, "spoil an image of rare beauty. Antigonus describes an expression which only the greatest masters have realized in art: grief the most poignant rather enhancing the beauty of a countenance than deforming it."

106. Lines 54, 55:

thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough.

Compare in Greene: "shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy lullabie?" (p. 36).

107. Lines 59, 60: *I would there were no age between* TEN *and three-and-twenty.*—Capell suggested that *ten* might be a mistake for *thirteen;* and the Cambridge editors very justly add that if written in Arabic numerals 16 would be more likely to be mistaken for 10 than 13, and would suit the context better.

108. Line 63: *the ancientry.*—This word occurs in only one other passage, Much Ado, ii. 1. 80, where it means "*pertaining* to age."

109. Lines 66–69: *They have scar'd away two of my best sheep, which I fear the* WOLF *will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 't is by the sea-side,* BROWSING OF IVY.—This is taken from Greene: "It fortuned a poore mercenary Sheepheard, that dwelled in Sycilia, who got his living by other mens flockes, missed one of his sheepe, and thinking it had strayed into the covert, that was hard by, sought diligently to find that which he could not see, fearing either the *Wolves* or Eagles had undone him (for hee was so poore, as a sheepe was halfe his substaunce), wandered downe toward the sea cliffes, to see if perchaunce the sheepe was *browsing on the sea Ivy*, whereon they greatly doe feede, but not finding her there, as he was ready to returne to his flocke, hee heard a child crie" (p. 45).

110. Line 71: *A boy or a* CHILD.—It is evident that *child* is used here for a girl: and Steevens says that he is *told* the word is still in use in the midland counties. Most of the editors have simply copied this statement; in Latham's Johnson it is said that *child* as girl is "common as a *provincialism;* especially in Warwickshire, where it has probably been most carefully noticed." Halliwell, in his Archaic Dictionary, quotes from Hole's MS. Glossary of Devonshire Words, collected about 1780: "A *child*, a female infant." In Notes and Queries, 5th series, vol. v. May 6, 1876, Mr. Charles Thiriold sends the very apt parallel from Beaumont and Fletcher, Philaster, ii. 4:

Ages to come shall know no male of him
Left to inherit, and his name shall be
Blotted from earth; if he have any *child*,

It shall be crossly matched; the gods themselves
Shall sow wild strife betwixt *her* lord and *her*.

One correspondent states that in some parts of Lancashire the inquiry, apropos of a baby, "Is it a lad or a *child!*" is still common; another assigns the same usage to Gloucestershire; Mr. W. Rendle, in the same volume, and in vol. vi., states that his elder relatives in Cornwall were familiar with the expression, "Is it a boy or a cheeld?" Grimm, in his Deutsches Worterbuch, Band 5 (Leipsic, 1873), p. 713, *s.v. Kind*, mentions a similar use of *buben* and *kindern* (in the sense of boys and girls) in Switzerland.

111. Line 100: *how the sea* FLAP-DRAGON'D *it; i.e.* swallowed it like a *flap-dragon* (now known as *snap-dragon*). See Love's Labour's Lost, note 152 (vol. i. p. 64).

112. Line 124: *You're a* MADE *old man.*—This is Theobald's emendation (after a conjecture of "L. H.") of the Ff. reading *mad*. The word is countenanced, not only by the sense of the context, but by a passage in Dorastus and Fawnia: "The goodman . . . desired her to be quiet . . . if she could holde her peace, they were *made* for ever" (Hazlitt, p. 47).

ACT IV. Scene 1.

113. Line 2: *make and unfold.*—Ff. print *makes, and unfolds*, which some editors retain. The correction, which seems to be required, was made by Rowe.

114. Lines 4–6:

Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years.

Sir Philip Sidney, in his Apologie for Poetrie, 1595, complains that the dramatic authors of his time are "faulty both in place and time, the two necessary companions of corporall actions. . . . For ordinary it is that two young Princes fall in love. After many trauerces, she is got with childe, deliuered of a faire boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falls in loue, and is ready to get another child, and all this in two hours space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine, and Arte hath taught, and all auncient Examples iustified" (Arber's Reprint, pp. 63, 64). A similar lamentation is raised by Whetstone in the preface to his Promos and Cassandra.

ACT IV. Scene 2.

115. Line 4: *It is* FIFTEEN *years since I saw my country.*—This is probably a slip of Shakespeare's, and as such I refrain from altering it; that he intended the number of years to be *sixteen* is evident not merely from Time's speech in the prologue to this act, but from v. iii. 31, 50.

116. Lines 5, 6: *though I have for the most part been* AIRED *abroad.*—I think Rolfe is right in explaining the word *aired* as "lived, breathed the air, or been in the air—in distinction from being in the grave, which, as Polonius says (Hamlet, ii. 2. 211), 'is out o' the air.'"

117. Line 22: *heaping* FRIENDSHIPS. — *Friendship* is several times used by Shakespeare in the sense of "friendly service." Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 169:

To buy his favour, I extend this *friendship*:

where Shylock is referring to "the bond."

118. Line 35: *I have* MISSINGLY *noted.*—Schmidt takes *missingly* to mean with regret ("so as to feel and regret the absence"). Steevens thinks it means at intervals; and Richardson, in his dictionary, explains the phrase, "observing him to be *missing*, to be absent, [I have] noted"—which seems the most probable hypothesis.

119. Line 52: *but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither.*—So the Ff., which print "I fear" in brackets. The Old-Spelling Shakespeare reads, "But I feare the Angle." The use of *but* rather than "and" in such a clause seems rather singular.

120. Line 56: *I think it* NOT UNEASY.—Shakespeare uses the word *uneasy* in the sense of "not easy," *i.e.* difficult, in one other passage (Tempest, i. 2. 450–452):

but this swift business
I must *uneasy* make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.

In the modern sense of uncomfortable the word is used in two, and only two, other places: II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 10, 31.

ACT IV. Scene 3.

121. Line 2: *the* DOXY.—A cant word for strumpet, given by Boyer, in his French Dictionary, as equivalent to "trull." Compare Middleton, The Roaring Girl, i. 1:

Moll. Sirrah, where's your *doxy!* halt not with me.
Omnes. Doxy! Moll, what's that?
Moll. His wench.

Compare Burns, The Jolly Beggars:

And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our *doxies* on the hay.

Aunts, line 11 below, has the same meaning, as is very distinctly set forth in a passage quoted by Steevens from Dekker's Honest Whore, i. 2: "to call you one o' mine *aunts*, sister, were as good as call you arrant whore." Compare Middleton, Michaelmas Term, iii. 1: "She demanded of me whether I was your worship's *aunt* or no. Out, out, out!" (Works, x. 470); and Parson's Wedding, iii. 1: "Yes, and follow her, like one of my *aunts*" (Hazlitt's Dodsley, xiv. 448).

122. Line 4: *For the red blood reigns in the winter's* PALE.—This probably means paleness, as in Venus and Adonis, 589–591:

a sudden *pale* . . .
Usurps her cheek.

It may allude to pale, an inclosure—probably enough combines both meanings.

123. Line 7: *Doth set my* PUGGING *tooth* ON *edge.*—Ff. print *an*, which was modernized by Theobald. Steevens quotes from Middleton and Dekker's Roaring Girl, v. 1, a passage in which the word *puggards* occurs in list of various classes and conditions of thieves:

and know more laws
Of cheators, lifters, nips, foists, *puggards*, curbers,
With all the Devil's black-guard.
—Works, ed. Dyce, ii. 546.

Steevens also tells us that *pugging* is "used by Greene in one of his pieces," but he gives no reference.

124. Line 10: *With, heigh! with, heigh! the thrush and the jay.*—This is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 reads:

With heigh, the Thrush and the Jay.

125. Line 20: *budget.*—It is as well to say, for the credit of Shakespeare's rhymes, that *budget* in the Ff. is spelt *Bowget*, and is thus a very fair rhyme for *avouch it*. *Budget*, which the principles of modernization oblige one to substitute, is of course no rhyme at all. Probably Shakespeare deliberately misspelt the word for the sake of the rhyme.

126. Line 24: *My father nam'd me Autolycus.*—Autolycus was the son of the light-fingered god Mercury, and his career seems to have reflected great credit on the paternal training.

127. Line 28: *my revenue is* THE SILLY CHEAT.—Steevens says that the *silly cheat* is one of the technical terms belonging to the art of coney-catching or thievery mentioned by Greene in his treatise on that art.

128. Lines 33, 34: *every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling.*—Malone says in his note on this passage: "Dr. Farmer observes to me, that to *tod* is used as a verb by dealers in wool. . . . The meaning, therefore, of the Clown's words is: 'Every eleven wether tods; *i.e. will produce a tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool.'" Ritson notes, on the authority of Stafford's Breefe Conceipte of English Pollicye, 1581, p. 16, that the price of a tod of wool was at that period twenty or two-and-twenty shillings; so the medium price was exactly "pound and odd shilling."

129. Line 39: *our sheep-shearing feast.*—In some parts of Somersetshire and Dorset—perhaps elsewhere—sheep-shearing time is still kept with festivities. Steevens quotes, as an illustration of the frequent complaints as to the expense of these feasts, Questions of profitable and pleasant Concernings, &c., 1594: "If it be a *sheep-shearing feast*, Maister Baily can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maister of three shepheards' wages, spent on fresh cates, besides *spices* and *saffron* pottage."

130. Line 45: *three-man songmen all; i.e.* singers of catches in three parts. In the first edition of Dekker's Shoemaker's Holiday, 1600, two "*Three-men's Songs*" are printed at the beginning, without any definite indication as to their position in the play.

131. Line 48: *the warden-pies.*—A large cooking pear is, or was, known as *warden*. The word is in Walker's Dictionary, ed. 1837; in later editions I do not find it. Ogilvie, Imperial Dictionary, defines it as "a kind of pear chiefly used for roasting or baking: so called because it keeps long before it rots," and cites Beaumont and Fletcher: "I will have him roasted like a *warden*.' Steevens cites a quibble on the name in Ben Jonson's Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed: "A deputy tart, a church-*warden* pye."

132. Line 49: *that's out of my* NOTE.—Grant White is probably correct in explaining *out of my note*, "not among the matters of which I am to take note;" it is indeed improbable that Shakespeare could have intended to represent a fellow like the worthy "clown" as a reader of manuscript. Rolfe bids us see Twelfth Night, v. 1. 299, where another "clown" is to be found reading from a paper; but in that case the clown was a professional jester attendant on a lady of rank, not a simple rustic.

133. Line 54: *I' the name of me!*—This is usually printed with Rowe's punctuation: *I' the name of me*—: the Ff. have a full stop after *me*. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, cited by the Cambridge editors, suggests that the clown was going to say *I' the name of mercy!* when he was interrupted by Autolycus. Steevens compares the form of interjection *Before me* (as in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 194), and says that *I' the name of me* is a vulgar exclamation which he has often heard. It does not seem to me entirely unfamiliar; so I have replaced the mark of interruption by a note of exclamation.

134. Line 88: *that kills my heart.*—Compare Henry V. ii. 1. 92: "The king has *kill'd his heart*."

135. Line 92: *troll-my-dames.*—This is an old game, called in French *trou-madame*, and sometimes known as pigeon-holes, a description of which is quoted by Farmer from Dr. Jones' Benefit of the Ancient Bathes of Buckstone: "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, and maydes, may in one of the galleries walke: and if the weather bee not agreeable to their expectacion, they may have in the ende of a benche eleven holes made, into the whiche to trowle pummates, or bowles of leade, bigge, little, or meane, or also of copper, tynne, woode, eyther vyolent or softe, after their owne discretion; the pastyme *troule-in-madame* is termed." Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "Troll-madam, *subst.* (*or* Pigeon-holes, a sort of game) *Trou-madame*, sorte de Jeu." Another name for it was "trunks."

136. Line 101: *he hath been since an* APE-BEARER.—The *ape-bearer* was an important functionary of the time. Compare Ben Jonson, Induction to Bartholomew Fair: "He has ne'er a sword-and-buckler man in his fair; nor a juggler with a well-educated *ape* to come over the chain for the King of England, and back again for the prince." Compare, too, Massinger's Bondman, iii. 3, where "Enter Gracculo, leading Asotus in an ape's habit, with a chain about his neck." The early part of the scene may be consulted for indications of the professional duties of apes.

137. Lines 102, 103: *then he compass'd a* MOTION *of the Prodigal Son.*—*Motion* was used in Shakespeare's time in the sense of puppet-show. Compare Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, v. 1: "O, the *motions* that I Lanthorn Leatherhead have given light to since my master, Pod, died! Jerusalem was a stately thing, and so was Nineveh and the City of Norwich and Sodom and Gomorroh."

138. Line 108: *prig.*—This cant term for a thief is still in familiar use as a slang verb—to *prig*. Ogilvie, Imperial Dictionary, quotes De Quincey, who refers to "all sorts of villains, knaves, *prigs*, &c."

139. Line 132: *Jog on, jog on*, &c.—These lines are part of a catch printed in An Antidote against Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of Witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and Merry Catches, 1661, p. 69. The melody is given in The Dancing Master, 1650, under the title of "Jog on, my honey." Knight gives the air in his Pictorial Shakespeare.

140. Line 133: *And merrily* HENT *the stile-a.—Hent*, meaning to take hold of, and so here, no doubt, to clear, occurs again in another sense still, in Measure for Measure, iv. 6. 14, and, as a noun, in Hamlet, iii. 3. 88:

> Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid *hent*.

The word is from the Anglo-Saxon *hentan*. Compare Chaucer, Prologue, 696–698:

> He seide, he hadde a gobet of the seyl
> That seynt Peter hadde, whan that he wente
> Uppon the see, till Jhesu Crist him *hente*.

Steevens quotes Spenser, Faerie Queene, bk. iii. canto vii.

> Great labour fondly hast thou *hent* in hand.

In the 1729 edition of Boyer's French Dictionary the participle *hent* (meaning "caught") is given, but marked as obsolete.

141. Lines 134, 135:

> *A merry heart goes all the day,*
> *Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

Compare what seems like a reminiscence of this in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle, i. 4: "I may curse the time that e'er I knew my father; he hath spent all his own and mine too; and when I tell him of it, he laughs, and dances, and sings, and cries, '*A merry heart lives long-a.*'"

ACT IV. Scene 4.

142. Line 9: *a swain's* WEARING.—Compare Othello, iv. 3. 16: "my nightly *wearing*," the only other instance of the word.

143. Line 12: *Digest* IT.—This word, which seems equally necessary for sense and for rhythm, was added in F. 2.

144. Lines 13, 14:

> *sworn, I think,*
> *To show myself a glass.*

This evidently means, as Malone took it, that the prince seems, by his rustic disguise, as if he had sworn to show her, as in a glass, how she herself ought to have been attired. Compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 67–70:

> And, since you know you cannot see yourself
> So well as by reflection, I, *your glass*,
> Will modestly discover to yourself
> That of yourself which you yet know not of.

Hanmer changed *sworn* to *swoon* (after a conjecture of Theobald's), a reading which, like many of Hanmer's, produces an easy text at the cost of all its pith and character.

145. Lines 25, 26:

> *The gods themselves,*
> *Humbling their deities to love, &c.*

Compare Dorastus and Fawnia: "The Gods above disdain not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Sibilla, Jupiter Io, and why not I Fawnia? one something inferiour to these in birth, but farre superiour to them in beautie. . . . And yet Dorastus shame not at thy shepheards weede: the heavenly godes have sometimes earthly thoughtes: Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a Bul, Apollo a shepheard, &c." (Hazlitt, pp. 55, 62).

146. Line 46: *Be merry*, GENTLE.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 15. 47: "*Gentle*, hear me;" and Measure for Measure, i. 4. 24:

> *Gentle* and fair, your brother kindly greets you.

147. Lines 60–62:

> *her face o' fire*
> *With labour, and the thing she took to quench it*
> *She would to each one sip.*

This is the punctuation of the Ff. The Cambridge editors take away the poor woman's character by the simple transposition of a comma, thus:

> her face o' fire
> With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
> She would to each one sip.

The Ff. are far from saying that her face was inflamed with drink; it is a trait of politeness that they emphasize. Where the character of a lady depends on a single comma, no gentleman can hesitate which reading to adopt.

148. Lines 74–76: *For you there's rosemary and rue*, &c.—Compare Hamlet, iv. 5. 175, 176; and see the note on that passage.

149. Line 82: *gillyvors*.—That is, the flower commonly known as "gillyflower," the carnation. The word is from "caryophyllum," through the French "girofle." Steevens supposes "gill-flirt," a wanton, to be derived from *gillyvor*, "which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phrase, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female." Douce reasonably infers that the bad character of gilly-flowers comes from their resemblance to a "painted woman." "The gilly-flower or carnation," he reminds us, "is streaked with white and red. In this respect it is a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman, and therefore Perdita declines to meddle with it. She connects the gardener's *art* of varying the colours of the above flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time. This conclusion is justified by what she says below" (lines 101–103: "were I *painted*," &c.).

150. Lines 105, 106:

> *The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun*
> *And with him rises weeping.*

This, says Ellacombe, Plant-Lore of Shakespeare (cited by Rolfe), is probably the "garden marigold" (*Calendula officinalis*), which was formerly much used in gardens. "It was the 'heliotrope' or 'solsequium' or 'turnesol' of our forefathers, and is often alluded to under these names." Grant White cites Coghan, The Hauen of Health, 1584, p. 68: "*marigoldes* are hoate and drye, an herbe well knowen and as usual in the kitchin as in the hall: the nature of [?them] is to open at the Sunne rising, and to close up at the Sunne setting."

151. Lines 116–118:

> *O Proserpina,*
> *For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall*
> *From Dis's wagon!*

It is evident from Venus and Adonis that Shakespeare had read Ovid, probably both in the original when at school and afterwards in Arthur Golding's translation (1567). The lines here are an evident reminiscence of the passage in the 5th book of the Metamorphoses:

ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora
Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis;

which Golding renders:

And as she from the upper part hir garment would have rent,
By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out her flowers went.

Halliwell quotes from Barnes, Divils Charter, 1607, the expression "the *wagon* of black *Dis*." *Wagon* is used for carriage in All 's Well, iv. 4. 34: "Our *wagon* is prepar'd."

152. Line 122: *pale primroses*.—Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 221: "The flower that 's like thy face, *pale primrose*." Milton's "rathe primrose that forsaken dies" (Lycidas, 142) is a less evident echo of Shakespeare's diviner verse than the passage as it originally stood:

Bring the rathe primrose that unwedded dies,
Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love.

153. Line 126: *The crown imperial*.—This flower (the *Fritillaria imperialis*) was originally a native of the East.

154. Line 127: *The flower-de-luce*.—Compare Henry V. v. 2. 223, 224: "what sayest thou, my fair *flower-de-luce*?" Ellacombe quotes a number of passages bearing on the question whether Shakespeare was thinking of a lily or an iris. It is not of much consequence, but it seems probable that he was botanically wrong.

155. Line 142: *Nothing but that; move still, still so*.—Rolfe quotes an ingenious defence of the rhythm of this line from Cowden Clarke: "The iteration of *still* in the peculiar way that Shakespeare has used it conjoinedly with the two monosyllables *move* and *so*, gives the musical cadence, the alternate rise and fall, the to-and-fro undulation of the water—the swing of the wave—with an effect upon the ear that only a poet gifted with a fine perception would have thought of." I suppose no one will deny that Shakespeare was a poet gifted with a fine perception.

156. Lines 147, 148:

but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't.

Is this a reminiscence of Hero and Leander, third sestiad, lines 39, 40:

Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep.
With damask eyes *the ruby blood doth peep*)

Shakespeare quotes directly from the poem in As You Like It, iii. 5. 82, 83:

Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,—
"Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?"

The "dead shepherd's" immortal "saw" is in sestiad 1, line 176. It should be noticed that in order to get the proper rhythm in line 148 it must be read with a strong accent on the word *true*, a lesser accent having been laid on the first word of the line. Perhaps there is some corruption in the text.

157. Line 160: *That makes her blood look* OUT.—Ff. read *on 't*, which is an evident misprint for the word substituted by Theobald, *out*.

158. Line 169: *a worthy* FEEDING.—Steevens quotes Drayton, Polyolbion, vi.: "their *feedings*, flocks, and their fertility." Compare As You Like It, ii. 4. 99, where *feeder* is used for shepherd, one who *feeds* the flocks.

159. Line 192: *milliner*.—Shakespeare uses this word only here and in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 36: "perfumed like a *milliner*." Schmidt defines *milliner* "a man who deals in fancy articles," and this, rather than the purely modern meaning, is the sense in both passages. *Milliner* is generally supposed to have originally meant one who deals in Milan wares, but, says Wedgwood, Dictionary of English Etymology, no positive evidence has been produced in favour of the derivation.

160. Line 195: *burdens of* DILDOS *and* FADINGS.—*Dildo* and *fading* are both burdens frequently met with in old ballads, as in songs cited by Malone, the burden of one (from The Choice Drollery, 1656, p. 31) being:

With a *dildo, dildo, dildo,*
With a *dildo, dildo,* dee;

and of another (from Sportive Wit, 1656, p. 58): "with a *fading*, with a *fading*." A *fading* is said to be an old Irish dance, and as such is referred to by Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher. There is a lengthy note on the name and character of the dance in the Variorum Shakspeare, xiv. 429, 430, part of which, a description of the Irish dance, still (or at least in 1803) to be met with "on rejoicing occasions in many parts of Ireland. "The dance is called *Rinca Fada*, and means literally 'the long dance.' . . . A king and queen are chosen from amongst the young persons who are the best dancers, the queen carries a garland composed of two hoops placed at right angles, and fastened to a handle; the hoops are covered with flowers and ribbands; you have seen it, I daresay (writes Malone's Irish correspondent), with the May-maids. Frequently in the course of the dance the king and queen lift up their joined hands as high as they can, she still holding the garland in the other. The most remote couple from the king and queen first pass under; all the rest of the line linked together follow in succession: when the last has passed the king and queen suddenly face about and front their companions; this is often repeated during the dance, and the various undulations are pretty enough, resembling the movements of a serpent."

161. Lines 200, 201: "*Whoop, do me no harm, good man*."—In The Famous History of Friar Bacon, says Farmer, there is a ballad to the tune of "Oh! do me no harme, good man." The tune is preserved in a collection of Ayres, to sing and play to the Lvte and Basse Violl, with Pauins, Galliards, Almaines, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl, by William Corbine, 1610.

162. Line 204: *Has he any* UNBRAIDED *wares?—Unbraided wares* may mean, as Steevens suggests, anything besides laces which are *braided*—the principal commodity of pedlars; it has been thought, from a passage in All 's Well, iv. ii. 73, where *braid* is used for deceitful (A. S. *brœyd*, deceit), that *unbraided* may more probably mean not counterfeit, genuine, as in Steevens' quotation from Anything for a Quiet Life: "She says that you sent ware which is not warrantable, *braided ware*, and that you give not London measure." Schmidt suggests that *unbraided* may be the clown's blunder for "embroidered."

163. Line 208: *inkles*.—See Love's Labour's Lost, note 69.

164. Line 208: *caddises*.—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 79: "*caddis*-garter." *Caddises* were "worsted tapes or bindings, used for garters, &c." (New English Dictionary).

Compare Lyly, Euphues (ed. 1868, p. 220): "The country dame girdeth herselfe as straight in the waste with a course *caddis*, as the Madame of the court with a silk riband.'

165. Line 211: *the sleeve-hand.*—Cotgrave defines "*Poignet de la chemise*," "the wristband or gathering at the *sleeve-hand* of a shirt.

166. Line 212: *the square; i.e.* the square cut on the bosom. Tollet cites Fairfax, Godfrey of Bulloigne, xii. 64:

> Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives
> Her curious *square*, emboss'd with swelling gold.

Tasso says simply *la vesta*.

167. Line 221: *Cyprus.*—See Twelfth Night, note 123. There, however (ii. 4. 53), the word seems to mean the cypress wood; here it is obviously used for a sort of crape. The word is rendered *byssus crispata* by Minsheu, who describes it as "a fine curled linen." Nares quotes two interesting allusions to it from Jonson, Every Man in his Humour, i. 3: "And shadow their glory as a milliner's wife does her wrought stomacher, with a smoky lawn, or a black *cyprus*;" and Epigram 73:

> Your partie-per-pale picture, one half drawn
> In solemn *cyprus*, th' other cobweb lawn.

The word, in the sense of mourning, occurs in the first stage-direction to the Puritan: "Enter the Lady Widow Plus, Frances and Moll, Sir Godfrey with Edmond, all in mourning; the latter in a *cyprus* hat."

168. Line 228: *poking-sticks of steel.*—*Poking-sticks* were instruments something like curling-tongs, used, when heated, for adjusting the plaits of ruffs. Compare Middleton, Blurt Master Constable, iii. 3 (cited by Steevens): "Your ruff must stand in print, and for that purpose get *poking-sticks* with fair long handles, lest they scorch your lily sweating hands." For a description of *poking-sticks* see Stubbes, The Second Part of the Anatomie of Abuses (no date): "They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as siluer, yea and some of siluer it selfe, and it is well, if in processe of time they grow not to be gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to any thing so well as to a squirt, or a squibbe, which little children vsed to squirt out water withall, and when they come to starching, and setting of their ruffes, than must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruffe. For you know heate will drie, and stiffen any thing. And if you woulde know the name of this goodly toole, forsoothe the deuill hath given it to name a putter, or else a putting sticke, as heare say" (sig. F 2, back). Stubbes inveighs against ruffs and all their appurtenances at great length, and with awful solemnity.

169. Line 247: *kiln-hole.*—Here, and in Merry Wives, iv. 2. 59, where the word also occurs, *kiln* is spelt *kill*, in the Folio, following, no doubt, the common pronunciation. It is not certain whether it means the mouth of an oven or the opening under a stove. Harris says that "*kiln-hole* is pronounced *kill-hole* in the midland counties, and generally means the fire-place used in making malt, and is still a noted gossiping place."

170. Line 250: CLAMOUR *your tongues.*—Grey suggested that *clamour* is a misprint for "charm" (*i.e.* silence), and the emendation was introduced into the text by Hanmer. Grant White, in adopting it, thinks it "impossible to resist the conclusion that the word in the Folio" is a misprint, and quotes Taming of the Shrew, iv. 2. 58: "To tame a shrew, and *charm* her chattering tongue," &c. Collier, noting the conjecture and Gifford's approval of it, thinks "it may be doubted nevertheless." Hunter quotes Taylor the Water-Poet:

> *Clamour* the promulgation of your tongues.

Hudson is of opinion that there is some connection between the word and the provincialism *clam* or *clem*, sometimes called *clammer*, *i.e.* literally to stop up, and so, figuratively, to stop. Perhaps this may be the right interpretation of a somewhat puzzling expression.

In Notes and Queries, 2nd Series, No. 83, Aug. 1, 1857, Mr. Thomas Keightley remarks, in reference to this passage: "Taylor, I believe, printed his own poems, and such a 'perversion' could hardly have escaped his eye; and I think that both he and Shakespeare used a verb pronounced like *clamour*, but which should be spelt *clammer*, and signified to press or squeeze; so that *clammer your tongue* is the same as *hold your tongue*. It is true *clammer* is not in use, but *clem* (i.q. *clam*) is. I myself have heard a peasant in Hants say 'his stomach was *clemmed* with fasting,' *i.e.* squeezed, pressed together; and Massinger uses it exactly in the same sense:

> When my entrails
> Were *clemmed* with keeping a perpetual fast.
> —Roman Actor, ii. 1.

where Coxeter and M. Mason read *clammed*, as it is in the passage from Antonio and Mellida, quoted in Mr. Wright's Dictionary, s.v. *Clam*." In Notes and Queries, 6th Series, vol. vi. July 8, 1882, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson assigns yet another meaning to the word, which, however, arrives at pretty much the same general sense. He quotes from Holyoke Rider's English-Latin Dictionary: "the apparently then semi-obsolete verb 'to *clamme*, v. stoppe.'" "Again, in W. Dickinson's Dialect of Cumberland (E. D. S., 1878) I found (says Dr. Nicholson), '*Clammers*, S.W., a yoke for the neck of a cow to prevent her leaping hedges' (*i.e.* a contrivance to stop or restrain her, a stopper). The bucolic clown, therefore, using a bucolic figure, said: '*Clammer* [*i.e.* put the *clammers* on] your tongues, and let them not be unruly; not a word more.' Shakespeare, had he but once heard this verbal form of the phrase, would have been struck with its difference from, its almost opposition to, the ordinary *clamour*, and have remembered it the more readily." It will thus be seen that we have in evidence two verbs to *clammer*, both having practically the same signification. It seems unnecessary to alter the spelling, so variable a thing in those days.

171. Line 253: *a tawdry-lace.*—A *tawdry lace*, sometimes known as a *tawdry*, was a ribbon for the head or neck. The word is supposed to be derived from St. Audrey, according to some because it could be bought at St. Audrey's fair, according to others because the saint died of a swelling in the throat, which she regarded as a judgment for her having been too much addicted to the particular vanity of necklaces. In Latham's Johnson there is a quotation from Drayton:

Not the smallest beck,
with white pebbles makes her *tawdries* for her neck.

e too Spenser, The Faithful Shepherdess:

The primrose chaplet, *tawdry lace* and ring.

ine 253: *a pair of sweet gloves.*—See Much Ado,

ine 271: BLESS ME FROM *marrying a usurer!*—e Much Ado, v. 1. 145: "God *bless me from* a ge!"

ine 279: *Here's another ballad of a fish*, &c.—quotes from the Stationers' Register, 1604, the g entry: "A straunge reporte of a monstrous appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waist seene in the sea." In Sir Richard Baker's Chron-ler date A.D. 1180, it is said: "This year also o Oxford in Suffolk, certain fishers took in their sh, having the shape of a man in all points, which kept by Bartholomew de Glandeville in the castle d six months and more." Halliwell refers to a of "ballads, broadsides, and fugitive pieces on s of wonders." The present dialogue, he says, to be a general, not a particular, satire; but it curiously illustrated by an early ballad of a fish, rom the unique exemplar preserved in the Miller n, entitled,—'The discription of a rare or rather onstrous fishe, taken on the east side of Holland of November, anno 1566.' . . . In Sir Henry 's office-book, which contains a register of all the London from 1623 to 1642, is 'a license to Francis to shew a *strange fish* for a yeare, from the 10th h, 1635."

ine 316: SAD *talk.*—For *sad* = serious, see Twelfth ote 202.

ine 330: *That doth* UTTER *all men's ware-a.*—used two or three times in Shakespeare in the sell, or more strictly, "cause to pass from one another" (Schmidt). See Romeo and Juliet, note i. p. 252).

ines 333, 334: *men of hair, they call themselves*—A dance of satyrs was a frequent part of medi-tertainments. Hudson quotes Bacon, Essay 37, s of antimasques: "They have been commonly of *tyrs*, baboons, wildmen, antics, beasts, sprites, Ethiopes, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, statues moving, and the like." One of the most for the consequences it was like to have brought, t in which Charles VI. nearly lost his life. See t, book iv. ch. 53 (Johnes' translation, ed. 1839, p. 550-552). There is a print of the masque, from th-century MS., on p. 551. The Variorum Shak-ives another print, vol. xiv. p. 372.

ine 335: *a gallimaufry.*—This word is used again l in Merry Wives, ii. 1. 119. Steevens cites Cock-ictionary of Hard Words, 1622: "*Gallimaufry*, a l heape of things together." Boyer gives it as the nt of "hotch-potch." The word is from the *allimafrée*, a hash. Ogilvie, Imperial Dictionary, penser: "They have made our English tongue a *fry* or hodge-podge of all other speeches."

179. Line 348: *by the squire.*—*Squire* or *squier*, from the O. Fr. *esquierre*, means the square, or foot-rule; as in Stanyhurst's Preface to his translation of the first four books of the Æneid, 1582: "hauing no English writer bee-fore me in this kind of poëtrye with whose *squire* I should leauel my syllables." The word is used in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 474; see note 198 (vol. i. p. 67)

180. Line 363: *marted.*—Compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 11:

To sell and *mart* your offices for gold;

and Cymbeline, i. 6. 151.

181. Line 372: *who.*—Ff. read *whom*, as in 434 below.

182. Lines 375, 376:

the FANN'D SNOW *that's bolted*
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 141, 142:

That pure congealed white, high Taurus' *snow*,
Fann'd with the eastern wind.

183. Line 411: *dispute his own estate.*—That is, as Steevens paraphrases it, "reason upon his own affairs." Compare Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 63:

Let me *dispute* with thee of thy *estate.*

184. Line 439: *That thou no more shalt see this knack as never*, &c.—Ff. have:

That thou no more shalt *neuer* see this knacke, (as neuer), &c.

The reading in the text is Rowe's, now universally adopted. The Cambridge editors very justly defend the emendation as follows: "1 The misprint is of a very common sort. The printer's eye caught the word at the end of the line. 2. The metre is improved by the change. The line was made doubly inharmonious by the repetition of 'never.' 3. The sense is improved. Polixenes would rather make light of his son's sighs than dwell so emphatically upon their cause."

185. Line 442: *Far than Deucalion off.*—*Far* is printed in the Ff. *farre*, *i.e.* the old form of the comparative, *ferre* = farther. Compare Chaucer, Canterbury Tales, Prologue, 48 (ed. Morris, Clarendon Press):

And there to hadde he riden, noman *ferre.*

Deucalion, the Noah of the Greek Deluge, is alluded to again, much as here, in Coriolanus, ii. 1. 102: "worth all your predecessors since Deucalion."

186. Line 450: HOOP *his body.*—This is Pope's correction of the Ff.'s misprint or variation of spelling, *hope.*

187. Line 457: *Looks on alike.*—Rolfe well observes that this mode of expression "does not differ essentially from *look on* = be a looker-on, which is still good English. We say now 'I stood looking on' (Taming of Shrew, i. 1. 155) though we have ceased to use *look upon* in the same way; as in Troilus and Cressida, v. 6. 10: 'He is my prize; I will not look upon.' . . . See also v. 3. 100 below. Dyce says that these passages are 'not akin to the present.' But *look upon* as there used *implies* an object as it does here; the only difference being that in the one case the omission of the object is the rule, while in the other it is the exception."

188. Line 469: *Where no priest shovels in dust.*—Till the reign of Edward VI. it was customary in burial services

for the priest, in saying "earth to earth," to cast the first earth upon the coffin.

189. Lines 472, 473:

If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire.

Compare Macbeth, ii. 3. 96, 97:

Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time.

190. Line 478: *You know* YOUR *father's temper.*—F. 1 has *my*, which is obviously wrong. The correction is made in F. 2.

191. Line 511: *And most oppórtune to* HER *need.*—This is the reading of F. 1, which has been all but universally abandoned (even by the Cambridge editors) in favour of Theobald's very plausible emendation *our*. Boswell defends the original reading on the ground that "*her* need = the need we have of her, *i.e.* the vessel—which does not seem to me at all reasonable. I think, though for a very different reason, that *her* is not improbably right. Florizel's main thought is of Perdita, and by saying "*her* need" he shows how completely she has absorbed his thoughts to the exclusion even of himself.

192. Line 524.—*Now, good Camillo;*—I have adopted here the punctuation of the Cambridge editors—a semicolon instead of the usual comma after *Camillo*. Malone inserted a stage-direction, "going," at the close of Florizel's present speech. The Cambridge editors remark: "We think Malone's stage-direction 'going' was inserted under a mistaken view of Florizel's meaning. He apologizes to Camillo for talking apart with Perdita in his presence. At the commencement of this whispered conversation he said to Camillo, 'I 'll hear you by and by,' and at the close of it he turns again to him with 'Now, good Camillo;' &c."

193. Line 525: *curious.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 70, the only other passage in which the word is used in this particular sense.

194. Lines 549, 550:

But as the unthought-on accident is GUILTY
To *what we wildly do.*

Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 168:

But, lest myself be *guilty to* self-wrong.

195. Line 560: *asks thee* THE *son forgiveness.*—The first two Ff. have *there* instead of *the*, which is the reading of the later Ff. and probably right. The Old-Spelling editors contrive to preserve the words of F. 1 by a very ingenious change of punctuation, thus:

Asks thee there, "Sonne! forgiuenesse!"

I do not think, however, that Shakespeare could have written so jerky a line as this makes, or used so curious a construction as *asks* with an exclamatory sentence depending on it.

196. Line 588: *But not* TAKE IN *the mind.*—*Take in* is used several times in Shakespeare for subdue, conquer. Compare Coriolanus, i. 3. 23–25:

our aim; which was,
To *take in* many towns ere almost Rome
Should know we were afoot.

See also Massinger, A New Way to Pay Old Debts, v. 1. 235:

An army of whole families, who yet alive,
And but enroll'd for soldiers, were able
To *take in* Dunkirk.

197. Lines 594, 595:

Your pardon, sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks.

F. 1 reads thus:

Your pardon Sir, for this,
Ile blush you Thanks.

The later Ff. have a full-stop after this. The reading in the text (Hanmer's) seems to give better sense than if we take it, as some editors do, with "I 'll blush you thanks" in a separate clause. F. 1 favours either reading, so that an editor is free to follow his own preference.

198. Line 609: *pomander.*—A *pomander* was a ball composed of perfumes, worn to sweeten the breath and preserve from infection. Steevens gives a recipe for making it from Lingua, 1607, iv. 3: "Your only way to make a good *pomander* is this: Take an ounce of the purest garden mould, cleansed and steeped seven days in change of motherless rose-water. Then take the best labdanum, both storaxes, amber-gris and civet and musk. Incorporate them together, and work them into what form you please. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you smell as sweet as my lady's dog." Halliwell, in his Folio ed. (vol. 8) covers pp. 228–234 with accounts and illustrations of *pomanders*. Another recipe may be quoted which he gives from Markham's English Housewife, ed. 1675, p. 109: "*To make Pomanders.*—Take two penny-worth of labdanum, two penny-worth of storax liquid, one penny-worth of calamus aromaticus, as much balm, half a quarter of a pound of fine wax, of cloves and mace two penny-worth, of liquid aloes three penny-worth, of nutmegs eight penny-worth, and of musk four grains: beat all these exceedingly together till they come to a perfect substance, then mould in any fashion you please, and dry it."

"In Lord Londesborough's museum," says Halliwell, p. 229, "is preserved a fine and very curious specimen . . . which includes an original perfume ball . . . that still retains a faint scent. It consists of a small case of copper gilt, which opens on a hinge in the centre. It has a ring above for suspension, the surface being covered with geometric tracery which is perforated for the escape of the scent inside. This takes the form of a compact ball, moulded in lines across it, through which a wire passes forming a loop above to secure it inside the metal case, and to the lower part of the wire a small silver knob is attached."

199. Line 624: *I would have* FIL'D *keys* OFF.—So F. 3 and F. 4. F. 1 has *fil'd Keyes of*.

200. Lines 654, 655: *the gentleman is hal(f* FLAY'D *already.*—Ff. print the word *fled*. In Boyer's French Dictionary we find "To Flea, *Verb Act.* (*or* pull the skin off) *Escorcher*," and "Flead, *Adj. Escorché*."

201. Line 668: *For I do fear eyes over.*—So Ff. Rowe added *you*, and Dyce reads *over's*. It is probably an elliptical expression for overseeing eyes.

202. Line 680: *I shall* REVIEW *Sicilia.*—Shakespeare only uses *review* in one other place, Sonnet lxxiv. 5, 6:

> When thou *reviewest* this, thou dost *review*
> The very part was consecrate to thee.

In both places it is used in its primary meaning, to see again.

203. Line 728: *fardel.*—Cotgrave has "Fardeau: a *fardle*, burthen, trusse, packe, bundle." Compare More's Utopia (Ralph Robinson's translation, 1551): "I caste into the shippe in the steade of marchandise a prety *fardel* of bookes" (p. 119, ed. Arber). *Fardel*, though used six times in this play, occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare but in Hamlet, iii. i. 76.

204. Line 731: *Pray heartily he be* AT PALACE.—In F. 1 the reading is *at ' Pallace*, the later Ff. omitting the apostrophe. Rowe prints *at the palace*, which is of course what the Clown should have said, but not so certainly what he did say. The Cambridge edd. suggest that "perhaps the Clown speaks of the King being 'at palace' as he would have spoken of an ordinary man being 'at home;'" but it seems to me more probable that the apostrophe is used to indicate a very rapid pronunciation of the word *the*, such as is common now in the North, where a countryman would certainly speak of being *at t' palace*.

205. Line 734: *my pedler's* EXCREMENT.—See Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 110, note 159 (vol. i. p. 65), and compare Dekker, The Gull's Hornbook, 1609, ch. iii.: "But, alas, why should the chins and lips of old men lick up that *excrement* which they violently clip away from the heads of young men?"

206. Line 741: *of what* HAVING. — Compare Merry Wives, iii. 2. 73: "The gentleman is of no *having*," &c.

207. Lines 743–746: *Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie*, &c. —Rolfe very well explains this passage, in defending it against a suggested emendation of Mr. Daniel's: "When [Autolycus] said that *tradesmen* 'often give us soldiers the lie,' he probably meant that they did it by lying about their wares (a trick that he was sufficiently familiar with); but, he adds, 'we pay them for it with stamped coin, not with stabbing steel'—as they deserve, or as you would suppose."

208. Line 751: *with the manner.*—See Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 204, note 15 (vol. i. p. 54).

209. Lines 759, 760: *Think'st thou, for that I insinuate,* OR TOAZE *from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier?* —F. 1 reads *at toaze*, which the later Ff. render *or toaze*. Both form and meaning of the word are uncertain. The Cambridge edd. even suggest that Autolycus may have "coined a word to puzzle the clowns, which afterwards puzzled the printers." It seems probable that *toaze* is a variant, perhaps intentional, upon *touze*, for which, perhaps, it may be merely a misprint. *Touze* or *tease* means to pull or draw, and is thus, as Henley remarks in an excellent note, the precise opposite to *insinuate*. "The [latter] signifies to introduce itself obliquely into a thing, and the former to get something out that was knotted up in it. Milton has used each word in its proper sense:

> —close the serpent sly
> *Insinuating*, wove with Gordian twine
> His braided train, and of his fatal guile
> Gave proof unheeded.
> —Paradise Lost, bk. iv. l. 347.

> —coarse complexions,
> And cheeks of sorry grain, will serve to ply
> The sampler, and to *tease* the housewife's wool.
> —Comus, l. 749."

210. Lines 768, 769: *Advocate's the court-word for a* PHEASANT.—Kenrick unnecessarily suggests that *pheasant* should be *present*. As Steevens very sensibly says: "As he was a suitor from the country, the Clown supposes his father should have brought a present of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus asks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheasant*." Halliwell quotes from the Journal of the Rev. Giles Moore, 1665: "I gave to Mr. Cripps, Solicitor, for acting for me in obtaining my qualifications, and effecting it, £1. 10*s.*; and I allowed my brother Luxford for going to London thereupon, and presenting my lord with *two brace of pheasants*, 10*s.*"

211. Line 780: *by the picking on 's teeth.*—Compare King John, i. 1. 190:

> He and his *toothpick* at my worship's mess;

where the Bastard is describing, and satirizing, the habits of a man of elegance, one who "moved in the best society."

212. Line 813: *'nointed over with honey*, &c.—Reed quotes a description of a similar mode of torture from a contemporary work, The Stage of Popish Toyes, 1581, p. 33: "he caused a cage of yron to be made, and set it in the sunne: and, after annointing the pore Prince over with *hony*, forced him naked to enter in it, where hee long time endured the greatest languor and torment in the worlde, with swarmes of flies that dayly fed on him; and in this sorte, with paine and famine, ended his miserable life."

213. Line 825: *being something gently* CONSIDER'D.—Steevens quotes The Ile of Gulls, 1633, iii. 1. [p. 65, Bullen's reprint]: "Thou shalt be well *considered;* there's twentie Crownes in earnest." Scott, in The Fortunes of Nigel, represents the old miser Trapbois as having the word *consideration* (in precisely its present sense) constantly upon his lips. Grant White quotes Shirley, School of Complement, iii.: "Roundelaye's very good; here is moneyes and *considerations*, looke ye" (ed. 1637, p. 35).

ACT V. SCENE 1.

214. Line 12: Paul. TRUE, *too true, my lord.*—The first *True* in the Ff. is added to the foregoing speech. Theobald was the first to correct an evident transposition of the printer's.

215. Line 30: *the former queen is* WELL.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 31–33:

> *Mess.* First, madam, he is *well.*
> *Cleo.* Why, there's more gold.
> But, sirrah, mark, we use
> To say the dead are *well.*

Henley suggests that the expression is derived from 2 Kings iv. 26.

216. Lines 57–60:

> *would make her sainted spirit*
> *Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,*
> *Where we're offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,*
> *And begin, "Why to me?"*

The Ff. read:

would make her Sainted Spirit
Againe possesse her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext,
And begin, why to me?

The anonymous conjecture adopted in the text has been finally received by the Cambridge editors, and appears in the Globe Shakespeare. The passage is perhaps corrupt: nothing, at all events, can be said quite certainly about it. But the emendation we have accepted seems to do less violence to the original text than any other of the numerous attempts that have been made to patch up a confessedly doubtful text. Malone suggests that *Why to me?* may be supposed to mean "Why to me *did you prefer one less worthy?*" Boswell conjectures: "Why such treatment to me? when a worse wife is better used." If the text here is correct, Leontes is probably meant to break off his sentence, whatever it may have been, abruptly, which he is much in the habit of doing.

217. Lines 60, 61:

Had she such power,
She had just cause.

The first two Ff. read "She had iust *such* cause," which the Old-Spelling editors, who adopt this reading, explain by taking *just such* as = "even such." The later Ff. omit *such*, and I think rightly. While it is barely possible that F. 1 is right, there are such strong reasons for thinking it is wrong that one need not hesitate to prefer the later reading. As for the metre, that is not better one way than the other, but the sense is vastly improved by the omission of *such*, and nothing could be more probable than the supposition that the word *such* in the previous line caught the compositor's eye and was inserted here by mistake.

218. Line 66: *Should* RIFT *to hear me.—Rift* is used as a verb only here and in Tempest, v. 1. 45. *Rive* is used several times. Skeat, Etymological Dictionary, states that the word *rift* (spelt *ryft*) occurs in Palsgrave's Lesclaircissement de la Langue Francoyse, 1530.

219. Line 75:

Cleo. *Good madam,—*
Paul. *I have done.*

I have adopted Capell's emendation. The Ff. give the whole line to Cleomenes: "Good Madame, I haue done;" a reading which seems, if intelligible, self-contradictory.

220. Line 142: WORN *times.*—Compare Taming of Shrew, iii. 2. 120:

Could I repair what she will *wear* in me.

Worn times is of course a synonym for wasting years, *i.e.* old age.

221. Lines 159, 160:

from him whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her.

The comma after *his*, necessary to the sense, was first introduced by Hanmer.

ACT V. Scene 2.

222. Line 6: *amazedness.*—This word occurs only here and in Merry Wives, iv. 4. 55.

223. Line 60: *like a* WEATHER-BITTEN CONDUIT.—Henley compares Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 130:

How now! a *conduit*, girl? what, still in tears?

and states that a conduit in the figure of a woman still exists (that is, existed in his time) at Hoddesdon, Herts. F. 3 changes *weather-bitten* to the more familiar *weather-beaten;* but Ritson quotes an instance of such an expression ("*weather-bitten* epitaph") from the preface to the 2nd part of Antony Mundy's Gerileon of England, 1592. Skeat, in his Etymological Dictionary, says that there "can be little doubt that, at least in some cases, the right word is *weather-bitten*, *i.e.* bitten by the weather [as here]. The latter is a true Scandinavian idiom. We find Swed. *väderbiten*, lit. weather-bitten, but explained in Widegren as 'weather-beaten.'"

224. Line 106: *that rare Italian master,* JULIO ROMANO.—The anachronism of this reference to Giulio Pippi, known as Giulio Romano (1492–1546), serves to emphasize the emphatic praise of the allusion—one of the very few contemporary allusions made by Shakespeare. "Ape of Nature" is a title accorded to more than one painter by his flatterers; it was given, among others, to Giotto's disciple Stefano.

225. Line 132: *relish'd.*—Schmidt explains *relish'd* as "having a pleasing taste." Rolfe very well suggests that the meaning may be, "it would have counted as nothing in comparison with my discredits, would not have served to give them even a 'relish of salvation' (Hamlet, iii. 3. 92)."

226. Lines 177, 178: *a tall fellow of thy hands.*—This expression is still, in a measure, used, though the word *tall* has quite lost the meaning it had in Shakespeare's time, and which gave point to the phrase (see Twelfth Night, i. 3. 20, and the foot-note on *tall*). Cotgrave has: "*Haut à la main, Homme à la main, Homme de main:* a man of his hands; a man of execution or valour; a striker, like enough to lay about him;" and Halliwell quotes Palsgrave, Lesclaircissement, &c., 1530: "He is *a tall man of his hands, C'est ung habille homme de ses mains.*"

ACT V. Scene 3.

227. Line 14: *The* STATUE *of her mother.*—This is, as we see later, a *painted* statue. They were sometimes met with in Shakespeare's time. Rolfe compares Ben Jonson, The Magnetic Lady, v. 5:

Rut. I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
Sir Moth. And have it painted in most orient colours.
Rut. That's right! all city statues must be painted;
Else they 'll be worth nought in their subtle judgments.

I remember a painted image of St. Francis in a Catholic church, which, with a little art in the arrangement of light and curtains, might well have passed for a living man. One hears too of persons speaking to some of Madame Tussaud's more casual celebrities. It would, one would think, be quite as easy for life to simulate stone, as for stone to mimic life.

228. Line 18: *Lonely.*—F. 1 has *Lowely*, *i.e. Lonely* with a turned *n*, one of the commonest printing errors. The later Ff. mistakenly print *Lowely*.

229. Lines 62, 63:

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?

Some editors have very needlessly imagined that a line has been lost between these two lines, and Mr. Collier was kind enough to invent a line for the purpose. The sentence suddenly broken short, and the abrupt swerve of thought, is entirely characteristic of Leontes, and would indeed be natural enough in any one under similar circumstances.

230. Lines 67, 68:

The FIXURE *of her eye has motion in 't,*
As we are mock'd with art.

Fixure is used only here and in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 101 (F. 1). Clarke explains the passage: "The immobility of eye proper to a statue seems to have the motion of a living eye, as we are thus beguiled by art." Malone and Steevens take *as* to mean *as if*.

231. Line 100: *look upon.*—See note 187.

232. Line 132: PARTAKE *to every one; i.e.* impart; as in Pericles, i. 1. 152, 153:

our mind *partakes*
Her private actions to your secrecy.

233. Lines 149–151:

This IS *your son-in-law,*
And son unto the king, WHO, *heavens directing,*
Is troth-plight to your daughter.

Ff. print:

This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter.

Malone defends this reading on the assumption that "*whom* heavens directing" is in the absolute case, and has the same signification as if the poet had written "*him* heavens directing." But if taken in this sense, the main sentence becomes "This your son-in-law is troth-plight to your daughter"—surely a very tautological statement. It is quite possible that Shakespeare may have written *whom* for *who*, but it seems better to make the correction with Capell. The insertion of *is* was made by Dyce, upon the suggestion of Sidney Walker. Probably what Shakespeare wrote was *This' = This is.*

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN THE WINTER'S TALE.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.
The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Across (prep.)	iv.	4	15
Allay (sub.)	iv.	2	9
Ape-bearer	iv.	3	101
Attentiveness	v.	2	94
Bailiff	iv.	3	102
Bed-swerver	iii.	1	93
Behind-door-work[1]	iii.	3	76
Behindhand	v.	1	151
Benched (vb. tr.)	i.	2	314
Bespice	i.	2	316
Between (sub.)	iii.	3	62
Beverage	i.	2	346
Bitterest (sub.)	iii.	2	217
Blister (vb. intr.)	ii.	2	33
Borrow (sub.)	i.	2	39
Branch (verb)	i.	1	27
Break-neck	i.	2	363
Budget[2] (sub.)	iv.	3	20
By-gone	i.	2	32
	iii.	2	185
Carnations[3]	iv.	4	82
Carver[4]	v.	3	30
Chamber-councils	i.	2	237
Cheat (sub.)	iv.	3	29, 129
Childness	i.	2	170
Chisel	v.	3	78
Clerk-like	i.	2	392
Climate (verb)	v.	1	170
Coactive	i.	2	141
Co-heirs	ii.	1	148
Co-join	i.	2	143
Connive	iv.	4	692
Couples[5] (sub.)	ii.	1	135
Court-contempt	iv.	4	759
Court-odour	iv.	4	758
Court-word	iv.	4	769
Credulity	ii.	1	192
Crone	ii.	3	76
Crown imperial	iv.	4	126
Cupbearer	i.	2	313, 345
Currants	iv.	3	40
Daffodils	iv.	3	1
	iv.	4	118
Dedication[6]	iv.	4	577
Derivative	iii.	2	45
Dibble	iv.	4	100
Dildos	iv.	4	195
Dimples[7]	ii.	3	101
Discontenting	iv.	4	543
Discredits (sub.)	v.	2	133
Dished	iii.	2	73
Disjunction	iv.	4	540
Disliken	iv.	4	666
Distinguishment	ii.	1	86
Doxy	iv.	3	2
Ear-deafening	iii.	1	9
Elevated	v.	2	81
Enfoldings	iv.	4	756
Escape[8] (sub.)	ii.	1	95
	iv.	4	677
Exultation	v.	3	131
Eye-glass	i.	2	268
Fadings	iv.	4	195
Fecks!	i.	2	120
Federary[9]	ii.	1	90
Fellowest (verb)	i.	2	142
Findings (sub.)	iii.	3	132
Fire-robed	iv.	4	29
*First-fruits	iii.	2	98
Fixure	v.	3	67
Flap-dragoned	iii.	3	100
Flatness	iii.	2	123
Flaunts	iv.	4	23
Flax-wench	i.	2	277
Footman[10]	iv.	3	67, 68, 69
Forbiddenly	i.	2	417
Forceful	ii.	1	163
Frequent[11] (adj.)	iv.	2	36
Frisk	i.	2	67
Front[12] (sub.)	iv.	4	3
Gest[13]	i.	2	41
Gillyvors	iv.	4	82, 98
Glib (verb)	ii.	1	149
Goads (sub.)	i.	2	329
Good deed[14]	i.	2	42
*Good-faced	iv.	3	123
Green-sward	iv.	4	157
Ground[15]	ii.	1	159
Gust (verb)	i.	2	219
Hand-fast[16]	iv.	4	795
Harden[17]	i.	2	146
	iii.	2	53
Heartiness	i.	2	113
Heat[18] (verb)	i.	2	96
Heavings (sub.)	ii.	3	35
Hefts	ii.	1	45
Heiriess	v.	1	10
Honey-mouthed	ii.	2	33
Honour-flawed	ii.	1	143
Hoop[19] (verb)	iv.	4	450
Hornpipes	iv.	3	47
Horn-ring	iv.	4	611
Hostess-ship	iv.	4	72
Hoxes (verb)	i.	2	244

[1] *behinde-doore works* in F. 1.
[2] = leathern bag.
[3] Flowers. [4] = sculptor.
[5] = ties for holding dogs.
[6] = committing, giving up.
[7] Venus and Adonis, 242.
[8] = flight; used in other senses elsewhere.
[9] = confederate; *fedary* occurs in Measure, ii. 4. 122; Cymb. iii. 2. 21.
[10] = a pedestrian.
[11] = addicted; = intimate, Son. cxvii. 5.
[12] = beginning; Son. cii. 7.
[13] = stopping-place, limit.
[14] = in very deed.
[15] = question, matter.
[16] = constraint, confinement.
[17] Lucrece, 560, 978.
[18] = to run over (as at a race).
[19] = to clasp.

WORDS PECULIAR TO THE WINTER'S TALE.

	Act	Sc.	Line
Ill-doing	i.	2	70
Ill-ta'en	i.	2	460
Immodest[1]	iii.	2	103
Impudently	i.	2	274
Incertainties[2]	iii.	2	170
Inch-thick	i.	2	186
Incidency	i.	2	403
Industriously	i.	2	256
Insufficience	i.	1	15
Intelligencing	ii.	3	68
Irremovable	iv.	4	518
Issueless[3]	v.	1	174
Jar[4]	i.	2	43
Knee-deep	i.	2	186
Land-damn	ii.	1	143
Latches[5]	iv.	4	449
Lavender	iv.	4	104
Lewd-tongued	ii.	3	172
Limber	i.	2	47
Loa!	iii.	3	80
Loathsomeness	iv.	3	59
Low-born	iv.	4	156
Lozel	ii.	3	109
Mace[6]	iv.	3	49
Magnificence	i.	1	13
*Main-mast	iii.	3	94
Medal	i.	2	307
Milking-time	iv.	4	246
Missingly	iv.	2	35
Mort	i.	2	118
Nayward	ii.	1	64
Neb	i.	2	183
Necklace	iv.	4	224
Negative (adj.)	i.	2	274
Non-performance	i.	2	261
Numbness	v.	3	102
O'er-dyed	i.	2	132
Officed[7]	i.	2	172
Over-fond	v.	2	126
Over-kind	i.	1	23
Own[8] (verb)	iii.	2	60
Pair (verb)	iv.	4	154
	v.	1	116
Pash (sub.)	i.	2	128
Pettitoes	iv.	4	620
Pheasant	iv.	4	769, 770
Piedness	iv.	4	87
Plot-proof	ii.	3	6
Poisoner	i.	2	352
Poking-sticks	iv.	4	228
Pomander	iv.	4	609
Pre-employed	ii.	1	49
Pretty[9] (sub.)	iii.	3	48
Priest-like[10] (adv.)	i.	2	237
Prig	iv.	3	108
Principal[11] (sub.)	ii.	1	92
Process-server	iv.	3	102
Profaneness	iii.	2	155
Prognostication[12]	iv.	4	818
Proselytes	v.	1	108
Pugging	iv.	3	7
Race[13]	iv.	3	50
Raisins	iv.	3	52
Ram-tender	iv.	4	806
Red-looked	ii.	2	34
Reiterate	i.	2	283
Removedness	iv.	2	41
Requisite (adj.)	iv.	4	687
Review[14]	iv.	4	680
Rice	iv.	3	40, 41
Rift[15] (vb. intr.)	v.	1	66
Rover	i.	2	176
Ruddiness	v.	3	81
Rustics (sub.)	iv.	4	735
Saltiers	iv.	4	334
Savory	iv.	4	104
Scurrilous	iv.	4	215
Second[16] (adj.)	ii.	3	27
Semicircle	ii.	1	10
She-angel	iv.	4	210
Shearers	iv.	3	44, 129
Shearing (sub.)	iv.	4	77
Sheep-hook	iv.	4	431
Sheep-whistling	iv.	4	805
*Ship-side	iii.	3	112
Shoe-tie	iv.	4	611
Shoots[17] (sub.)	i.	2	128
Shore (verb)	iv.	4	869
Shoulder-blade	iv.	3	77
Shoulder-bone	iii.	3	97
Shovels (verb)	iv.	4	469
Sicilian	v.	1	164
Sighted	i.	2	388
Skulking	i.	2	289
Sleeve-hand	iv.	4	211
Smutched	i.	2	121
Snapper-up	iv.	3	26
So-forth	i.	2	218
Soften (vb. intr.)	ii.	2	40
Songmen	iv.	3	44
Soul-vexed	v.	1	59
Southward (adj.)	iv.	4	820
South-wind	v.	1	161
Sovereignly	i.	2	323
Sow-skin	iv.	3	20
Stair-work	iii.	3	75
Standing[18] (sub.)	i.	2	431
Starred	iii.	2	100
Sternness	iv.	4	24
Stone[19] (verb)	iv.	4	807, 835
Straited	iv.	4	365
Stretch-mouthed	iv.	4	196
Stupid	iv.	4	409
Swine-herds	iv.	4	332
Taleporter	iv.	4	273
Tape	iv.	4	322, 610
Tardied (verb)	iii.	2	163
Tawdry-lace	iv.	4	253
Temporizer	i	2	302
Thick (verb)	i.	2	171
*Three-pile[20]	iv.	3	14
Thrower-out	iii.	3	29
Thrush	iv.	3	10
*Tirra-lirra	iv.	3	9
Tittle-tattling	iv.	4	249
Toaze[21]	iv.	4	760
Tod (sub.)	iv.	3	34
Tods (verb)	iv.	3	33
Tongueless[22]	i.	2	92
Traitorly	iv.	4	822
Troll-my-dames	iv.	3	92
Troth-plight (sub.)	i.	2	278
Troth-plight[23] (adj.)	v.	3	151
Unanswered	v.	1	229
Unbraided	iv.	4	204
Unbreeched	i.	2	155
Undescried	iv.	4	669
Undreamed	iv.	4	578
Unearthly	iii.	1	7
Unfilial	iv.	4	417
Unintelligent	i.	1	15
Unmarried	iv.	4	123
Unpathed	iv.	4	578
Unrolled[24]	iv.	3	130
Unroosted	ii.	3	74
Unsphere	i.	2	48
Untried	iv.	1	6
Unvenerable	ii.	3	77
Virginalling	i	2	125
*Warden-pies	iv.	3	48
Weak-hinged	ii.	3	119
Weather-bitten	v.	2	59
Whoo-bub	iv.	4	630
Wilful-negligent	i.	2	255
Without-door	ii.	1	69
Woman-tired	ii.	3	74
Wombs (verb)	iv.	4	501
Yest	iii.	3	95

[1] = immoderate; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.
[2] Son. cvii. 7; cxv. 11.
[3] Son. ix. 3.
[4] = tick of a clock; elsewhere used in its ordinary sense.
[5] Lucrece, 339, 358.
[6] A spice.
[7] Occurs in Othello, i. 3. 271.
[8] = to confess; used elsewhere in other senses.
[9] Pass. Pilgrim, 201.
[10] Used as an adj. in Coriolanus, v. 1. 56.
[11] = accomplice.
[12] = art of knowing the future.
[13] = root.
[14] Son. lxxiv. 5.
[15] Used trans. in Temp. v. 1. 45.
[16] = helpful.
[17] = young branches.
[18] = time of existence; = station, Timon, i. 1. 31.
[19] = to pelt with stones; Lucrece, 978. Figuratively = to harden, Othello, v. 2. 63.
[20] Used as a proper name, Meas. iv. 3. 11.
[21] *Toaze* in Measure, v. 1. 313.
[22] = not mentioned; thrice used elsewhere in the ordinary sense.
[23] Henry V. ii. 1. 21.
[24] = struck off the roll.